8

THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. II.

PLAYS

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the SECOND.

CONTAINING

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON and SONS, T. PAYNE and SON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE and SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, T. BOWLES, J. JOHNSON, C. DILLY, J. ROBSON, G. G. J. and J. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, H. L. GARDNER, J. NICHOLS, J. BEW, W. STUART, R. BALDWIN, J. MURRAY, A. STRAHAN, T. VERNOR, J. BARKER, W. LOWNDES, S. HAYES, G. and T. WILKIE, SCATCHERD and WHITAKER, T. and J. EGERTON, W. FOX, and E. NEWBERY.

MDCC LXXXV.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

MEASURE

FOR

MEASURE.

Perſons Repreſented.

Vincentio, *Duke of* Vienna.
Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's abſence.*
Eſcalus, *an antient Lord, joined with* Angelo *in the deputation.*
Claudio, *a young Gentleman.*
Lucio, *a Fantaſtick.*
Two other like Gentlemen.
* Varrius, *a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*
Provoſt.
Thomas, Peter, } *two Friars.*
A Juſtice.
Elbow, *a ſimple Conſtable.*
Froth, *a fooliſh Gentleman.*
Clown, Servant to Mrs. Overdone.
Abhorſon, *an Executioner.*
Barnardine, *a diſſolute Priſoner.*

Iſabella, *Siſter to* Claudio.
Mariana, *betrothed to* Angelo.
Juliet, *beloved of* Claudio.
Franciſca, *a Nun.*
Miſtreſs Overdone, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once ſpoken to, and ſays nothing. JOHNSON.

MEA-

MEASURE for MEASURE[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace[2].

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, and Lords.

Duke. Eſcalus,—
Eſcal. My lord.

Duke.

[1] The ſtory is taken from *Cinthio's Novels*, Decad. 8. Novel 5. POPE.

[2] There is perhaps not one of Shakſpeare's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its authour, and the unſkilfulneſs of its editors, by diſtortions of phraſe, or negligence of tranſcription. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Caſſandra* of George Whetſtone, publiſhed in 1578. See Theobald's note at the end.

A hint, like a ſeed, is more or leſs prolific, according to the qualities of the ſoil on which it is thrown. This ſtory, which in the hands of Whetſtone produced little more than barren inſipidity, under the culture of Shakſpeare became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find that the old play of *Promos and Caſſandra* exhibits an almoſt complete embryo of *Meaſure for Meaſure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are ſo ſlight, that it is nearly as impoſſible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

Whetſtone opens his play thus.

Act I. Scene I.

" Promos, Mayor, Shiriſe, Sworde bearer: one with a bunche
" of keyes: Phallax, *Promos Man.*
" You officers which now in *Julio* ſtaye
" Know you your leadge, the King of *Hungarie*,
" Sent me to *Promos*, to joyne with you in ſway
" That ſtyll we may to *Juſtice* have an eye. And

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would ſeem in me to affect ſpeech and diſcourſe;
Since I am [3] put to know, that your own ſcience,
Exceeds, in that, the liſts of all advice [4]
My ſtrength can give you: Then no more remains [5],
But

" And now to ſhow, my rule and power at lardge,
" Attentivelie, his letters pattents heare:
" *Phallax*, reade out my Soveraines chardge.
" *Phal.* As you commaunde I wyll: give heedeful eare.
Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Pattents, which muſt be fayre written in parchment, with ſome great counterfeat zeale.*
" *Pro.* Loe, here you ſee what is our Soveraignes wyl
" Loe, heare his wiſh, that right, not might, bear ſwaye:
" Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
" To ſcoorge the wights, good laws that diſobay.
" Such zeale he bears, unto the common weale,
" (How ſo he byds, the ignoraunt to ſave)
" As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele, &c. &c. &c.

— — — — —

" *Pro.* Both ſwoorde and keies, unto my princes uſe,
" I doo receyve and gladlie take my chardge.
" It reſteth nowe for to reform abuſe,
" We poynt a tyme, of councell more at lardge,
" To treate of which, a whyle we wyll depart.
" *Al. ſpeake.* To worke your wyll, we yeelde a willing hart.
Exeunt."

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, at the end of this play. It is too bulky to be inſerted here. See likewiſe the Piece itſelf among *Six old Plays on which Shakeſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-croſs. STEEVENS.

3 *Since I am* not *to know,—*] Old copy,
——— put *to know,*———
Perhaps rightly. JOHNSON.
I am put to know, may mean, *I am obliged to acknowledge.*
So in *King Henry* VI. p. 2. ſc. i.
" —— had I firſt been *put to* ſpeak my mind."
Again in Drayton's *Legend of Pierce Gaveſton:*
" My limbs were *put to* travel day and night." STEEVENS.

4 ——*liſts* ——] Bounds, limits. JOHNSON.
So in *Othello.*
" Confine yourſelf within a patient *liſt.*" STEEVENS.

5 ——— *Then no more remains:*
Put that to your ſufficiency, *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.]

To

But that your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our

To the integrity of this reading Mr. Theobald objects, and ſays, *What was Eſcalus to put to his ſufficiency? why, his ſcience: But his ſcience and ſufficiency were but one and the ſame thing. On what then does the relative* them *depend?* He will have it, therefore, that a line has been accidentally dropp'd, which he attempts to reſtore by *due diligency. Nodum in ſcirpo quærit.* And all for want of knowing, that by *ſufficiency* is meant *authority*, the power delegated by the duke to Eſcalus. The plain meaning of the word being this: *Put your ſkill in governing* (ſays the duke) *to the power which I give you to exerciſe it, and let them work together.*

WARBURTON.

Sir Tho. Hanmer having caught from Mr. Theobald a hint that a line was loſt, endeavours to ſupply it thus.

——*Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you join
A will to ſerve us, as *your worth is able.*

He has by this bold conjecture undoubtedly obtained a meaning, but, perhaps, not even in his own opinion, the meaning of Shakſpeare.

That the paſſage is more or leſs corrupt, I believe every reader will agree with the editors. I am not convinced that a line is loſt, as Mr. Theobald conjectures, nor that the change of *but* to *put*, which Dr. Warburton has admitted after ſome other editor, will amend the fault. There was probably ſome original obſcurity in the expreſſion, which gave occaſion to miſtake in repetition or tranſcription. I therefore ſuſpect that the authour wrote thus,

——*Then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiencies *your worth is* abled,
And let them work.

Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now inveſted with power equal to your knowledge and wiſdom. Let therefore your knowledge and your virtue now work together. It may eaſily be conceived how *ſufficiencies* was, by an inarticulate ſpeaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *ſufficiency as*, and how *abled*, a word very unuſual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uſes it in the ſame ſenſe, or nearly the ſame with the Duke. As for *ſufficiencies*, D. Hamilton in his dying ſpeech, prays that Charles II. *may exceed both the* virtues *and* ſufficiencies *of his father.* JOHNSON.

The uncommon redundancy, as well as obſcurity, of this verſe may be conſidered as ſome evidence of its corruption. Take away the *two firſt* words, and the ſenſe joins well enough with what went before. *Then* (ſays the duke) *no more remains to ſay:*

Your ſufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.

Our city's inſtitutions, and the terms[6]
For common juſtice, you are as pregnant in[7],
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commiſſion,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,
I ſay, bid come before us Angelo.—
What figure of us think you will he bear?
For you muſt know we have with ſpecial ſoul[8]
Elected

i. e. *Your ſkill in government is in ability to ſerve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future miniſtry.*

The verſification requires that either ſomething ſhould be added, or ſomething retrenched. The latter is the eaſier, as well as the ſafer taſk. I join in the belief, however, that a line is loſt; and whoever is acquainted with the inaccuracy of the folio, (for of this play there is no other old edition) will find my opinion juſtified. STEEVENS.

Some words ſeems to be loſt here, the ſenſe of which, perhaps, may be thus ſupplied:

——————*then no more remains,*
But that to your ſufficiency you put
A zeal as willing *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.—————— TYRWHITT.

[6] ——— *the terms*] *Terms* mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley*, (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakſpeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young ſtudents in the law. BLACKSTONE.

[7] ———— *the terms*
For *common juſtice you are pregnant in*,]
The later editions all give it, without authority,
———— *The terms*
Of *juſtice*,————
and Dr. Warburton makes *terms* ſignify *bounds* or *limits*. I rather think the Duke meant to ſay, that Eſcalus was *pregnant*, that is *ready* and knowing all the forms of the law, and, among other things, in the *terms* or *times ſet apart* for its adminiſtration. JOHNSON.

The word *pregnant* is uſed with this ſignification in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks* 1611, where a lawyer is repreſented reading:

" In triceſſimo primo Alberti Magni
" 'Tis very cleare—the place is very *pregnant.*"

i. e. very *expreſſive*, *ready*, or very *big with meaning*.

Again,

" ——— the Proof is moſt *pregnant.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *For you muſt know we have with ſpecial* ſoul
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;] By

Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our love;
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?
Eſcal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo ſuch ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.
Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleaſure.
Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life [9],

By the words *with ſpecial ſoul elected him*, I believe, the poet meant *that he was the immediate choice of his heart.*

A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

——— " with *private ſoul*
" Did in great Ilion thus tranſlate him to me."

Again, more appoſitely in the *Tempeſt:*

——— " for ſeveral virtues
" Have I lik'd ſeveral women, never any
" With ſo *full ſoul*, but ſome defect, &c. STEEVENS.

We have with *ſpecial ſoul.*

This ſeems to be only a tranſlation of the uſual formal words inſerted in all royal grants—" De *gratia* noſtra *ſpeciali* et ex " mero motu—" MALONE.

9 *There is a kind of character in thy life,*
That to the obſerver, &c.]

Either this introduction has more ſolemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot diſcover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the obſerver of his *hiſtory?* Might it be ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote this?

There is a kind of character in thy look.

Hiſtory may be taken in a more diffuſe and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this ſenſe be received, the paſſage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare muſt, I believe, be anſwerable for the unneceſſary pomp of this introduction. He has the ſame thought in *Henry* IV. p. 2. which is ſome comment on this paſſage before us;

" There is a hiſtory in all mens' lives,
" Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
" The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecy
" With a near aim, of the main chance of things
" As yet not come to life, &c. STEEVENS.

That, to the obſerver, doth thy hiſtory
Fully unfold: Thyſelf and thy belongings
Are not thine own ſo proper [1], as to waſte
Thyſelf upon thy virtues, them on thee [2].
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues [3]
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues [4]: nor nature never lends [5]
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe. But I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him advertiſe [6]:
Hold

[1] —*are not thine own ſo proper*] i. e. are not ſo much thy own property. STEEVENS.

[2] —them on *thee.*] The old copy reads—*they* on thee. STEEVENS.

[3] ——————*for if our virtues*, &c.]
" *Paulum ſepultæ diſtat inertiæ*
" *Celata virtus*"—— Hor. WARBURTON.
So in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour.*
" Virtue, if not in action, is a vice,
" And, when we move not forward, we go backward."
So in the Latin adage—*Non progredi eſt regredi.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*to fine iſſues:*——] To great conſequences. For high purpoſes. JOHNSON.

[5] ——nor *nature* never *lends.*] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author.
So in *Julius Cæſar:*
" There is no harm intended to your perſon,
" *Nor* to *no* Roman elſe." STEEVENS.

[6] ————*I do bend my ſpeech,*
To one that can my part in him advertiſe;]
This is obſcure. The meaning is, I direct my ſpeech to one who is able to teach me how to govern: *my part in him*, ſignifying office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertiſe*; i. e. who knows what appertains to the character of deputy or viceroy. *Can advertiſe my part in him*; that is, his repreſentation of my perſon. But all theſe quaintneſſes of expreſſion, the Oxford editor ſeems ſworn to extirpate; that is, to take away one of Shakſpeare's

Hold therefore Angelo [7]:
In our remove, be thou at full ourſelf:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Eſcalus,
Though firſt in queſtion [8], is thy ſecondary.
Take thy commiſſion.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be ſome more teſt made of my metal,
Before ſo noble and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evaſion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice [9]
Proceeded

Shakſpeare's characteriſtic marks; which, if not one of the comelieſt, is yet one of the ſtrongeſt. So he alters this to,

To one that can, in my part, me advertiſe.

A better expreſſion indeed, but, for all that, none of Shakſpeare's. WARBURTON.

I know not whether we may not better read,

One that can my part to *him advertiſe,*

One that can *inform himſelf* of that which it would be otherwiſe *my part* to tell him. JOHNSON.

To *advertiſe* is uſed in this ſenſe, and with this accentuation, by Chapman, in his tranſlation of the 11*th book of the Odyſſey*.

"Or, of my father, if thy royal ear
"Hath been *advertis'd*——." STEEVENS.

[7] *Hold therefore Angelo:*] That is, continue to be Angelo; *hold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that—*Hold therefore Angelo*, are the words which the duke utters on tendering his commiſſion to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commiſſion*. STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the duke may be underſtood to ſpeak of himſelf. *Hold therefore*, i. e. Let me therefore hold, or ſtop. And the ſenſe of the whole paſſage may be this. The duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himſelf thus. "But I am ſpeaking *to one, that can in him* [in, or by himſelf] apprehend *my part* [all that I have to ſay]: I will therefore ſay no more [on that ſubject]." He then merely ſignifies to Angelo his appointment. TYRWHITT.

[8] —*firſt in queſtion,*——] That is, firſt called for; firſt appointed. JOHNSON.

[9] *We have with a* leaven'd *and prepared choice*] *Leaven'd* has no ſenſe in this place: we ſhould read,

——— levell'd *choice.*

The alluſion is to archery, when a man is fixed upon his object, after taking good aim. WARBURTON.

No

Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quick condition,
That it prefers itſelf, and leaves unqueſtion'd
Matters of needful value. We ſhall write to you,
As time and our concerns ſhall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befal you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commiſſions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you ſomething on the way [1].

Duke. My haſte may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine own [2];
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your ſoul ſeems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
Their loud applauſe, and *Ave's* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give ſafety to your purpoſes!

Eſcal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happineſs!

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

No emendation is neceſſary. *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakſpeare's harſh metaphors. His train of ideas ſeems to be this. *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened.* When bread is *leavened* it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not haſty, but conſiderate, not declared as ſoon as it fell into the imagination, but ſuffered to work long in the mind. Thus explained, it ſuits better with *prepared* than *levelled.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——*bring you ſomething on the way*] i. e accompany you. So in *A woman kill'd with kindneſs*, by Heywood, 1617, "ſhe "went very lovingly to *bring him on his way* to horſe." And the ſame mode of expreſſion is to be found in almoſt every writer of the times. EDITOR.

[2] ——*your* ſcope *is as mine own.*] That is, Your amplitude of power. JOHNSON.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. I ſhall deſire you, ſir, to give me leave
To have free ſpeech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what ſtrength and nature
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may ſoon our ſatisfaction have
Touching that point.

Eſcal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not to compoſition with the king of Hungary, why, then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the king of Hungary's!

2. *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'ſt like the ſanctimonious pirate, that went to ſea with the ten commandments, but ſcrap'd one out of the table.

2 *Gent.* Thou ſhalt not ſteal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the reſt from their functions; they put forth to ſteal: There's not a ſoldier of us all, that, in the thankſgiving before meat, doth reliſh the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any ſoldier diſlike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never waſt where grace was ſaid.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* What? [1] in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion [2], or in any lauguage.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay! why not? Grace is grace, deſpight of all controverſy [3]: As for example; Thou thyſelf art a wicked villain, deſpight of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of ſheers between us [4].

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the liſts and the velvet: Thou art the liſt.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a liſt of an Engliſh kerſey, as be pil'd, as

[1] ——*in metre?*] In the primers, there are metrical graces, ſuch as, I ſuppoſe, were uſed in Shakſpeare's time. JOHNSON.

[2] *In any proportion*, &c.] The Oxford editor gives us a dialogue of his own inſtead of this: and all for want of knowing the meaning of the word *proportion*, which ſignifies *meaſure*: and refers to the queſtion, *What? in metre?* WARBURTON.

[3] *deſpight of all controverſy*:] Satirically inſinuating that the *controverſies* about *grace* were ſo intricate and endleſs, that the diſputants unſettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in ſpite of controverſy, ſtill remained certain. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakſpeare's thoughts reached ſo far into eccleſiaſtical diſputes. Every commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profeſſion. The queſtion is, whether the ſecond gentleman has ever heard grace. The firſt gentleman limits the queſtion to *grace in metre*. Lucio enlarges it to *grace in any* form *or language*. The firſt gentleman, to go beyond him, ſays, or *in any religion*, which Lucio allows, becauſe the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagoniſt is a *wicked villain*. Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*. This ſeems to be the meaning, ſuch as it is. JOHNSON.

[4] *there went but a pair of ſheers between us.*] We are both of the ſame piece. JOHNSON.

So in the *Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher.——"There went but a pair of ſheers and a bodkin between them." STEEVENS.

The

as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet[5]. Do I ſpeak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou doſt; and, indeed, with moſt painful feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine own confeſſion, learn to begin thy health; but, whilſt I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myſelf wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diſeaſes under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thouſand dollars a year[6].

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more[7].

1 *Gent.*

The ſame expreſſion is likewiſe found in Marſton's *Malecontent*, 1604: "*There goes but a pair of ſheers* betwixt an emperor and "the ſon of a bagpiper; only the dying, dreſſing, preſſing, and "gloſſing, makes the difference." MALONE.

[5] *pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*] The jeſt about the pile of a French velvet alludes to the loſs of hair in the French diſeaſe, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularity. Lucio finding that the gentleman underſtands the diſtemper ſo well, and mentions it ſo *feelingly*, promiſes to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget *to drink after him*. It was the opinion of Shakſpeare's time, that the cup of an infected perſon was contagious. JOHNSON.

The jeſt lies between the ſimilar ſound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elſewhere explained, under a paſſage in *Henry* VIII.

"*Pill'd* prieſt thou lieſt." STEEVENS.

[6] *To three thouſand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. HANMER.

The ſame jeſt occurred before in the *Tempeſt*. Vol. I. p. 45.] JOHNSON.

[7] *A French crown more.*] Lucio means here not the piece of money ſo called, but that *venereal* ſcab, which among the ſurgeons is ſtyled *corona Veneris*. To this, I think, our author likewiſe makes Quince allude in *Midſummer-Night's Dream*.

"*Some*

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diſeaſes in me: but thou art full of error; I am ſound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would ſay, healthy; but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feaſt of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the moſt profound ſciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arreſted, and carry'd to priſon, was worth five thouſand of you all.

1 *Gent.* And who is that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, ſir, that's Claudio, ſignior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to priſon! 'tis not ſo.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted; ſaw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within theſe three days his head is to be chopp'd off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it ſo; Art thou ſure of this?

Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be: he promiſed to meet me two hours ſince; and he was ever preciſe in promiſe-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Beſides, you know, it draws ſomething near to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.

1 *Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamation.

" *Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.*"

For where theſe eruptions are, the ſkull is carious, and the party becomes bald. THEOBALD.

So in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" I may chance indeed to give the world a bloody noſe, but " it ſhall hardly give me a crack'd crown, though it gives other " poets *French crowns.*"

Again in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1598;

" —never metſt with any requital, except it were ſome few " *French crownes*, pil'd friers crownes, &c." STEEVENS.

Lucio.

Lucio. Away; let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the ſweat[8], what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am cuſtom-ſhrunk. How now? what's the news with you.

Enter Clown[9].

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to priſon.

Bawd. Well; what has he done[1]?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river[1].

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him?

[8] *what with the ſweat,*] This may allude to the *ſweating ſickneſs*, of which the memory was very freſh in the time of Shakſpeare: but more probably to the method of cure then uſed for the diſeaſes contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

So in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

" You are very moiſt, ſir; did you *ſweat* all this, I pray?

" You have not the *diſeaſe*, I hope. STEEVENS.

[9] *Enter Clown.*] As this is the firſt *clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiſs, from a paſſage in *Tarlton's News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dreſſes appropriated to the character.

" —I ſawe one attired in ruſſet, with a button'd cap on his " head, a great bag by his ſide, and a ſtrong bat in his hand; ſo " artificially attired for a *clown*, as I began to call Tarlton's " woonted ſhape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

[1] —*What has he* done?

Clown. A woman.]

The ancient meaning of the verb to *do*, (though now obſolete) may be gueſs'd at from the following paſſages.

" *Chiron.* Thou haſt undone our mother.

" *Aaron.* Villain, I've *done* thy mother." *Titus Andronicus.*

Again in the *Maid's Tragedy*, act II. *Evadne*, while undreſſing, ſays ——

" I am ſoon undone.

Dula anſwers, " And as ſoon *done.*"

Hence the name of Over-*done*, which Shakſpeare has appropriated to his *bawd.* COLLINS.

[1] ——*in a* peculiar *river*] i. e. a river belonging to an individual; not public property. MALONE.

Clown.

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clown. All houſes in the ſuburbs of Vienna muſt be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the city?

Clown. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gone down too, but that a wiſe burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the ſuburbs be pull'd down [2]?

Clown. To the ground, miſtreſs?

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What ſhall become of me?

Clown. Come; fear not you; good counſellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapſter ſtill. Courage; there will be pity taken on you: you that have

[2] —*ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the* ſuburbs *be pull'd down?*] This will be underſtood from the Scotch law of *James's* time, concerning *huires* (whores): "that comoun women be put at "the *utmoſt endes of townes*, quiere leaſt perril of fire is." Hence *Urſula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholomew-Fair:* "I, I, gameſters, "mock a plain, plump, ſoft *wench of the ſuburbs*, do!" FARMER.

So in the *Malcontent* 1604, when *Altofront* diſmiſſes the various characters at the end of the play to different deſtinations, he ſays to *Macquerelle* the bawd:

"——— thou unto the *ſuburbs*."

Again in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Some fourteen bawds, he kept her in *the ſuburbs*."

See Martial, where *ſummæniana* and *ſuburbana* are applied to proſtitutes. STEEVENS.

All houſes in the ſuburbs.] This is ſurely too general in expreſſion, unleſs we ſuppoſe that *all* the houſes in the ſuburbs were *bawdy-houſes*. It appears too, from what the *bawd* ſays below, "But ſhall *all our houſes of reſort* in the ſuburbs be pulled down? that the clown had been particular in his deſcription of the houſes which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we ſhould read here, *all bawdy-houſes*, or *all houſes of reſort* in the ſuburbs. TYRWHITT.

The licenſed houſes of reſort at Vienna are at this time all in the ſuburbs, under the permiſſion of the Committee of Chaſtity. S. W.

worn your eyes almoſt out in the ſervice, you will be conſidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapſter? Let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes ſignior Claudio, led by the provoſt to priſon: and there's madam Juliet.

[*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*

SCENE III.

Enter Provoſt, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers; Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why doſt thou ſhow me thus to the world?
Bear me to priſon, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil diſpoſition,
But from lord Angelo by ſpecial charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority [3],
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On

[3] *Thus can the demi-god, authority,*
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight —
The words of heaven;—on whom, it will, it will;
On whom it will not, ſo: yet ſtill 'tis juſt.]
The wrong pointing of the ſecond line hath made the paſſage unintelligible. There ought to be a full ſtop at *weight*. And the ſenſe of the whole is this: *The demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be queſtioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleaſure thus, —I puniſh and remit puniſhment according to my own uncontroulable will; and yet who can ſay, what doſt thou?—Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight*, is a fine expreſſion to ſignify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact; not ſo by *tale*, on account of the practice of diminiſhing the ſpecies. WARBURTON.

I ſuſpect that a line is loſt. JOHNSON.

It may be read, *the ſword of heaven.*

Thus can the demi-god authority,
Make us pay down for our offence, by weight—
The ſword *of heaven:—on whom,* &c.

Authority is then poetically called *the ſword of heaven*, which will ſpare or puniſh as it is commanded. The alteration is ſlight, be-

On whom it will not, ſo; yet ſtill 'tis juſt.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this reſtraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As ſurfeit is the father of much faſt,
So every ſcope by the immoderate uſe
Turns to reſtraint: Our natures do purſue,
(Like rats that ravin [4] down their proper bane)
A thirſty evil; and, when we drink, we die [5].

Lucio,

ing made only by taking a ſingle letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation was ſuggeſted to me by the rev. Dr. Roberts, of Eton; and it may be countenanced by the following paſſage in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" —In brief they are *the ſwords of heaven* to puniſh."

Sir *W. Davenant*, who incorporated this play of *Shakſpeare* with *Much ado about Nothing*, and formed out of them a Tragi-comedy called *The Law againſt Lovers*, omits the two laſt lines of this ſpeech; I ſuppoſe, on account of their ſeeming obſcurity. STEEVENS.

The very ingenious emendation propoſed by Dr. Roberts, is yet more ſtrongly ſupported by another paſſage in the play before us, where this phraſe occurs, (act III. ſc. laſt):

" He who *the ſword of heaven* will bear,
" Should be as holy, as ſevere " MALONE.

Notwithſtanding Dr. Roberts's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority*, being abſolute in Angelo, is finely ſtiled by Claudio, *the demi-god*. To his uncontroulable power, the poet applies a paſſage from St. Paul to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15, 18. which he properly ſtyles, *the words of heaven*: for he ſaith to Moſes, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, &c. And again: Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, &c. HENLEY.

It ſhould be remembered however that the poet is here ſpeaking not of *mercy* but *puniſhment* MALONE.

[4] *Like rats that* ravin *down their proper bane,*] To *ravin* was formerly uſed for eagerly or voraciouſly devouring any thing: ſo in *Wilſon's* Epiſtle to the Earl of Leiceſter, prefixed to his *Diſcourſe upon Uſurye*, 1572, " For theſe bee the greedie cormoraunte " woltes indeede that *ravyn* up both beaſte and man." EDITOR.

Ravine is an ancient word for *prey*. So in *Noah's Flood*, by Drayton:

" as well of *ravine* as that chew the cud." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *when we* drink *we* die.] So in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman: —like

Lucio. If I could ſpeak ſo wiſely under an arreſt, I would ſend for certain of my creditors: And yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of impriſonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to ſpeak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it ſo.

Prov. Away, ſir; you muſt go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is lechery ſo look'd after?

Claud. Thus ſtands it with me,—Upon a true contract,

[6] I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; ſhe is faſt my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The ſtealth of our moſt mutual entertainment,
With character too groſs, is writ on Juliet.

" —like poiſon'd rats, which when they've ſwallow'd
" The pleaſing bane, reſt not until they drink,
" And can reſt then much leſs, until they burſt." STEEVENS.

[6] *I got poſſeſſion of Julietta's bed*, &c.] This ſpeech is ſurely too indelicate to be ſpoken concerning Juliet, before her face, for ſhe appears to be brought in with the reſt, tho' ſhe has nothing to ſay. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet, from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady*, &c. one would think ſhe was not meant to have made her perſonal appearance on the ſcene. STEEVENS.

" The little ſeeming impropriety there is, will be entirely re-
" moved by ſuppoſing that when Claudio ſtops to ſpeak to Lucio,
" the provoſt's officers depart with Julietta." REMARKS.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?
Claud. Unhappily, even ſo.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newneſs [7];
Or whether that the body public be
A horſe whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the ſeat, that it may know
He can command, let's it ſtraight feel the ſpur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I ſtagger in:—But this new governor [8]
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unſcour'd armour [9], hung by the wall,

[7] —*the fault and glimpſe of newneſs*;] *Fault* and *glimpſe* have ſo little relation to each other, that both can ſcarcely be right: we may read *flaſh* for *fault*: or, perhaps we may read,

Whether it be the fault or *glimpſe*——

That is, whether it be the ſeeming enormity of the action, or the glare of new authority. Yet the ſame ſenſe follows in the next lines. JOHNSON.

Fault, I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, but to *newneſs*. The *fault and glimpſe* is the ſame as *the faulty glimpſe*. And the meaning ſeems to be—*whether it be* the fault of newneſs, *a fault ariſing from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority, of which the new governour has yet had only* a glimpſe; *has yet only taken a haſty ſurvey*. Shakſpeare has many ſimilar expreſſions. MALONE.

[8] —*But this new governour*
Awakes *me all the* enrolled penalties
Which have, like unſcour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long ——— ———
Now puts the drowſy and neglected *act*
Freſhly on me.]

Lord Strafford, in the concluſion of his Defence in the Houſe of Lords, had, perhaps, theſe lines in his thoughts:

"It is now full two hundred and forty years ſince any man was touched for this alledged crime, to this height, before myſelf.——Let us reſt contented with that which our fathers have left us; and not *awake* thoſe *ſleeping* lions, to our own deſtruction, by raking up *a few muſty records, that have lain ſo many ages by the walls*, quite *forgotten* and *neglected*. MALONE.

[9] ——like *unſcour'd armour*.] So in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"Like *ruſty mail* in monumental mockery." STEEVENS.

So

So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round [1],
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me:—'tis, ſurely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head ſtands ſo tickle [2] on thy ſhoulders, that a milk-maid, if ſhe be in love, may ſigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done ſo, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind ſervice:
This day my ſiſter ſhould the cloiſter enter,
And there receive her approbation [3]:
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate;
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputy; bid herſelf aſſay him;
I have great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſs dialect [4],

Such

[1] *So long that* nineteen *zodiacks have gone round,*] The duke in the ſcene immediately following ſays,

Which for theſe fourteen *years we have let ſlip.*

THEOBALD.

[2] *ſo tickle.* i. e. tickliſh. This word is frequently uſed by our old dramatic authors. So in *The true Tragedy of Marius and Scilla,* 1594:

" ——— lords of Aſia
" Have ſtood on *tickle* terms."

Again, in *The Widow's Tears,* by Chapman, 1612:

" ——— upon as *tickle* a pin as the needle of a dial."

STEEVENS.

[3] ———*her* approbation.] i. e. enter on her *probation,* or *noviciate.* So again, in this play:

" I, in *probation* of a ſiſterhood,"——

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton,* 1608;

" Madam, for a twelvemonth's *approbation,*
" We mean to make the trial of our child."

MALONE.

[4] ———*prone and ſpeechleſs dialect,*] I can ſcarcely tell what ſignification to give to the word *prone.* Its primitive and tranſlated ſenſes are well known. The authour may, by a *prone* dialect, mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as thoſe actions ſeem to which we are *prone.* Either

Such as moves men; beſide, ſhe hath proſperous art
When ſhe will play with reaſon and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſuade.

Lucio. I pray, ſhe may: as well for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand under grievous impoſition [5]; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould be thus fooliſhly loſt at a game of tick-tack [6]. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

of theſe interpretations are ſufficiently ſtrained; but ſuch diſtortion of words is not uncommon in our author. For the ſake of an eaſier ſenſe, we may read:

——— *In her youth*
There is a pow'r, *and ſpeechleſs dialect,*
Such as moves men.

Or thus:

There is a prompt *and ſpeechleſs dialect.* JOHNSON.

Prone, perhaps, may ſtand for *humble*, as *a prone poſture* is *a poſture of ſupplication.*

So in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

"You have *proſtrate* language."

The ſame thought occurs in the *Winter's Tale:*

"The ſilence often of pure innocence
"Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails."

Sir *W. Davenant*, in his alteration of the play, changes *prone* to *ſweet.* I mention ſome of his variations to ſhew that what appear difficulties to us, were difficulties to him, who living nearer the time of Shakſpeare might be ſuppoſed to have underſtood his language more intimately. STEEVENS.

Prone, is uſed here for *prompt.* So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"O that *prone* luſt ſhould ſtain ſo pure a bed!" MALONE.

[5] *Under grievous impoſition:*] I once thought it ſhould be *inquiſition*, but the preſent reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous* penalties impoſed. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*loſt at a game of tick-tack.*] *Tick-tack* is a game at tables. Jour au *tric-trac* is uſed in French, in a wanton ſenſe. MALONE.

The ſame phraſe in Lucio's wanton ſenſe occurs in *Luſty Juventus.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A Monaſtery.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;—
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
[4]Can pierce a compleat boſom: why I deſire thee
To give me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace ſpeak of it?

Duke. My holy ſir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd[5];
And held in idle price to haunt aſſemblies,
Where youth, and coſt, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have delivered to lord Angelo
(A man of ſtricture and firm abſtinence[6])

[4] *Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love*
Can pieree a compleat boſom: ———]
Think not that a breaſt *compleatly armed* can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes *fluttering without force.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——— the *life remov'd.*] i. e. a life of retirement, a life removed from the buſtle of the world. STEEVENS.

[6] *A man of* ſtricture *and firm abſtinence.*] *Stricture* makes no ſenſe in this place. We ſhould read,
A man of ſtrict ure *and firm abſtinence.*
i. e. a man of the *exacteſt conduct*, and practiſed in the ſubdual of his paſſions. *Ure* an old word for uſe, practice: ſo *enur'd*, habituated to. WARBURTON.

Stricture may eaſily be uſed for *ſtrictneſs*; *ure* is indeed an old word, but, I think, always applied to things, never to perſons. JOHNSON.

Sir *W. Davenant* in his alteration of this play, reads, *ſtrictneſs*. *Ure* is ſometimes applied to *perſons* as well as to things. So in the Old Interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:
" So ſhall I be ſure
" To keep him in *ure.*"
The ſame word occurs in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:
" The crafty man oft puts theſe wrongs in *ure.*"
STEEVENS.

My abſolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he ſuppoſes me travell'd to Poland;
For ſo I have ſtrew'd it in the common ear,
And ſo it is received: Now, pious ſir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have ſtrict ſtatutes and moſt biting laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds[7])
Which for theſe fourteen years we have let ſleep[8];
Even

[7] *The needful bits and curbs for head-ſtrong ſteeds.*] In the copies,
The needful bits *and* curbs *for head-ſtrong* weeds.
There is no matter of analogy or conſonance in the metaphors here: and, though the copies agree, I do not think, the author would have talked of *bits* and *curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare perſons of *unbridled licentiouſneſs* to head-ſtrong *ſteeds:* and, in this view, *bridling the paſſions* has been a phraſe adopted by our beſt poets. THEOBALD.

[8] *Which for theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep*;] In former editions,
Which for theſe fourteen *years we have let* ſlip.
For *fourteen* I have made no ſcruple to replace *nineteen*. The reaſon will be obvious to him who recollects what the Duke [Claudio] has ſaid in a foregoing ſcene. I have altered the odd phraſe of *letting the laws ſlip:* for how does it ſort with the compariſon that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But letting the laws *ſleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing repreſented, and accords exactly too with the ſimile. It is the metaphor too, that our author ſeems fond of uſing upon this occaſion, in ſeveral other paſſages of this play:

The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept;
——'*Tis now* awake.

And, ſo again:

—— *but this new governor*
Awakes *me all the enrolled* penalties;
—— *and for a name,*
Now puts the drowſy and neglected act
Freſhly on me. THEOBALD.

I once thought that the words *let ſlip* (which is the reading of the old copy, and I believe, right) related to the line immediately preceding—*the needful bits and curbs*, which we have ſuffered for ſo many years to *hang looſe*. But it is clear from a paſſage in *Twelfth Night* that theſe words ſhould be referred to *laws*, "which for theſe nineteen years we have ſuffered to *paſs unnoticed*

Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to ſtick it in their children's ſight,
For terror, not to uſe; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd[9], than fear'd: ſo our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelves are dead;
And liberty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
The baby beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It reſted in your grace
To unlooſe this ty'd-up juſtice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have ſeem'd,
Than in Lord Angelo.

noticed—unobſerved;" for ſo the ſame phraſe is uſed by *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*: "Let him *let the matter ſlip*, and I'll give him my horſe grey Capulet." Again in Marlow's *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1631:

"Shall I *let ſlip* ſo great an injury."

Again in *A Mad World my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1640:

"Well, things muſt *ſlip* and ſleep—I will diſſemble."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"My ſimplicity may make them think
"That ignorantly I will *let all ſlip*,"

The two readings which Mr. Theobald has introduced into the text, he might have found in an alteration of this play, publiſhed in 1700, by Charles Gildon, under the title of *Meaſure for Meaſure, or Beauty the beſt Advocate*:

"We have ſtrict ſtatutes and ſharp penal laws,
"Which I have ſuffer'd *nineteen* years to *ſleep*."

And he might have ſupported the latter by the following paſſage in *Hamlet*:

"——How ſtand I then,
"That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
"Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,
"And *let* all *ſleep*?" MALONE.

Theobald's correction is miſplaced. If any correction is really neceſſary, it ſhould have been made where Claudio, in a foregoing ſcene, ſays *nineteen* years. I am diſpoſed to take the Duke's words. WHALLEY.

The author of THE REMARKS has made a ſimilar obſervation on this paſſage. EDITOR.

[9] Becomes *more mock'd than fear'd:*——] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope to reſtore ſenſe to the paſſage, ſome ſuch word having been left out. STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith[1] 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope,
'Twould be my tyranny to ſtrike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permiſſive paſs,
And not the puniſhment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may in the ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature never in the ſight
To do it ſlander[2]: And to behold his ſway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Viſit both prince and people: therefore, I pry'thee,
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon bear[3] me

[1] *Sith.*] i. e. ſince. STEEVENS.

[2] *To do it it ſlander.* ——] The text ſtood:
So do in ſlander. ——
Sir Thomas Hanmer has very well corrected it thus,
To *do* it *ſlander.* ——
Yet perhaps leſs alteration might have produced the true reading,
And yet my nature never, in the ſight,
So *doing ſlander*ed. ——
And yet my nature never ſuffer ſlander by doing any open acts of ſeverity. JOHNSON.
The old text ſtood,
—— in the *ſight*
To do in ſlander.
Hanmer's emendation is in my opinion beſt.
So in *Hen.* IV. p. 1:
"*Do me* no *ſlander*, Douglas, I dare fight." STEEVENS.
The words in the preceding line —*ambuſh* and *ſtrike*, ſhew that *ſight* is the true reading. MALONE.

[3] —— in *perſon bear*,] Mr. Pope reads,
—— my *perſon bear.*
Perhaps a word was dropped at the end of the line, which originally ſtood thus,
How I may formally in perſon bear me,
Like a true friar.
So in the *Tempeſt*:
"—— ſome good inſtructions give
"How I may *bear me* here."
Sir *W. Davenant* reads, in his alteration of the play:
I may in perſon a true friar ſeem. STEEVENS.

Like

Like a true friar. More reaſons for this action,
At our more leiſure ſhall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is preciſe;
Stands at a guard[4] with envy; ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than ſtone: Hence ſhall we ſee,
If power change purpoſe, what our ſeemers be.

SCENE V.

A Nunnery.

Enter Iſabella and Franciſca.

Iſab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not theſe large enough?
Iſab. Yes, truly; I ſpeak not as deſiring more;
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Upon the ſiſter-hood, the votariſts of ſaint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Iſab. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: Gentle Iſabella,
Turn you the key, and know his buſineſs of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unſworn:
When you have vow'd, you muſt not ſpeak with men,
But in the preſence of the prioreſs:
Then, if you ſpeak, you muſt not ſhew your face;
Or, if you ſhew your face, you muſt not ſpeak.
He calls again; I pray you anſwer him. [*Exit Franc.*
Iſab. Peace and proſperity! Who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as thoſe cheek-roſes
Proclaim you are no leſs! Can you ſo ſtead me,

[4] *Stands at a guard* ——] Stands on terms of defiance. JOHNSON.

As

As bring me to the ſight of Iſabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair ſiſter
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Iſab. Why her unhappy brother? let me aſk;
The rather, for I now muſt make you know
I am that Iſabella, and his ſiſter.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in priſon.

Iſab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myſelf might be his judge
He ſhould receive his puniſhment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Iſab. Sir, make me not your ſtory[5].

[5] —— *make me not your ſtory.*] Do not, by deceiving me, make make me a ſubject for a tale. JOHNSON.

Perhaps only, *Do not divert yourſelf with me, as you would with a ſtory*, do not make me the ſubject of your drama. Benedict talks of becoming—the *argument* of his own ſcorn.

Sir W. Davenant reads—*ſcorn* inſtead of ſtory. STEEVENS.

The author of THE REMARKS explains this paſſage, 'do not make a *jeſt of me.*' EDITOR.

I have no doubt that we ought to read

Sir, *mock* me not:—your ſtory.

So in *Macbeth:*

"Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue:—*thy ſtory* quickly."

In *King Lear* we have—"Pray do not *mock* me."

I beſeech you, Sir, (ſays Iſabel) do not play upon my fears; reſerve this idle talk for ſome other occaſion;—proceed at once to your tale. Lucio's reply, ["'Tis true,"—i. e you are right; I thank you for reminding me;] which, as the text has been hitherto printed, had no meaning, is then pertinent and clear.

What Iſabella ſays immediately afterwards, fully ſupports this emendation:

"You do blaſpheme the good, in *mocking* me."

I have obſerved that almoſt every paſſage in our author, in which there is either a broken ſpeech, or a ſudden tranſition without a connecting particle, has been corrupted by the careleſſneſs of either the tranſcriber or compoſitor. See a note on *Love's Labour Loſt*, Act II. Scene 1.

"A man of,—— ſovereign, peerleſs, he's eſteem'd."

And another on *Coriolanus*, Act I. Sc. 4.

"You ſhames of Rome! you herd of——Boils and plagues
"Plaiſter you o'er!" MALONE.

Lucio.

Lucio. 'Tis true :—I would not (though 'tis my familiar ſin
With maids to ſeem the lapwing[6], and to jeſt,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins ſo :
I hold you as a thing enſky'd, and ſainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal ſpirit ;
And to be talked with in ſincerity,
As with a ſaint.

[6] ——'*tis my familiar ſin*
With maids to ſeem the lapwing,——] The Oxford editor's note on this paſſage is in theſe words. *The lapwings fly, with ſeeming fright and anxiety, far from their neſts, to deceive thoſe who ſeek their young.* And do not all other birds do the ſame? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover to whom this bird is compared? It is another quality of the lapwing that is here alluded to, viz. its perpetually flying ſo low and ſo near the paſſenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is ſuddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expreſſion to ſignify a lover's falſhood: and it ſeems to be a very old one; for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale*, ſays:

—*And lapwings that well conith lie.* WARBURTON.

The modern editors have not taken in the whole ſimilitude here: they have taken notice of the lightneſs of a ſpark's behaviour to his miſtreſs, and compared it to the *lapwing*'s hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is,

—— *and to jeſt.*

(See Ray's *Proverbs*) "The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far* from heart." i. e. moſt fartheſt from the neſt, i. e. She is, as Shakſpeare has it here

Tongue far from heart.

"The farther ſhe is from her neſt, where heart is with her young ones, ſhe is the louder, or perhaps all tongue." SMITH.

Shakſpeare has an expreſſion of the like kind, *Com. of Errors*, act iv. ſc. 3:

"*Adr.* Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away,
"My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe."

We meet with the ſame thought in John Lilly's comedy, intitled *Campaſpe* (firſt publiſhed in 1584) act ii. ſc. 2. from whence Shakſpeare might borrow it:

"*Alex.* Not with Timoleon you mean, wherein you reſemble the *lapwing*, who crieth moſt where her neſt is not, and ſo, to lead me from eſpying your love for Campaſpe, you cry Timoclea." GRAY.

Iſab.

Iſab. You do blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.
Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewneſs and truth[7], 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:
As thoſe that feed grow full; as bloſſoming time[8]
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon; ſo her plenteous womb
Expreſſeth his full tilth and huſbandry.
Iſab. Some one with child by him?—My couſin Juliet?
Lucio. Is ſhe your couſin?
Iſab. Adoptedly; as ſchool-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.
Lucio. She it is.
Iſab. Oh, let him marry her!
Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen[1], myſelf being one,

[7] ——Fewneſs *and truth*, &c.] i. e. in *few words*, and thoſe true ones. *In few*, is many times thus uſed by Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*as bloſſoming time*
That from the ſeedneſs the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon; ſo ——]
As the ſentence now ſtands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I read,
At *bloſſoming time*, &c.
That is, *As they that feed grow full, ſo her womb now*, at bloſſoming time, *at that time through which the ſeed time proceeds to the harveſt*, her womb ſhows what has been doing. Lucio ludicrouſly calls pregnancy *bloſſoming time*, the time when fruit is promiſed, though not yet ripe. JOHNSON.
Inſtead of *that*, we may read—*doth*; and, inſtead of *brings*, *bring*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Bore many gentlemen*——
In hand and hope of action;——]
To bear in hand is a common phraſe for *to keep in expectation and dependance*, but we ſhould read,
——with *hope of action*. JOHNSON.

In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
By thoſe that know the very nerves of ſtate,
His givings-out were of an infinite diſtance
From this true-meant deſign. Upon his place,
And with full line [2] of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton ſtings and motions of the ſenſe;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, ſtudy and faſt.
He (to give fear to [3] uſe and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whoſe heavy ſenſe your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arreſts him on it;
And follows cloſe the rigour of the ſtatute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unleſs you have the grace [4] by your fair prayer
To ſoften Angelo: and that's my [5] pith
Of buſineſs 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Iſab. Doth he ſo ſeek his life?

Lucio. Has [6] cenſur'd him

Already

[2] —*with full line*—] With full extent, with the whole length. JOHNSON.

[3] —*give fear to uſe*—] To intimidate *uſe*, that is, practices long countenanced by *cuſtom*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Unleſs you have the grace*——] That is, the acceptableneſs, the power of gaining favour. So when ſhe makes her ſuit, the provoſt ſays:

Heaven give thee moving graces. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*pith*
Of buſineſs——]
The inmoſt part, the main of my meſſage. JOHNSON.

[6] —cenſur'd *him*,—] i. e. ſentenced him.
So in *Othello*:

——" to you, lord governor,
" Remains the *cenſure* of this helliſh villain." STEEVENS.

I would wiſh to read:
He has cenſur'd him already;
Which according to the old faſhion was written,
H'as cenſur'd, &c. MALONE.

Already; and, as I hear, the provoſt hath
A warrant for his execution.

Iſab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Aſſay the power you have.

Iſab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us loſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens ſue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themſelves would owe them [7].

Iſab. I'll ſee what I can do.

Lucio. But ſpeedily.

Iſab. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying but to give the mother [8]
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoon at night
I'll ſend him certain word of my ſucceſs.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Iſab. Good ſir, adieu.

[7]—*would* owe *them.*] To *owe*, i. e. to poſſeſs, to have. See vol. i. p. 38. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*the mother*] The abbeſs, or prioreſs. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Angelo's Houſe.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, a Juſtice, Provoſt[9]*, and Attendants.*

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcare-crow of the law;
Setting it up to fear [1] the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, till cuſtom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Eſcal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruiſe to death [2]: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would ſave, had a moſt noble father.
Let but your honour know [3], (whom I believe

[9] *Provoſt.*] "A Provoſt martial" *Minſhieu* explains "Prevoſt "des mareſchaux: Præfectus *rerum capitalium*, Prætor rerum ca-"pitalium." EDITOR.

A *provoſt* is generally the executioner of an army. So in the *Famous Hiſtory of Tho. Stukely*, 1605: Bl. L.

"*Provoſt*, lay irons upon him and take him to your charge."

Again, in the *Virgin Martyr* by Maſſenger:

"Thy *provoſt* to ſee execution done
"On theſe baſe Chriſtians in Cæſarea." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*to* fear *the birds of prey*,] To *fear* is to *affright*, to *terrify*. So in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"—this aſpect of mine
"Hath *fear'd* the valiant." STEEVENS.

[2] *Than* fall, *and bruiſe to death.*—] I ſhould rather read, *fell*, i. e. ſtrike down. So in *Timon of Athens:*

"*All ſave thee, I* fell *with curſes.*" WARBURTON.

Fall is the old reading, and the true one. Shakſpeare has uſed the ſame verb active in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"—as eaſy may'ſt thou *fall*
"A drop of water.——

i. e. let fall. So in *As you like it:*

"——the executioner
"*Falls* not the axe upon the humbled neck."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Let but your honour know*,—] To *know* is here to *examine*, to *take cogniſance*. So in *Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"*Therefore, fair Hermia, queſtion your deſires;*
"Know of *your truth, examine well your blood.*"

JOHNSON.

To be moſt ſtrait in virtue)
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him [4],
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Eſcalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, paſſing on the priſoner's life,
May, in the ſworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to juſtice,
That juſtice ſeizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do paſs on thieves? [5]'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we ſtoop and take it,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we do not ſee,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
[6]For I have had ſuch faults; but rather tell me,
When I that cenſure him do ſo offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he muſt die.

Eſcal. Be it, as your wiſdom will.

Ang. Where is the provoſt?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

[4] *Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him,*] Some word ſeems to be wanting to make this line ſenſe. Perhaps, we ſhould read:

Err'd in this point which now you cenſure him *for.*

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*'Tis very pregnant,*] 'Tis *plain* that we muſt act with bad as with good; we puniſh the faults, as we take the advantages, that lie in our way, and what we do not ſee we cannot note.

JOHNSON.

[6] *For I have had*——] That is, *becauſe, by reaſon that* I have had faults. JOHNSON.

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confeſſor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmoſt of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*

Eſcal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!

[7] Some riſe by ſin, and ſome by virtue fall:

Some

[7] *Some riſe*, &c.] This line is in the firſt folio printed in Italics as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line:

Some run from *brake of* ice, *and anſwer none.*

JOHNSON.

The old reading is perhaps the true one, and may mean, *ſome run away from danger, and ſtay to anſwer none of their faults, whilſt others are condemned only on account of a ſingle frailty.*

If this be the true reading, it ſhould be printed:

Some run from breaks [i. e. fractures] *of ice*, &c.

Since I wrote this, I have found reaſon to change my opinion. A *brake* anciently meant not only a *ſharp bit*, a *ſnaffle*, but alſo the engine with which farriers confined the legs of ſuch unruly horſes as would not otherwiſe ſubmit themſelves to be ſhod, or to have a cruel operation performed on them. This, in ſome places, is ſtill called a ſmith's *brake*. In this laſt ſenſe, Ben Jonſon uſes the word in his *Underwoods:*

"And not think he had eat a ſtake,
"Or were ſet up in a *brake*."

And, for the former ſenſe, ſee the *Silent Woman*, act IV. Again, for the latter ſenſe, *Buſſy de Ambois*, by Chapman:

"Or, like a ſtrumpet, learn to ſet my face
"In an eternal *brake*."

Again, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

"He is fallen into ſome *brake*, ſome wench has tied him
"by the legs."

Again, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

"——her I'll make
"A ſtale, to catch this courtier in a *brake*"

I offer theſe quotations, which may prove of uſe to ſome more fortunate conjecturer; but am able myſelf to derive very little from them to ſuit the paſſage before us.

I likewiſe find from Holinſhed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. "The ſaid Hawkins was caſt into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called the Duke of Exceſter's daughter, by means of which pain he ſhewed many things," &c.

"When the dukes of Exeter and Suffolk (ſays Blackſtone in his Comment. vol. IV. chap. xxv. p. 320, 321) and other miniſters of Hen. VI. had laid a deſign to introduce the civil law into

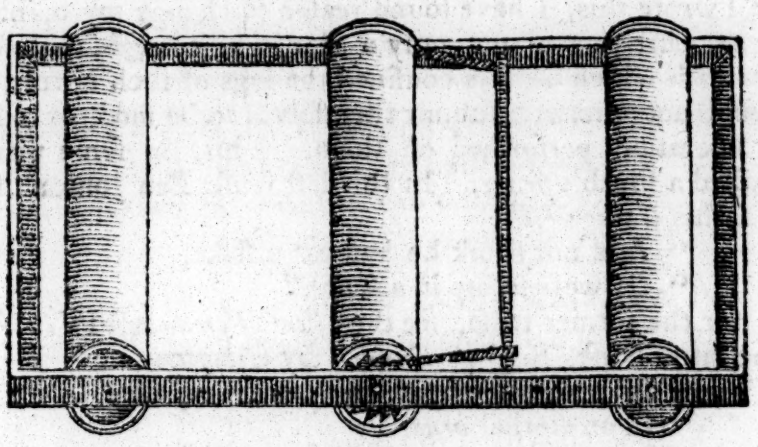
Some run from brakes of vice, and anſwer none;
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but uſe their

this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture; which was called in deriſion the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and ſtill remains in the Tower of London, where it was occaſionally uſed as an engine of ſtate, not of law, more than once in the reign of queen Elizabeth." See Coke's Inſtit. 35. Barrington, 69, 385. and Fuller's Worthies, p. 317.

A part of this horrid engine ſtill remains in the Tower, and the following is the figure of it.



It conſiſts of a ſtrong iron frame about ſix feet long, with three rollers of wood within it: the middle of theſe, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two ſtops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which ſuſpended the powers of the reſt, when the unhappy ſufferer was ſufficiently ſtrained by the cords, &c to begin confeſſion. I cannot conclude this account of it without confeſſing my obligation to Sir Charles Frederick, who politely condeſcended to direct my enquiries, while his high command rendered every part of the Tower acceſſible to my reſearches.

I have ſince obſerved that, in Fox's Martyrs, edit. 1596, p. 1843, there is a repreſentation of the ſame kind.

If Shakſpeare alluded to this engine, the ſenſe of the conteſted paſſage in Meaſure for Meaſure will be: *Some run more than once from engines of puniſhment, and anſwer no interrogatories; while ſome are condemned to ſuffer for a ſingle treſpaſs.*

It

their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, ſir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poor duke's conſtable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon juſtice, ſir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are: but preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good chriſtians ought to have.

Eſcal. [8] This comes off well; here's a wiſe officer.

It ſhould not, however, be diſſembled, that yet a plainer meaning may be deduced from the ſame words. By *brakes of vice* may be meant a collection, a number, a *thicket* of vices. The ſame image occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. IV:

"Ruſhing into the thickeſt woods of ſpears
"And *brakes* of ſwords, &c."

That a *brake* meant a buſh, may be known from Drayton's poem on *Moſes and his Miracles:*

"Where God unto the Hebrew ſpake
"Appearing from the burning *brake*."

Again, in the *Mooncalf* of the ſame author:

"He brings into a *brake* of briars and thorn,
"And ſo entangles."

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that, by *brakes of vice*, Shakſpeare means only the *thorny paths of vice.*

So in Ben Jonſon's *Underwoods*, Whalley's Edit. vol. VI. p. 367.

"Look at the falſe and cunning man, &c.——
"Cruſh'd in the ſnakey *brakes* that he had paſt."

STEEVENS.

[8] *This comes off well;*] This is nimbly ſpoken; this is volubly uttered. JOHNSON.

The ſame phraſe is employed in *Timon of Athens* and elſewhere; but in the preſent inſtance it is uſed ironically. The meaning of it, when ſeriouſly applied to ſpeech, is—This is well delivered, this ſtory is well told. STEEVENS.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why doſt thou not ſpeak, Elbow[9]?

Clown. He cannot, ſir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, ſir?

Elb. He, ſir? a tapſter, ſir; parcel-bawd[1]; one that ſerves a bad woman; whoſe houſe, ſir, was, as they ſay, pluck'd down in the ſuburbs; and now ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe[2], which, I think, is a very ill houſe too.

Eſcal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, ſir, whom I deteſt before heaven and your honour,—

Eſcal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, ſir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honeſt woman;—

Eſcal. Doſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay, ſir, I will deteſt myſelf alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a bawd's houſe, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſcal. How doſt thou know that, conſtable?

Elb. Marry, ſir, by my wife; who, if ſhe had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accuſed in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanneſs there.

[9] ——*Why doſt thou not ſpeak*, Elbow?] Says Angelo to the conſtable.——"He cannot, ſir, quoth the *Clown*, he's *out at elbow*." I know not whether this quibble be generally obſerved: he is *out* at the word *elbow*, and *out* at the *elbow* of his coat. The *Conſtable*, in his account of maſter *Froth* and the Clown, has a ſtroke at the *puritans*, who were very zealous againſt the ſtage about this time: "Preciſe villains they are, that I am ſure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to have." FARMER.

[1] —*a tapſter, ſir; parcel bawd*:—] This we ſhould now expreſs by ſaying, *he is* half-tapſter, half-bawd. JOHNSON.

Thus in *K. Hen.* IV: "——a *parcel*-gilt goblet. STEEVENS.

[2] —*ſhe profeſſes a hot-houſe*;] A *hot-houſe* is an Engliſh name for a *bagnio*:

"*Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,*
"*A purging bill now fix'd upon the door,*
"*Tells you it is a* hot-houſe, *ſo it may,*
"*And ſtill be a whore-houſe.*" Ben Jonſon. JOHNSON.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs Over-done's means[3]: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it pleaſe your honour, this is not ſo.

Elb. Prove it before theſe varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Eſcal. Do you hear how he miſplaces? [*To Angelo.*

Clown. Sir, ſhe came in great with child; and longing (ſaving your honour's reverence) for ſtew'd prunes[4]; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood as it were, in a fruit-diſh, a diſh of ſome three-pence; your honours have ſeen ſuch diſhes; they are not China diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſcal. Go to, go to; no matter for the diſh, ſir.

Clown. No, indeed, ſir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I ſay, this miſtreſs Elbow, being, as I ſay, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I ſaid, for prunes; and having but two in the diſh, as I ſaid, maſter Froth here, this very man, having eaten the reſt, as I ſaid, and, as I ſay, paying for them very honeſtly;—for, as you know, maſter Froth, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, ſo I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were

[3] *Ay, ſir, by miſtreſs Over-done's means:*—] Here ſeems to have been ſome mention made of Froth, who was to be accuſed, and ſome words therefore may have been loſt, unleſs the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the conſtable. JOHNSON.

[4] *—ſtew'd prunes;*—] *Stewed prunes* were to be found in every brothel. See a note on the 3d ſcene of the 3d act of the Firſt Part of *King Henry* IV. In the old copy *prunes* are ſpelt, according to vulgar pronunciation, *prewyns*. STEEVENS.

paſt cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Eſcal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpoſe.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cauſe to complain of? come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Eſcal. No, ſir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beſeech you, look into maſter Froth here, ſir; a man of fourſcore pounds a year; whoſe father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, maſter Froth?

Froth. All-hollond eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, ſir, ſitting, as I ſay, in a lower chair, ſir;—'twas in the *Bunch of grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to ſit, Have you not?

Froth. I have ſo; becauſe it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well, then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in Ruſſia,
When nights are longeſt there: I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping, you'll find good cauſe to whip them all.

Eſcal. I think no leſs: Good morrow to your lordſhip. [*Exit Angelo.*
Now, ſir, come on; what was done to Elbow's wife once more?

Clown. Once, ſir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you, ſir, aſk him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beſeech your honour, aſk me.

Eſcal. Well, ſir; What did this gentleman to her?

Clown.

Clown. I beſeech, you, ſir, look in this gentleman's face — Good maſter Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpoſe: Doth your honour mark his face?

Eſcal. Ay, ſir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beſeech you mark it well.

Eſcal. Well, I do ſo.

Clown. Doth your honour ſee any harm in his face?

Eſcal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be ſuppos'd upon a book, his face is the worſt thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could maſter Froth do the conſtable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Eſcal. He's in the right; conſtable, what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, an it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his miſtreſs is a reſpected woman.

Clown. By this hand, ſir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lieſt; thou lieſt, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come, that ſhe was ever reſpected with man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him before he marry'd with her.

Eſcal. Which is the wiſer here? Juſtice or Iniquity[5]?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I reſpected with her before I was marry'd to her? If ever I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip think me the poor duke's

[5] *Juſtice or Iniquity?*] Theſe were, I ſuppoſe, two perſonages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now loſt. JOHNSON.

Juſtice or Iniquity?] i. e. The Conſtable or the Fool. Eſcalus calls the latter *Iniquity*, in alluſion to the old *Vice*, a neceſſary character, it is ſaid, in the ancient moralities or dumb-ſhews, and the *Harlequin* of the modern ſtage. Juſtice may have a ſimilar alluſion to his ſuppoſed antagoniſt into whoſe hands, after a variety of eluſions, he was always made to fall. REMARKS.

officer:—

officer;—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal[6], or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Eſcal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worſhip for it: What is't your worſhip's pleaſure I ſhould do with this wicked caitiff?

Eſcal. Truly, officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcover if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou knoweſt what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worſhip for it:—Thou ſeeſt, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Eſcal. Where were you born, friend? [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in Vienna, ſir.

Eſcal. Are you of fourſcore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't pleaſe you, ſir.

Eſcal. So.—What trade are you of, ſir?

[*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapſter; a poor widow's tapſter.

Eſcal. Your miſtreſs's name?

Clown. Miſtreſs Over-done.

Eſcal. Hath ſhe had any more than one huſband?

Clown. Nine, ſir; Over-done by the laſt.

Eſcal. Nine!—Come hither to me, maſter Froth. Maſter Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapſters; they will draw you[7], maſter Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worſhip: For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouſe, but I am drawn in.

[6] *Hannibal,*] Miſtaken by the conſtable for *Cannibal.* JOHNSON.

[7] *they will draw you,*] *Draw* has here a cluſter of ſenſes. As it refers to the tapſter, it ſignifies *to draw, to empty*; as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle.* In Froth's anſwer, it is the ſame as *to bring along by ſome motive or power.* JOHNSON.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. Well; no more of it, maſter Froth: farewell.—Come you hither to me, maſter tapſter; what's your name, maſter tapſter?

Clown. Pompey.

Eſcal. What elſe?

Clown. Bum, ſir.

Eſcal. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you[8]; ſo that, in the beaſtlieſt ſenſe, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howſoever you colour it in being tapſter; Are you not? come, tell me true; it ſhall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, ſir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Eſcal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, ſir.

Eſcal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it ſhall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clown. Does your worſhip mean to geld and ſpay all the youth in the city?

Eſcal. No, Pompey.

Clown. Truly, ſir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Eſcal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commiſſion for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three-pence a bay[9]: If you live to ſee this come to paſs, ſay Pompey told you ſo. *Eſcal.*

[8] —*greateſt thing about you.*] This faſhion, of which, perhaps, ſome remains were to be found in the age of Shakſpeare, ſeems to have prevailed originally in that of Chaucer, who in the *Perſones Tale* ſpeaks of it thus. "Som of hem ſhewen the boſſe and "the ſhape, &c. in the wrapping of her hoſen, and *eke the buttokes* "*of hem behinde*, &c." Greene in one of his pieces mentions the *great bumme of Paris.* STEEVENS.

[9] *I'll rent the faireſt houſe in it, after three-pence a bay:*] Mr. Theobald

Eſcal. Thank you good Pompey: and in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I adviſe you let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatſoever, no, not for dwelling where you do; if I do, Pompey, I ſhall beat you to your tent, and prove a ſhrewd Cæſar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I ſhall have you whipt; ſo, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your worſhip for your good counſel; but I ſhall follow it, as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine.

Whip me? No, no: let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. Come hither to me, maſter Elbow; come hither, maſter conſtable. How long have you been in this place of conſtable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, ſir.

Eſcal. I thought, by your readineſs in the office, you had continued in it ſome time; you ſay, ſeven years together?

Elb. And a half, ſir.

Eſcal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! they do you wrong to put you ſo oft upon't: Are there not men in your ward ſufficient to ſerve it?

Elb. Faith, ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters:

Theobald found that this was the reading of the old books, and he follows it out of pure reverence for antiquity; for he knows nothing of the meaning of it. He ſuppoſes *bay* to be that projection called a bay-window; as if the way of rating houſes was by the number of their bay-windows. But it is quite another thing, and ſignifies the ſquared frame of a timber houſe; each of which diviſions, or ſquares, is called a *bay*. Hence a building of ſo many bays. WARBURTON.

A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the beſt conception that I could ever obtain, is, that it is the ſpace between the main beams of the roof; ſo that a barn croſſed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. JOHNSON.

" ——that by the yearly birth
" The large-*bay'd* barn doth fill," &c.

I forgot to take down the title of the work from which this inſtance is adopted. STEEVENS.

as

as they are choſen they are glad to chuſe me for them; I do it for ſome piece of money, and go through with all.

Eſcal. Look you, bring me in the names of ſome ſix or ſeven, the moſt ſufficient in your pariſh.

Elb. To your worſhip's houſe, ſir?

Eſcal. To my houſe: Fare you well. What's a clock, think you?

Juſt. Eleven, ſir.

Eſcal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Juſt. I humbly thank you.

Eſcal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Juſt. Lord Angelo is ſevere.

Eſcal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itſelf, that oft looks ſo;
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
Come, ſir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Angelo's Houſe.

Enter Provoſt, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cauſe; he will come ſtraight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit* Servant.] I'll know
His pleaſure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
He hath but as offended in a dream!
All ſects, all ages ſmack of this vice; and he
To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provoſt?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio ſhall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why doſt thou aſk again?

Prov. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Under your good correction, I have ſeen,

When

When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What ſhall be done, ſir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitting place; and that with ſpeed.

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Serv. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Hath he a ſiſter?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be ſhortly of a ſiſterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
See you, the fornicatreſs be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not laviſh means;
There ſhall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Iſabella.

Prov. Save your honour!

Ang. Stay a little while[1].—[*To Iſab.*] You are welcome: What's your will?

Iſab. I am a woeful ſuitor to your honour,
Pleaſe but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your ſuit?

Iſab. There is a vice, that moſt I do abhor,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of juſtice;

[1] *Stay a little while.*———] It is not clear why the provoſt is bidden to ſtay, nor when he goes out. JOHNSON.

The entrance of Lucio and Iſabella ſhould not, perhaps be made 'till after Angelo's ſpeech to the provoſt, who had only announced a lady, and ſeems to be detained as a witneſs to the purity of the deputy's converſation with her. His *exit* may be fixed with that of Lucio and Iſabella. He cannot remain longer, and there is no reaſon to think he departs before. REMARKS.

For

For which I would not plead, but that I muſt;
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am[2]
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Iſab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beſeech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, [3]whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Iſab. O juſt, but ſevere law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!
Lucio. [*To Iſab.*] Giv't not o'er ſo: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him I ſay.
Iſab. Muſt he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Iſab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do't.
Iſab. But can you, if you would?
Ang. Look, what I will not, that I can not do.
Iſab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,

[2] *For which I muſt not plead, but that I am*
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.]
This is obſcure; perhaps it may be mended by reading:
For which, I muſt now *plead*; *but* yet *I am*
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.
Yet and *yt* are almoſt undiſtinguiſhable in a manuſcript. Yet no alteration is neceſſary, ſince the ſpeech is not unintelligible as it now ſtands. JOHNSON.

[3] To *find* the faults.] The old copy reads—To *fine*, &c. STEEVENS.

If

If ſo your heart were touched with that remorſe [4]
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's ſentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold. [*To Iſabel.*

Iſab. Too late? why, no; I, that do ſpeak a word,
May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed ſword,
The marſhal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half ſo good a grace,
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have ſlipt, like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been ſo ſtern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Iſab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Iſabel! ſhould it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a priſoner.

Lucio. [*Aſide.*] Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas! alas!
Why all the ſouls that were, were forfeit once [5];
And He that might the vantage beſt have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, ſhould
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,

[4] ——touch'd with that *remorſe.*] *Remorſe* in this place, as in many others, is *pity*.

So in the 5th act of this play:

"My ſiſterly *remorſe* confutes my honour,
"And I did yield to him."

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"The perfect image of a wretched creature,
"His ſpeeches beg *remorſe*."

See *Othello*, Act III. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *all the ſouls that* were,——] This is falſe divinity. We ſhould read, *are*. WARBURTON.

And

And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made [6].

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſon,
It ſhould be thus with him;—he muſt die to-morrow.

Iſab. To-morrow? Oh, that's ſudden! Spare him,
ſpare him;
He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of ſeaſon; ſhall we ſerve heaven
With leſs reſpect than we do miniſter
To our groſs ſelves? Good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well ſaid.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath ſlept:
Thoſe many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the firſt man that did the edict infringe [7],
Had anſwer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet [8],

[6] *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*
Like man new made.]
This is a fine thought, and finely expreſſed. The meaning is, that *mercy will add ſuch a grace to your perſon, that you will appear as amiable as a man come freſh out of the hands of his Creator.*
WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning is, *You will then change the ſeverity of your preſent character.* In familiar ſpeech, *You would be quite another man.* JOHNSON.

[7] *If the firſt man*, &c.] The word *man* has been ſupplied by the modern editors. I would rather read,
If he, the firſt, &c. TYRWHITT.

[8] ——— *Like a prophet,*
Looks in a glaſs ———]
This alludes to the ſopperies of the *beril*, much uſed at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by. WARBURTON.

The *beril*, which is a kind of cryſtal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. Among other tricks of aſtrologers, the diſcovery of paſt or future events was ſuppoſed to be the conſequence of looking into it. See *Aubrey's Miſcellanies*, p. 165. ed. 1721. EDITOR.
See *Macbeth*, Act IV.
So again in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612.
"How long have I beheld the devil *in chryſtal?*" STEEVENS.

Looks in a glaſs that ſhews what future evils,
(Either now[9], or by remiſſneſs new-conceiv'd,
And ſo in progreſs to be hatch'd and born)
Are now to have no ſucceſſive degrees,
But, ere they live, to end[1].

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pity[2].

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,
Which a diſmiſs'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, anſwering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be ſatisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt, that gives this ſentence;
And he, that ſuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's ſtrength; but it is tyrannous,
To uſe it like a giant.

9 *Either now*—] Thus the old copy. Modern Editors read ——*Or new*— STEEVENS.

1 *But* ere, *they live, to end.*] This is very ſagaciouſly ſubſtituted by ſir Thomas Hanmer, for,

But here *they live*—— JOHNSON.

But here *they live to end.*] So the old copy. Is it not probable that the author wrote:

But *where* they live to end.

The prophecy is not, that future evils ſhould end *ere* or before they are born; or in other words, that there ſhould be no more evil in the world; (as Sir T. Hanmer by his alteration ſeems to have underſtood it) but, that they ſhould *end where* they *began*; i. e. with the criminal, who being puniſhed for his firſt offence, could not proceed by *ſucceſſive degrees* in wickedneſs, nor excite others, by his impunity, to vice.

So, in the next ſpeech:

"And do him right, that anſw'ring *this* foul wrong,
"Lives not to act *another*."

It is more likely that a letter ſhould have been omitted at the preſs, than that one ſhould have been added. MALONE.

2 ——*ſhew ſome pity.*

Ang. *I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhew juſtice;*
For then I pity thoſe I do not know,]

This was one of Hale's memorials. *When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewiſe due to the country.* JOHNSON.

Lucio. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himſelf does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting[3], petty officer,
Would uſe his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.——
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy ſharp and ſulphurous bolt
Split'ſt the unwedgeable and gnarled oak[4],
Than the ſoft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
(Dreſt in a little brief authority;
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
His glaſſy eſſence) like an angry ape,
Plays ſuch fantaſtic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep[5]; who, with our ſpleens,
Would all themſelves laugh mortal[6].

Lucio.

[3] *pelting*]——i. e. paltry.
This word I meet with in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:
"——will not ſhrink the city for a *pelting* jade."
STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:
"Thou bring'ſt ſuch *pelting* ſcurvy news continually
"Thou art not worthy life." MALONE.

[4] ——*gnarled oak*,] *Gnarre* is the old Engliſh word for a *knot in wood*.
So in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:
"Till by degrees the tough and *gnarly* trunk
"Be riv'd in ſunder."
Again, Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 1979:
"With knotty, *knarry* barrein trees old." STEEVENS.

[5] *As make the angels weep*; ——] The notion of angels weeping for the ſins of men is rabbinical.—*Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magiſtri.*—Grotius ad Lucam. WARBURTON.

[6] ——*who, with our ſpleens,*
Would all themſelves laugh mortal.]
Mr. Theobald ſays the meaning of this is, *that if they were endowed with our ſpleens and periſhable organs, they would laugh themſelves out of immortality*: which amounts to this, that if they were mortal, they would not be immortal. Shakſpeare meant no ſuch nonſenſe. By *ſpleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a ſpiteful, unſeaſonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, ſays Shakſpeare, they would laugh themſelves

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceiv't.

Prov. Pray heaven ſhe win him!

Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourſelf[7]:
Great men may jeſt with ſaints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the leſs, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

Iſab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the ſoldier is flat blaſphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put theſe ſayings upon me?

Iſab. Becauſe authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itſelf,
That ſkins the vice o' the top: Go to your boſom;
Knock there; and aſk your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confeſs
A natural guiltineſs ſuch as is his,

ſelves out of their immortality, by indulging a paſſion which does not deſerve that prerogative. The ancients thought, that immoderate laughter was cauſed by the bigneſs of the ſpleen.
WARBURTON.

[7] *We cannot weigh our brother with* yourſelf:] In former editions,

We cannot weigh our brother with ourſelf:

Why not? Though this ſhould be the reading of all the copies, 'tis as plain as light, it is not the author's meaning. Iſabella would ſay, there is ſo great a diſproportion in quality betwixt lord Angelo and her brother, that their actions can bear no compariſon, or equality, together: but her brother's crimes would be aggravated, Angelo's frailties extenuated, from the difference of their degrees and ſtate of life. WARBURTON.

The old reading is right. *We* mortals, proud and fooliſh, cannot prevail on our paſſions to *weigh* or compare *our brother*, a being of like nature and like frailty, *with ourſelf*. We have different names and different judgments for the ſame faults committed by perſons of different condition. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copy is confirmed by a paſſage in Act V.

" ——If he had ſo offended,
" He would have *weigh'd* thy *brother* by *himſelf*,
" And not have cut him off." MALONE.

Let

Let it not ſound a thought upon your tongue
Againſt my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aſide.*] She ſpeaks, and 'tis
Such ſenſe, that my ſenſe breeds with it [8]. [*To Iſab.*]
Fare you well.

Iſab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Iſab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my lord, turn back.

Ang. How! bribe me?

Iſab. Ay, with ſuch gifts, that heaven ſhall ſhare with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all elſe.

Iſab. Not with fond ſhekels [9] of the teſted gold [1],
Or ſtones, whoſe rates are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere ſun riſe; prayers from preſerved ſouls [2],

From

[8] *That my ſenſe breeds with it.*——] Thus all the folios. Some later editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr. Warburton blames poor Mr. Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet is certainly right. *My ſenſe* breeds *with her ſenſe*, that is, new thoughts are ſtirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we ſay to *brood* over thought. JOHNSON.

Sir *W. Davenant's* alteration favours the ſenſe of the old reading:

——*She ſpeaks ſuch ſenſe*
As with my reaſon breeds ſuch images
As ſhe has excellently form'd.— STEEVENS.

9 ——fond *ſhekels*] *Fond*, means very frequently in our author *fooliſh*. It ſignifies in this place *valued* or *prized by folly*. STEEVENS.

1 ——teſted *gold*,] i. e. atteſted, or marked with the ſtandard ſtamp. WARBURTON.

Rather cupelled, brought to the *teſt*, refined. JOHNSON.

All gold that is *teſted* is not marked with the ſtandard ſtamp. The verb has a different ſenſe, and means tried by the cuppel, which is called by the refiners a *teſt*. Vide Harris's Lex. Tech. Voce CUPPELL. Sir J. HAWKINS.

2 ——*preſerved ſouls*,] i. e. preſerved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preſerved in ſugar. WARBURTON.

From faſting maids, whoſe minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; [*Aſide to Iſabel.*] away.

Iſab. Heaven keep your honour ſafe!

Ang. Amen;

For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aſide.*
Where prayers croſs [3].

Iſab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordſhip?

Ang. At any time 'forenoon.

Iſab. Save your honour! [*Ex. Lucio and Iſabella.*

So in *The Amorous War*, 1648:

"You do not reckon us 'mongſt marmalade,
"Quinces and apricots? or take us for
"Ladies *preſerved?*" STEEVENS.

[3] *I am that way going to temptation,*
Where prayers croſs.]

Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers croſs* that way, or croſs each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not underſtand.

Iſabella prays that his *honour* may be ſafe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour:* he feels that his *honour* is in danger, and therefore, I believe, anſwers thus:

I am that way going to temptation,
Which your *prayers croſs.*

That is, I am tempted to loſe that honour of which thou imploreſt the preſervation. The temptation under which I labour is that which thou haſt unknowingly *thwarted* with thy prayer. He uſes the ſame mode of language a few lines lower. Iſabella, parting, ſays:

Save your honour!

Angelo catches the word—*Save it! From what?*
From thee; even from thy virtue!— JOHNSON.

The beſt method of illuſtrating this paſſage will be to quote a ſimilar one from the *Merchant of Venice.* Act III. ſc. 1.

"*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!
"*Sola.* Let me ſay *Amen* betimes, *leſt the devil croſs thy prayer.*"

For the ſame reaſon Angelo ſeems to ſay *Amen* to Iſabella's prayer; but, to make the expreſſion clear, we ſhould read perhaps—Where prayers *are croſſed.* TYRWHITT.

Ang.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who ſins moſt? Ha!
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I[4],
That lying, by the violet, in the ſun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous ſeaſon. [5] Can it be,
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe
Than woman's lightneſs? having waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the ſanctuary,
And pitch our evils there[6]? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What doſt thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Doſt thou deſire her foully, for thoſe things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
Thieves for their robbery have authority,

[4] ——————*it is I,*
That lying, by the violet, in the ſun, &c.]
I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul deſires under the ſame benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid by thoſe beams which increaſe the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

[5] ——————*Can it be,*
That modeſty may more betray our ſenſe
Than woman's lightneſs?]
So in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:
" I do proteſt her modeſt wordes hath wrought in me a maze,
" Though ſhe be faire, ſhe is not deackt with gariſh ſhewes for
" gaze,
" Hir bewtie lures, her lookes cut off fond ſuits with chaſt
" diſdain,
" O God, I feele a ſodaine change, that doth my freedome
" chayne.
" What didſt thou ſay? fie, *Promos* fie, &c." STEEVENS.

[6] *And pitch our evils there?*] So in *K. Henry* VIII.
" Nor build their evils on the graves of great men.
Neither of theſe paſſages appear to contain a very elegant alluſion. STEEVENS.

Evils, in the preſent inſtance, undoubtedly, ſtands for *foricæ*. Dr. Farmer aſſures me he has ſeen the word *evil* uſed in this ſenſe by our ancient writers; and it appears from *Harrington's Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, &c. that privies were originally ſo ill-contrived, even in royal palaces, as to deſerve the title of *evils* or nuiſances.

When judges ſteal themſelves. What? do I love her,
That I deſire to hear her ſpeak again,
And feaſt upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a ſaint,
With ſaints doſt bait thy hook! moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To ſin in loving virtue: never could the ſtrumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once ſtir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd and wonder'd how [7].

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Priſon.

Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provoſt.

Duke. Hail to you, provoſt! ſo, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provoſt: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſs'd order,
I come to viſit the afflicted ſpirits [8]
Here in the priſon; do me the common right
To let me ſee them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

[7] ——*I ſmil'd and wonder'd how.*] As a day muſt now intervene between this conference of Iſabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

[8] I come to viſit the afflicted *ſpirits*
Here *in* the priſon] ——

This is a ſcriptural expreſſion, very ſuitable to the grave character which the Duke aſſumes, "By which alſo he went and "preached unto the *ſpirits in priſon.*" 1 Pet. iii. 19. WHALLEY.

Enter

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flaws of her own youth [9],
Hath bliſter'd her report: She is with child;
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another ſuch offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When muſt he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; ſtay a while, [*To Juliet.*
And you ſhall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the ſin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the ſhame moſt patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you ſhall arraign your conſcience,

9. *Who falling in the* flaws *of her own youth,*
Hath bliſter'd *her report:*————]
Who doth not ſee that the integrity of the metaphor requires we ſhould read:

————flames *of her own youth?* WARBURTON.

Who does not ſee that, upon ſuch principles, there is no end of correction? JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon did not know, nor perhaps Dr. Warburton either, that ſir W. Davenant reads *flames* inſtead of *flaws* in his *Law againſt Lovers*, a play almoſt literally taken from *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and *Much ado about Nothing*. FARMER.

Shakſpeare has *flaming youth* in *Hamlet*, and Greene, in his *Never too Late*, 1616, ſays—"he meaſured the *flames of youth* by his own dead cinders." *Bliſter'd her report*, is *diſfigur'd her fame*. *Bliſter* ſeems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A ſimilar uſe of this word occurs in *Hamlet*:

"————takes the roſe
"From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
"And ſets a *bliſter* there." STEEVENS.

In ſupport of Dr. Warburton's emendation, it ſhould be remembered, that *flawes* (for ſo it was anciently ſpelled) and *flames* differ only by a letter that is very frequently miſtaken at the preſs. The ſame miſtake is found in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act V. ſc. 1. edit. 1623:—"She never reprehended him but *wildly*;"—inſtead of *mildly*. Again in this play of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act V. ſc. 1. edit 1623:—"give *we* your hand;" inſtead of *me*. MALONE.

And

And try your penitence, if it be ſound
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it ſeems, your moſt offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your ſin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confeſs it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet ſo daughter: But leſt you do repent [1],
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,—
Which ſorrow is always towards ourſelves, not heaven;
Shewing, we would not ſpare heaven [2], as we love it,
But as we ſtand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the ſhame with joy.

Duke. There reſt [3].
Your partner, as I hear, muſt die to-morrow,

[1] ——*But leſt you do repent,*] Thus the old copy. The modern editors, led by Mr. Pope, read:

————*But repent you not.*

But leſt you do repent is only a kind of negative imperative—*Ne te pœniteat*,—and means, repent not on this account. STEEVENS.

I think that a line at leaſt is wanting after the firſt of the Duke's ſpeech. It would be preſumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the ſenſe, I am perſuaded, is eaſily recoverable out of Juliet's anſwer. I ſuppoſe, his advice, in ſubſtance, to have been nearly this. "Take care, *leſt you repent* [not ſo much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame.*" Accordingly, Juliet's anſwer is explicit to this point:

"*I do repent me*, as it is an evil,
And takt the ſhame with joy." TYRWHITT.

[2] *Shewing we'd not* ſpare *heaven,*] The modern editors had changed this word into *ſeek*. STEEVENS.

[3] *There reſt.*] Keep yourſelf in this temper. JOHNSON.

And

And I am going with inſtruction to him:
Grace go with you! *benedicite.* [*Exit.*

Juliet. Muſt die to-morrow! Oh, injurious love [4],
That reſpites me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Angelo's Houſe.

Enter Angelo [5].

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To ſeveral ſubjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilſt my intention [6], hearing not my tongue,
Anchors

4 —— *Oh, injurious love,*] Her execution was reſpited on account of her pregnancy, the effects of her love: therefore ſhe calls it *injurious*; not that it brought her to ſhame, but that it hindered her freeing herſelf from it. Is not this all very natural? yet the Oxford editor changes it to *injurious law.* JOHNSON.

I know not what circumſtance in this play can authorize a ſuppoſition that Juliet was reſpited *on account of her pregnancy*; as her life was in no danger from the law, the ſeverity of which was exerted only on the ſeducer. I ſuppoſe ſhe means that a parent's love for the child ſhe bears is *injurious*, becauſe it makes her careful of her life in her preſent ſhameful condition.

Mr. Tollet explains the paſſage thus. "Oh, love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that reſpites me a life, which is a burthen to me worſe than death!" STEEVENS.

5 *Enter Angelo.*] *Promos*, in the play already quoted, has likewiſe a ſoliloquy previous to the ſecond appearance of *Caſſandra*. It begins thus:

"Do what I can, no reaſon cooles deſire,
"The more I ſtrive my fond affectes to tame,
"The hotter (oh) I feele a burning fire
"Within my breaſt vaine thoughts to forge and frame, &c."
STEEVENS.

6 *Whilſt my* intention,——] Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expreſſion. But the old blundering folio having it, *invention*, this was enough for Mr. Theobald to prefer authority to ſenſe. WARBURTON.

Intention

Anchors on Iſabel: Heaven is in my mouth [7],
As if I did but only chew its name;
And in my heart, the ſtrong and ſwelling evil
Of my conception: The ſtate, whereon I ſtudied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious [8]; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot [9], change for an idle plume
Which

Intention (if it be the true reading) has, in this inſtance more than its common meaning. It ſignifies eagerneſs of deſire. So in the *Merry Wives:*

" ——courſe o'er my exteriors, with ſuch greedineſs of *intention.*"

By *invention*, however, I believe the poet means *imagination.* STEEVENS.

Whilſt my intention, *hearing not my tongue,*
Anchors *on Iſabel:*] We have the ſame ſingular expreſſion in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" There would he *anchor* his aſpect, and die
" With looking on his life."

Invention is uſed by our author for *imagination* in his 103d ſonnet:

——"a face
" That overgoes my blunt *invention* quite."

Again in *King Henry V.*

" O, for a Muſe of fire, that would aſcend
" The brighteſt heaven of *invention*:

Invention is the reading of both the firſt and ſecond folio. MALONE.

7 *Heaven* is *in my mouth,*] The old copy reads
Heaven in my mouth,
i. e. heaven *being* in my mouth,
I do not ſee any need of change. MALONE.

8 *Grown* fear'd *and tedious;*——] We ſhould read *ſeared:* i. e. old. So Shakſpeare uſes *in the ſear,* to ſignify old age. WARBURTON.

I think *fear'd* may ſtand. What we go to with reluctance may be ſaid to be *fear'd.* JOHNSON.

9 ——*with boot,*]——*Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. So in *M. Kyffin's* tranſlation of the *Andria* of *Terence*, 1588: "You obtained this at my hands, and I went about it while there was any *boot.*"

Again,

Which the air beats for vain. Oh place? oh form[1]!
How often doſt thou with thy [2] caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls [3]
To

Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:
" Then liſt to me: Saint Andrew be my *boot*,
" But I'll raze thy caſtle to the very ground."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*change for an idle plume,*
Which the air beats for vain. *Oh place! Oh form!* &c.]
There is, I believe, no inſtance in Shakſpeare or any other author, of "*for* vain" being uſed for "*in* vain." Beſides; has the air or wind *leſs* effect on a feather than on twenty other things? or rather is not the reverſe of this the truth? An *idle plume* aſſuredly is not that "ever-fixed mark," of which our author ſpeaks elſewhere, "that looks on tempeſts, and is never ſhaken." The old copy has *vaine*, in which way a *vane* or weather-cock was formerly ſpelt. [*See Minſhieu's* DICT. 1617, *in verb.*—So alſo, in *Love's Labour Loſt*, Act IV. Sc. 1. edit. 1623. "What *vaine?* what weathercock?]" I would therefore read *vane.*—I would exchange my gravity, ſays Angelo, for an idle feather, which being driven along by the wind ſerves, to the ſpectator, for a *vane* or weather-cock. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
" I am a *feather* for each *wind* that blows."
And in *The Merchant of Venice* we meet a kindred thought:
——" I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the *graſs, to know where ſits the wind.*"
The omiſſion of the article is certainly aukward, but not without example. Thus, in *K. Lear:*
" Hot queſtriſts after him meet him *at gate.*"
Again, in *Coriolanus:* " Go, ſee him out at *gates.*"
Again, in *Titus Andronicus*: " Aſcend, fair queen, *Pantheon.*"
Again, in the *Winter's Tale:* "'Pray heartily, he be *at palace!*"
Again, in *Cymbeline:*
——" can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, *to bottom*, that."
The author, however, might have written
——" an idle plume,
Which the air beats for vane o' *the* place.—Oh form,
How often doſt *thou*"—&c.
The pronoun *thou*, referring to only *one* antecedent, appears to me ſtrongly to ſupport ſuch a regulation. MALONE.

[2] —*caſe*,—] For outſide; garb; external ſhew. JOHNSON.

[3] *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls*
To thy falſe ſeeming?——
Here Shakſpeare judiciouſly diſtinguiſhes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted, and wiſe

To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art but blood[4]:
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn[5],
'Tis not the devil's creſt.

Enter

wiſe men are allured. Thoſe who cannot judge but by the eye, are eaſily awed by ſplendour; thoſe who conſider men as well as conditions, are eaſily perſuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*Blood, thou art* but *blood*] *But* has been introduced by ſome of the modern editors. It is not in either the 1ſt or 2d Fo. MALONE.

[5] *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,*
'Tis not the devil's creſt.]

i. e. Let the moſt wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it ſhall paſs for innocent. This was his concluſion from his preceding words:

——*oh form!*
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming? ——

But the Oxford editor makes him conclude juſt counter to his own premiſes; by altering it to,

It's not the devil's creſt?

So that, according to this alteration, the reaſoning ſtands thus.—Falſe ſeeming wrenches awe from fools, and deceives the wiſe: Therefore, *Let us but write good angel on the devil's horn,* (i. e. give him the appearance of an angel;) and what then? *Is't not the devil's creſt?* (i. e. he ſhall be eſteemed a devil.) WARBURTON.

I am ſtill inclined to the opinion of the Oxford editor. Angelo, reflecting on the difference between his ſeeming character, and his real diſpoſition, obſerves, that he *could change his gravity for a plume.* He then digreſſes into an apoſtrophe, *O dignity, how doſt thou impoſe upon the world!* then returning to himſelf, *Blood* ſays he, *thou art but blood,* however concealed with appearances and decorations. Title and character do not alter nature, which is ſtill corrupt, however dignified:

Let's write good angel on the devil's horn;
Is't not?—or rather—*'Tis yet the devil's creſt.*

It may however be underſtood, according to Dr. Warburton's explanation. O place, how doſt thou impoſe upon the world by falſe appearances! ſo much, that if we *write good angel on the devil's horn, 'tis not* taken any longer to be the *devil's creſt.* In this ſenſe,

Blood, thou art but blood!

is an interjected exclamation. JOHNSON.

A Hebrew

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Iſabel, a ſiſter, deſires acceſs to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heavens!
Why does my blood thus muſter to my heart [6],
Making both it unable for itſelf,
And diſpoſſeſſing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſs?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwoons;
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the air
By which he ſhould revive: and even ſo
The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king [7],

Quit

A Hebrew proverb ſeems to favour Dr. Johnſon's reading:

——— 'Tis *yet* the devil's creſt.

"A nettle ſtanding among myrtles doth notwithſtanding retain the name of a nettle." STEEVENS.

[6] —*to my heart.*] Of this ſpeech there is no other trace in *Promos and Caſſandra*, than the following:

"Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch."

STEEVENS.

[7] *The gen'ral ſubjects to a well-wiſh'd king,*] So the later editions: but the old copies read:

The general ſubject *to a well-wiſh'd king.*

The *general ſubject* ſeems a harſh expreſſion, but *general ſubjects* has no ſenſe at all, and *general* was, in our authour's time, a word for *people*, ſo that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, *ſubject* to a king. So in *Hamlet*: "*The play pleaſed not the* million: *'twas caviare to the* general." JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone obſerves, that the uſe of this phraſe "*the general*" for the people, continued ſo late as to the time of lord Clarendon,—"as rather to be conſented to, than that *the general* ſhould ſuffer." Clar. Hiſt. B. v. p. 530. 8vo Edit. I therefore adhere to the old reading, with only a ſlight change in the punctuation.

The general, ſubject to a well-wiſh'd king,
Quit, &c.

i. e. the *generality* who are *ſubjects*, &c.

Twice in *Hamlet* our author uſes *ſubject* for *ſubjects*:

"So nightly toils the *ſubject* of the land." act I. ſc. 1.

Again, act I. ſc. 2:

"The lifts and full proportions, all are made
"Out of his *ſubject*."———

The

Quit their own part, and in obſequious fondneſs
Crowd to his preſence, where their untaught love
Muſt needs appear offence.

Enter Iſabella.

How now, fair maid?

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure?

Ang. That you might know it, would much better pleaſe me,
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Iſab. Even ſo?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Going.*

The *general ſubject* however may mean the *ſubjects in general*. So in *As you like it*: act II. ſc. 7:

"Wouldſt thou diſgorge into the *gneral world*."

STEEVENS.

So the duke had before (act I: ſcene 2.) expreſſed his diſlike of popular applauſe

"I'll privily away. I love the people,
"But do not like to ſtage me to their eyes.
"Though it do well, I do not reliſh well
"Their loud applauſe and *ave's* vehement:
"Nor do I think the man of ſafe diſcretion,
"That does affect it."———

I cannot help thinking that Shakſpeare, in theſe two paſſages intended to flatter that unkingly weakneſs of James the Firſt, which made him ſo impatient of the crowds that flocked to ſee him, eſpecially upon his firſt coming, that, as ſome of our hiſtorians ſay, he reſtrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his Memoirs of his own Life *, has a remarkable paſſage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the king going to parliament, on the 30th of January, 1620-1, "ſpake lovingly to the people, and ſaid God bleſs ye, God bleſs ye;" he adds theſe words, "contrary to his former haſty and paſſionate cuſtom, which often, in his ſudden diſtemper, would bid a pox or a plague on ſuch as flocked to ſee him." TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious remark might find ſupport, if it needed any, from the following paſſage in a *True Narration of the Entertainment of his Royall Majeſtie, from the Time of his Departure from Edinbrogh, till his receiving in London*, &c. &c. 1603, "—he was faine to publiſh an inhibition againſt the inordinate and dayly acceſſe of peoples comming," &c. STEEVENS.

* A Manuſcript in the Britiſh Muſeum.

Ang.

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
As long as you, or I: Yet he muſt die.

Iſab. Under your ſentence?

Ang. Yes.

Iſab. When, I beſeech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer, or ſhorter, he may be ſo fitted,
That his ſoul ſicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, theſe filthy vices! It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcy [1] ſweetneſs, that do coin heaven's image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſy [2]
Falſely to take away a life true made [3],
As to put metal in reſtrained means [4],
To make a falſe one.

Iſab.

[1] *Their ſawcy ſweetneſs, that do coin* heaven's image
In ſtamps *that are* forbid.] We meet with nearly the ſame words in *King Edward* III. a tragedy, 1596, certainly prior to this play:

——" And will your ſacred ſelf
" Commit high treaſon 'gainſt the *king of heaven*,
" To *ſtamp* his *image* in *forbidden metal?*

Theſe lines are ſpoken by the counteſs of Saliſbury, whoſe chaſtity (like Iſabel's) was aſſailed by her ſovereign. MALONE.

[2] ——*'tis all as* eaſy] *Eaſy* is here put for light or trifling. 'Tis, ſays he, as light or trifling a crime to do ſo, as ſo, &c. Which the Oxford editor not apprehending, has altered it to *juſt*; for 'tis much eaſier to conceive what Shakſpeare ſhould ſay, than what he does ſay. So juſt before, the poet ſaid, with his uſual licenſe, their *ſawcy ſweetneſs*, for *ſawcy indulgence of the appetite*. And this, forſooth, muſt be changed to *ſawcy lewdneſs*, though the epithet confines us, as it were, to the poet's word.
WARBURTON.

[3] Falſely *to take away a life true made*,] *Falſely* is the ſame with *diſhoneſtly*, *illegally*: ſo *falſe*, in the next lines, is *illegal*, *illegitimate*. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*in reſtrained means*,] In forbidden moulds. I ſuſpect *means* not to be the right word, but I cannot find another.
JOHNSON.

I ſhould ſuſpect that the author wrote,
——*in reſtrained* mints,
as the alluſion is ſtill to *coining*. Sir W. Davenant omits the paſſage. STEEVENS.

Iſab. 'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth [5].
Ang. Say you ſo? then I ſhall poze you quickly.

On reading this paſſage, it ſeemed probable to me that Shakſpeare, having already illuſtrated this thought by an alluſion to coining, would not give the ſame image a ſecond time; and that he wrote

As to put *mettle* in reſtrained means.

On looking into the folio I found my conjecture confirmed, for that is the original reading. It is likewiſe ſupported by a ſimilar expreſſion in *Timon:*

" ——— thy father, that poor rag,
" *Put ſtuff* to ſome ſhe beggar, and compounded thee
" Poor rogue hereditary."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" As rank as any flax-wench that *puts to*,
" Before her troth-plight."

The ſenſe is clear, and *means* may ſtand without alteration.—*'Tis as eaſy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to have u lawful commerce with a maid in order to give life to an illegitimate child.* The thought is ſimply, that murder is as eaſy as fornication, and it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former.—The words—*to make a falſe one*—evidently referring to *life*, ſhew that the preceding line is to be underſtood in a natural and not in a metaphorical ſenſe.

Means, I ſuppoſe, is here uſed for *medium* or *object*.

Moulds, however, if the paſſage be corrupt, (which I do not believe to be the caſe) is a very likely word to have ſtood here. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——the honour'd *mould*
" Wherein this trunk was fram'd."

Again, in *King Richard* II.

" ——that bed, that womb
" That *mettle*, that ſelf-ſame *mould* that faſhioned thee,
" Made him a man."

Again, in *K. Lear:*

" Crack Nature's *moulds*, all germins ſpill at once,
" That make ingrateful man!" MALONE.

[5] *'Tis ſet down ſo in heaven, but not in earth.*] I would have it conſidered, whether the train of the diſcourſe does not rather require Iſabel to ſay:

'Tis ſo ſet down in earth, *but not in* heaven.

When ſhe has ſaid this, *Then*, ſays Angelo, *I ſhall poze you quickly.* Would you, who, for the preſent purpoſe, declare your brother's crime to be leſs in the ſight of heaven, than the law has made it; would you commit that crime, light as it is, to ſave your brother's life? To this ſhe anſwers, not very plainly in either reading, but more appoſitely to that which I propoſe:

I had rather give my body, than my ſoul. JOHNSON.

Which

Which had you rather, That the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?

Iſab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my ſoul.

Ang. I talk not of your ſoul; Our compell'd ſins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

Iſab. How ſay you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can ſpeak
Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this,—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a ſentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in ſin,
To ſave this brother's life?

Iſab. Pleaſe you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my ſoul,
It is no ſin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at the peril of your ſoul[6],
Were equal poize of ſin and charity.

Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer[7].

Ang.

[6] *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril,* &c.] The reaſoning is thus: Angelo aſks, whether there might *not be a charity in ſin to ſave this brother.* Iſabella anſwers, that *if Angelo will ſave him, ſhe will ſtake her ſoul that it were charity, not ſin.* Angelo replies, that if Iſabella would *ſave him at the hazard of her ſoul, it would be not indeed no ſin, but a ſin to which the charity would be equivalent.* JOHNSON.

[7] *And nothing of your, anſwer.*] I think it ſhould be read,
And nothing of yours, *anſwer.*
You, and whatever is *yours*, be exempt from penalty. JOHNSON.
And nothing of your anſwer, means, *and make no part of thoſe for which you ſhall be called to anſwer.* STEEVENS.
This paſſage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, anſwer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your ſenſe purſues not mine; either you are ignorant
Or ſeem ſo, craftily; and that's not good.

Iſab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks
[1] Proclaim an enſhield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could diſplayed.—But mark me;

To

So that the ſubſtantive *anſwer* may be underſtood to be joined, in conſtruction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults *of mine anſwer* are the faults *which I am to anſwer for*. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Proclaim an* enſhield *beauty*—] An *enſhield beauty* is *a ſhielded beauty, a beauty covered as with a ſhield*. STEEVENS.

——— as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an *enſhield* beauty, &c.

This ſhould be written *en-ſhell'd*, or *in-ſhell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, act IV. ſc. 6:

"Thruſts forth his horns again into the world
"That were *in-ſhell'd* when Marcius ſtood for Rome."

Theſe *Maſks* muſt mean, I think, the *Maſks of the audience*: however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakſpeare would hardly have been guilty of ſuch an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this paſſage affords ground for ſuppoſing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some ſtrokes of particular flattery to the king I have already pointed out; and there are ſeveral other general reflections, in the character of the duke eſpecially, which ſeem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

I do not think ſo well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note as I did ſome years ago; and therefore I ſhould wiſh to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of the Author of REMARKS, &c. p. 20. as I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing, that Iſabella *had* any *maſk in her hand*. My notion at preſent is, that the phraſe *theſe black maſks* ſignifies nothing more than *black maſks*; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonſtrative pronoun is put for the prepoſitive article. See the *Gloſſary to Chaucer*, Ed. 1775. *This, Theſe*. Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed the ſame idiom not only in the paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*; but alſo in *Firſt Henry* IV. act I. ſcene 3.

——— and but for *theſe* vile guns
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

With reſpect to the former part of this note, though the *Remarker* has told us that "*enſhield* is CERTAINLY put by conſtruc-

"tion

Which had you rather, That the moſt juſt law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to ſuch ſweet uncleanneſs,
As ſhe that he hath ſtain'd?

Iſab. Sir, believe this,
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Againſt the thing I ſay. Anſwer to this,—
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But graciouſly to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wiſdom wiſhes to appear moſt bright,
When it doth tax itſelf: as theſe black maſks
[1] Proclaim an enſhield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could diſplayed.—But mark me;

To

So that the ſubſtantive *anſwer* may be underſtood to be joined, in conſtruction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults *of mine anſwer* are the faults *which I am to anſwer for*. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Proclaim an* enſhield *beauty*—] An *enſhield beauty* is *a ſhielded beauty, a beauty covered as with a ſhield*. STEEVENS.

————as theſe black maſks
Proclaim an *enſhield* beauty, &c.

This ſhould be written *en-ſhell'd*, or *in-ſhell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, act IV. ſc. 6:

" Thruſts forth his horns again into the world
" That were *in-ſhell'd* when Marcius ſtood for Rome."

Theſe *Maſks* muſt mean, I think, the *Maſks of the audience*; however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakſpeare would hardly have been guilty of ſuch an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this paſſage affords ground for ſuppoſing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some ſtrokes of particular flattery to the king I have already pointed out; and there are ſeveral other general reflections, in the character of the duke eſpecially, which ſeem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

I do not think ſo well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note as I did ſome years ago; and therefore I ſhould wiſh to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of the Author of REMARKS, &c. p. 20. as I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing, that Iſabella *had* any *maſk in her hand*. My notion at preſent is, that the phraſe *theſe black maſks* ſignifies more than *black maſks*; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonſtrative pronoun is put for the prepoſitive article. See the *Gloſſary to Chaucer*, Ed. 1775. *This, Theſe*. Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed the ſame idiom not only in the paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*; but alſo in *Firſt Henry* IV. act I. ſcene 3.

———— and but for *theſe* vile guns
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

With reſpect to the former part of this note, though the *Remarker* has told us that " *enſhield* is CERTAINLY put by conſtruc-

" tion

To be received plain, I'll ſpeak more groſs:
Your brother is to die.

Iſab. So.

Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain [2].

Iſab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to ſave his life,
(As I ſubſcribe not that [3], nor any other,
But in the loſs of queſtion [4]) that you, his ſiſter,
Find-

" tion for *enſhielded*;" I have no objection to leaving my conjecture in its place, till ſome authority is produced for ſuch an uſage of *enſhield* or *enſhielded*. TYRWHITT.

Sir *W. Davenant* reads—*as a black maſk*; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well ſupported in his firſt ſuppoſition, by a paſſage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

" *Theſe* happy *maſks* that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
" Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."

STEEVENS.

[2] *Accountant to the law upon that pain.*] *Pain* is here for *penalty, puniſhment*. JOHNSON.

[3] (*As I ſubſcribe not that,*—] To *ſubſcribe* means, to *agree to*. Milton uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe.
So in Marlow's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1661:

" *Subſcribe* to his deſires." STEEVENS.

[4] *But in the loſs of queſtion*)——] The *loſs* of queſtion I do not well underſtand, and ſhould rather read,

But in the toſs *of queſtion.*

In the *agitation*, in the *diſcuſſion* of the queſtion. To *toſs* an argument is a common phraſe. JOHNSON.

But in the loſs of queſtion. This expreſſion I believe means, *but in idle ſuppoſition*, or *converſation that tends to nothing*, which may therefore, in our author's language, be call'd *the loſs of queſtion*. Thus in *Coriolanus*, act III. ſc. 1:

" The which ſhall turn you to no other harm,
" Than ſo much *loſs of time*."

Queſtion, in Shakſpeare, often bears this meaning. So in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

" And after ſupper, long he *queſtioned*
" With modeſt Lucrece, &c." STEEVENS.

The following paſſages add ſtrength to Dr. Johnſon's conjecture:

" I could *toſs* woe for woe until to-morrow,
" But then we'd wake the wolf with bleating ſorrow."

Acoleſtus his Afterwit, 1606.

Finding yourſelf deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the [5] all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to ſave him, but that either
You muſt lay down the treaſures of your body
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe let him ſuffer;
What would you do?

Iſab. As much for my poor brother, as myſelf:
That is, Were I under the terms of death,
The impreſſion of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And ſtrip myſelf to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been ſick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to ſhame.

Ang. Then muſt your brother die.

Iſab. And 'were the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once [6],
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the ſentence
That you have ſlander'd ſo?

" Whether it were a *queſtion* mov'd by chance
" Or ſpitefully of purpoſe (I being there
" And your own countryman) I cannot tell;
" But when much *toſſing*
" Had bandied both the king and you, as pleas'd
" Thoſe that took up the rackets"——
Noble Spaniſh Soldier, by Rowley, 1634.

So, in *Melvil's Memoirs*, 1683: " Having *toſs'd* ſome words upon this matter, ſhe being deſirous of an honeſt colour or pretext, appeared the more readily ſatisfied in that point."

Queſtion is here uſed, as in many other places, for *converſation*. MALONE.

[5] *Of the* all-binding *law*;——] The old editions read:
——all-building *law*,——
from which the editors have made *all-holding*; yet Mr. Theobald has *binding* in one of his copies. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*a brother died* at *once*,] Perhaps we ſhould read:
Better it were, a brother died for *once*
Than that a ſiſter, by redeeming him,
Should die for *ever*. JOHNSON.

Iſab.

Iſab. Ignomy in ranſom, and free pardon,
Are of two houſes: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather prov'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Iſab. O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we ſpeak not what we mean:
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Iſab. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he[7],
[8] Owe, and ſucceed by weakneſs.
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Iſab. Ay, as the glaſſes where they view themſelves;
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms[9].
Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar

[7] *If not a* feodary, *but only he*, &c.] This is ſo obſcure, but the alluſion ſo fine, that it deſerves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that in the times of vaſſalage held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and ſervice: which tenures were called *feuda* amongſt the Goths. Now, ſays Angelo, "we are all frail; yes, replies Iſabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who ſucceed each other by the ſame tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original ſin, to a *feodary*, who owes *ſuit* and *ſervice* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare has the ſame alluſion in *Cymbeline:*

"———ſenſeleſs bauble,
"Art thou a *feodarie* for this act?"

Again, in the prologue to Marſton's *Sophoniſba*, 1606:

"For ſeventeen kings were Carthage *feodars.*"

The old copy reads—*thy* weakneſs. STEEVENS.

[8] Owe,] See vol. I. p. 38. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*glaſſes*——
Which are as eaſy broke as they make forms.]
Would it not be better to read,
———take *forms.* JOHNSON.

[1] In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are as ſoft as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints [2].

Ang. I think it well:
And from this teſtimony of your own ſex,
(Since, I ſuppoſe, we are made to be no ſtronger,
Than faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold,—
I do arreſt your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well expreſs'd
By all external warrants) ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd livery.

Iſab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, ſpeak the former language [3].

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Iſab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me, that he ſhall die for it.

Ang. He ſhall not, Iſabel, if you give me love.

Iſab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't [4],
Which ſeems a little fouler than it is [5],

[1] *In profiting by them.*————] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

[2] *And credulous to falſe prints.*] i. e. take any impreſſion. WARBURTON.

[3] ————*ſpeak the* former *language.*] We ſhould read *formal*, which he here uſes for plain, direct. WARBURTON.

Iſabella anſwers to his circumlocutory courtſhip, that ſhe has but *one tongue*, ſhe does not underſtand this new phraſe, and deſires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before. JOHNSON.

[4] *I know your virtue hath a* licence *in't,*] Alluding to the licences given by miniſters to their ſpies, to go into all ſuſpected companies, and join in the language of malecontents. WARBURTON.

[5] *Which ſeems a little fouler*, &c.] So in *Promos and Caſſandra*:

"*Caſ.* Renowned lord, you uſe this ſpeech (I hope) your thrall
"to trye,
"If otherwiſe, my brother's life ſo deare I will not bye."
"*Pro.* Fair dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts be-
"wray,
"If you miſtruſt, to ſearch my harte, would God you had a
"kaye." STEEVENS.

To

To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words expreſs my purpoſe.

Iſab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And moſt pernicious purpoſe!—Seeming, ſeeming[6]!——
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-ſtretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Iſabel?
My unſoil'd name, the auſtereneſs of my life,
[7] My vouch againſt you, and my place i'the ſtate,
Will ſo your accuſation over-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your own report,
And ſmell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my ſenſual race the rein:
Fit thy conſent to my ſharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious bluſhes[9],
That baniſh what they ſue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;

[6] ——— *Seeming, ſeeming!*—] Hypocriſy, hypocriſy; counterfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

[7] *My* vouch *againſt you*,——] The calling his denial of her charge his *vouch*, has ſomething fine. *Vouch* is the teſtimony one man bears for another. So that, by this, he inſinuates his authority was ſo great, that his *denial* would have the ſame credit that a *vouch* or teſtimony has in ordinary caſes. WARBURTON.

I believe this beauty is merely imaginary, and that *vouch againſt* means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

[9] —— and *prolixious* bluſhes,] The word *prolixious* is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. I find it in *Moſes, his Birth and Miracles*, by Drayton:

"Moſt part by water, more *prolixious* was, &c."

Again, in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*. 1598:

"——rarifier of *prolixious* rough barbariſm, &c."

Again, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"——well known unto them by his *prolixious* ſea-wandering."

STEEVENS.

Or

Or elſe he muſt not only die the death [1],
But thy unkindneſs ſhall his death draw out
To lingering ſufferance: anſwer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me moſt,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my falſe o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Iſab. To whom ſhould I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the ſelf-ſame tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'ſy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow, as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture [2] of the blood,
Yet hath he in him [3] ſuch a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her body ſtoop
To ſuch abhorr'd pollution.

[1] ——*die the death,*] This ſeems to be a ſolemn phraſe for death inflicted by law. So in *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" *Prepare* to die the death." JOHNSON.

It is a phraſe taken from ſcripture, as is obſerved in a note on the *Midſummer Night's Dream.* STEEVENS.

The phraſe is *a good phraſe*, as Shallow ſays, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *ſcriptural* origin. Chaucer uſes it frequently. See Cant Tales, ver. 607.

" They were adradde of him, as of *the deth.*" ver. 1222.

" *The deth* he feleth thurgh his herte ſmite." It ſeems to have been originally a miſtaken tranſlation of the French *La Mort.*
TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*prompture*——] Suggeſtion, temptation, inſtigation.
JOHNSON.

[3] —— —*ſuch a mind of honour,*] This, in Shakſpeare's language, may mean, *ſuch an honourable mind*, as he uſes elſewhere *mind of love*, for *loving mind.* Thus in *Philaſter:*

" —— —— I had thought, thy *mind*
" Had been *of honour.*" STEEVENS.

Then, Iſabel, live chaſte, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chaſtity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's requeſt,
And fit his mind to death, for his ſoul's reſt. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Priſon.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provoſt.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miſerable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be abſolute for death [4]; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life,—
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing,
That none but fools would keep [5]: a breath thou art,
Servile

[4] *Be abſolute for death*;——] Be determined to die, without any hope of life. *Horace*,——

"—*The hour, which exceeds expectation will be welcome.*"

JOHNSON.

[5] *That none but fools would keep*:———] But this reading is not only contrary to all ſenſe and reaſon; but to the drift of this moral diſcourſe. The duke, in his aſſumed character of a friar, is endeavouring to inſtil into the condemned priſoner a reſignation of mind to his ſentence; but the ſenſe of the lines in this reading, is a direct perſuaſive to *ſuicide:* I make no doubt, but the poet wrote,

That none but fools would reck:———

i. e. care for, be anxious about, regret the loſs of. So in the tragedy of *Tancred and Giſmunda*, act IV. ſc. 3:

"———*Not that ſhe* recks *this life*———"

And Shakſpeare, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Recking *as little what betideth me*—" WARBURTON.

The meaning ſeems plainly this, that *none but fools would* wiſh *to keep*

Servile to all the ſkiey influences
That do this habitation[6], where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool[7];
For

keep life; or, *none but fools would keep* it, if choice were allowed: A ſenſe, which whether true or not, is certainly innocent. JOHNSON.

Keep in this place, I believe, may not ſignify *preſerve*, but *care for*. "No lenger for to liven I ne *kepe*," ſays Æneas in *Chaucer*'s Dido queen of Carthage; and elſewhere. "That I *kepe not* rehearſed be:" i. e. which I *care not* to have rehearſed. Again, in the *Knightes Tale*, late edit. ver. 2240:

"I *kepe* nought of armes for to yelpe."

Again, in a *Mery Jeſte of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "Then the parſon bad him remember that he had a ſoule for to *kepe*, and he preached and teached to him the uſe of confeſſion, &c." STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's explanation is confirmed by a paſſage in Webſter's *Ducheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"Of what is't fools make ſuch vain *keeping?*
"——Their life a general miſt of error,
"Their death a hideous ſtorm of terror."

Keeping is there apparently uſed for *account, eſtimation.*

Again, in the tranſlation of *Lucan's Pharſalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614:

"She takes no *keepe* of Augur's ſkill."——

Again, in Gower *de Confeſſione Amantis*, edit. 1554, fol. 188.

"The king, whiche thereof toke good *kepe*."——

See the Gloſſary to the late edit. of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, v. *kepe*. MALONE.

[6] *That* do *this habitation*,—] This reading is ſubſtituted by ſir Thomas Hanmer, for

That doſt——JOHNSON.

[7] ——*merely thou art* death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runneſt toward him ſtill:—]

In thoſe old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to ſhew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at every turn, into his very jaws. So that the repreſentations of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from ſuch circumſtances, in the genius of our anceſtors publick diverſions, I ſuppoſe it was, that the old proverb aroſe, of *being merry and wiſe*. WARBURTON.

Such

For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt toward him ſtill: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs [8]: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork

Such another expreſſion as *death's fool*, occurs in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, a comedy, by S. S. 1616:

" Wilt thou be a *fool of fate?* who can
" Prevent the deſtiny decreed for man?" STEEVENS.

It is obſerved by the Editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783. p. 154. that the initial letter of Stow's Survey, contains a repreſentation of a ſtruggle between *Death* and the *Fool*; the figures of which were moſt probably copied from thoſe characters as formerly exhibited on the ſtage. EDITOR.

———*a breath thou art,*
Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That doſt this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict——]

The editors have changed [doſt] to [do] without neceſſity or authority. The conſtruction is not, " the ſkiey influences, that do," but, " a breath thou art, that doſt, &c." If the ſecond line be incloſed in a parentheſis, all the difficulty will vaniſh. PORSON.

[8] *Are nurs'd by baſeneſs:*—] Dr. Warburton is undoubtedly miſtaken in ſuppoſing that by *baſeneſs* is meant *ſelf-love* here aſſigned as the motive of all human actions. Shakſpeare only meant to obſerve, that a minute analyſis of life at once deſtroys that ſplendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can diſplay, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baſeneſs*, by offices of which the mind ſhrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the ſhambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkneſs of the mine. JOHNSON.

This is a thought which Shakſpeare delights to expreſs. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——our *dungy earth* alike
" Feeds man as beaſt."

Again:

" Which ſleeps, and never palates more the *dung*,
" *The beggar's nurſe, and Cæſar's.*" STEEVENS.

Of

Of a poor worm [9]: Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep [1],
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. [2] Thou art not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt: Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt: Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects [3],

9 ——*the ſoft and tender fork*
Of a poor worm:——]
Worm is put for any creeping thing or *ſerpent*. Shakſpeare ſuppoſes falſely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a ſerpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction, a ſerpent's tongue is *ſoft* but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be ſoft. In the *Midſummer Night's Dream* he has the ſame notion:
" ——*With* doubler *tongue*
" *Than thine, O ſerpent, never adder* ſtung." JOHNSON.
Shakſpeare might have caught this idea from old tapeſtries or paintings, in which the tongues of ſerpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

1 ——*Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,*
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more.——]
Evidently from the following paſſage of Cicero: " *Habes ſomnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin ſenſus in morte nullus ſit cum in ejus ſimulacro videas eſſe nullum ſenſum.*" But the Epicurean inſinuation is, with great judgment, omitted in the imitation. WARBURTON.
Here Dr. Warburton might have found a ſentiment worthy of his animadverſion. I cannot without indignation find Shakſpeare ſaying, that *death is only ſleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a ſentence which in the friar is impious, in the reaſoner is fooliſh, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.
This was an overſight in Shakſpeare; for in the ſcond ſcene of the fourth act, the Provoſt ſpeaks of the deſperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken ſleep*. STEEVENS.

2 —*Thou art not thyſelf*;] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external aſſiſtance, thou ſubſiſteſt upon foreign matter, and haſt no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

3 ——*ſtrange effects*,] For *effects* read *affects*; that is, *affections*, *paſſions* of mind, or diſorders of body variouſly *affected*. So in *Othello*: " *The young* affects." JOHNSON.

After

After the moon; If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend haſt thou none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo[4], and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner: Thou haſt nor youth,
nor age[5];
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy bleſſed youth[6]
Becomes

4 ——*ſerpigo,*] The *ſerpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

——*Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;*
But, as it were, an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both:—]

This is exquiſitely imagined. When we are young, we buſy ourſelves in forming ſchemes for ſucceeding time, and miſs the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuſe the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleaſures or performances; ſo that our life, of which no part is filled with the buſineſs of the preſent time, reſembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the deſigns of the evening. JOHNSON.

6 —*for all thy bleſſed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld: and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, &c.]

The drift of this period is to prove, that neither youth nor age can be ſaid to be really enjoyed, which, in poetical language, is,—*We have neither youth nor age.* But how is this made out? That *age* is not enjoyed he proves, by recapitulating the infirmities of it, which deprive that period of life of all ſenſe of pleaſure. To prove that youth is not enjoyed, he uſes theſe words,

——*for all thy bleſſed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld; ——

Out of which, he that can deduce the concluſion, has a better knack at logic than I have. I ſuppoſe the poet wrote,

—*For* pall'd, *thy* blazed *youth*
Becomes aſſuaged; *and doth beg the alms*
Of palſied eld;——

i. e. when thy youthful appetite becomes palled, as it will be in the very enjoyment, the blaze of youth is at once aſſuaged, and

thou

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied eld [7]; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty [8]
To

thou immediately contracteſt the infirmities of old age; as particularly the palſy and other nervous diſorders, conſequent on the inordinate uſe of ſenſual pleaſures. This is to the purpoſe; and proves *youth* is not enjoyed, by ſhewing the ſhort duration of it.

WARBURTON.

Here again I think Dr. Warburton totally miſtaken. Shakſpeare declares that man has *neither youth nor age*; for in *youth*, which is the *happieſt* time, or which might be the happieſt, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palſied eld: muſt beg alms* from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly ſupplied, *becomes as aged*, looks, like an old man, on happineſs which is beyond his reach. And, when *he is old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchaſe of all that formerly excited his deſires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment;

—*has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,*
To make his *riches pleaſant.*—

I have explained this paſſage according to the preſent reading, which may ſtand without much inconvenience; yet I am willing to perſuade my reader, becauſe I have almoſt perſuaded myſelf, that our author wrote,

—*for all thy* blaſted *youth*
Becomes as aged—JOHNSON.

The ſentiment contained in theſe lines, which Dr. Johnſon has explained with his uſual preciſion, occurs again in the forged letter that Edmund delivers to his father, as written by Edgar; *K. Lear*, act I. ſc. 2. "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to *the beſt of our times*; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them."

The above printed in Italicks ſupport, I think, the reading of the old copy,—"*bleſſed* youth," and ſhow that any emendation is unneceſſary. MALONE.

[7] *palſied* eld;] *Eld* is generally uſed for *old age, decrepitude*. It is here put for *old people, perſons worn out with years*.
So in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Let colder *eld* their ſtrong objections move."

Gower uſes it for *age* as oppoſed to *youth*:

"His *elde* had turned into youth."

De Confeſſione Amantis. lib. v. fol. 106. STEEVENS.

[8] —*heat, affection, limb, nor* beauty] But how does beauty make *riches pleaſant?* We ſhould read *bounty*, which completes the ſenſe, and is this; thou haſt neither the pleaſure of enjoying riches thyſelf, for thou wanteſt vigour; nor of ſeeing it enjoyed by others,

for

To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lye hid more thouſand deaths [9]: yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To ſue to live, I find, I ſeek to die;
And, ſeeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there! Come in: the wiſh deſerves a welcome.

Duke. Dear ſir, ere long I'll viſit you again.

Claud. Moſt holy ſir, I thank you.

Iſab. My buſineſs is a word or two, with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, ſignior, here's your ſiſter.

Duke. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you pleaſe.

Duke. Bring them to ſpeak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them [1].

[*Exeunt Duke and Provoſt.*

Claud.

for thou wanteſt *bounty*. Where the making the want of *bounty* as inſeparable from old age as the want of *health*, is extremely ſatirical, though not altogether juſt. WARBURTON.

I am inclined to believe, that neither man nor woman will have much difficulty to tell how *beauty makes riches pleaſant*. Surely this emendation, though it is elegant and ingenious, is not ſuch as that an opportunity of inſerting it ſhould be purchaſed by declaring ignorance of what every one knows, by confeſſing inſenſibility of what every one feels. JOHNSON.

[9] —*more thouſand deaths:*—] For this ſir T. Hanmer reads:

——— *a thouſand deaths:* ———

The meaning is not only *a thouſand deaths*, but *a thouſand deaths* beſides what have been mentioned. JOHNSON.

[1] *Bring them to ſpeak where I may be concealed,*
Yet hear them.]

Thus the modern editions. The old copy, publiſhed by the players, gives the paſſage thus:

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are; moſt good in deed[2]:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his ſwift embaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an everlaſting leiger[3]:

Bring them to hear me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.

I believe we ſhould read:

Bring *me* to hear *them* ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.

STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio authorizes the reading of the modern editions.

TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*as all comforts are; moſt good in deed:*] If this reading be right, Iſabella muſt mean that ſhe brings ſomething better than *words* of comfort, ſhe brings an aſſurance of *deeds*. This is harſh and conſtrained, but I know not what better to offer. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,

———*in* ſpeed. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

" Why,
" As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good indeede."

I believe the old reading, as explained by Dr. Johnſon, is the true one. So in *Macbeth:*

" We're yet but young *in deed*." STEEVENS.

I would point the lines thus:

Claud. Now, ſiſter, what's the comfort?

Iſab. Why, as all comforts are, moſt good. Indeed lord Angelo, &c.

Indeed is the ſame as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of ſpeeches in Shakſpeare's age. See Charles the Firſt's Trial. The king and Bradſhaw ſeldom ſay any thing without this preface: " Truly, Sir——." BLACKSTONE.

[3] ——*an everlaſting leiger:*
Therefore your beſt appointment———]

Leiger is the ſame with reſident. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or ſtate of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The word *leiger* is thus uſed in the *Comedy of Look about You*, 1600:

" Why do you ſtay, Sir?—
" Madam, as *leiger* to ſolicit for your abſent love."

Again, in *Leiceſter's Commonwealth*, " a ſpecial man of that haſty king, who was his *Ledger*, or Agent, in London," &c.

STEEVENS.

There-

Therefore your beſt appointment [4] make with ſpeed;
To-morrow you ſet on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Iſab. None, but ſuch remedy, as, to ſave a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Iſab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a deviliſh mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Iſab. Ay, juſt, perpetual durance; a reſtraint,
Though all the world's vaſtidity [5] you had,
To a determin'd ſcope [6].

Claud. But in what nature?

Iſab. In ſuch a one as (you conſenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Iſab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Leſt thou a feverous life ſhould'ſt entertain,
And ſix or ſeven winters, more reſpect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'ſt thou die?

[4] —*your beſt* appointment—] The word *appointment*, on this occaſion, ſhould ſeem to comprehend confeſſion, communion, and abſolution. "Let him (ſays *Eſcalus*) be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation." The King in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without ſuch preparation, is ſaid to be *diſ-appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more ſimply explained by the following paſſage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"————your lodging
"Is decently *appointed*." i. e. prepar'd, furniſhed.
STEEVENS.

[5] Though all the world's vaſtidity] The old copy reads: *Through* all, &c. MALONE.

[6] ——*a reſtraint*,——
To a determin'd ſcope.]
A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be ſuppreſſed nor eſcaped.
JOHNSON.

The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle [6], that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this ſhame?
Think you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowery tenderneſs? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſs as a bride [7],
And hug it in mine arms.

Iſab. There ſpake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble to conſerve a life
In baſe appliances. This outward-ſainted deputy,—
Whoſe ſettled viſage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew [8],
[9] As faulcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;

[6] *The poor beetle*, &c.] The reaſoning is, *that death is no more than every being muſt ſuffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man*; or perhaps, *that* we are inconſiſtent with ourſelves, when we ſo much dread that which we careleſly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*I will encounter darkneſs as a bride,*
And hug it in my arms.]
So in the firſt part of *Jeronimo, or the Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:
" ——— *night*
" That yawning Beldam, with her jetty ſkin,
" 'Tis ſhe I *hug* as mine effeminate bride." STEEVENS.

[8] —*follies doth emmew.*] Forces follies to lie in cover without daring to ſhow themſelves. JOHNSON.

[9] *As faulcon doth the fowl,*—] In whoſe preſence the follies of youth are afraid to ſhew themſelves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the falcon hovers over it.

So in the Third Part of *K. Henry* VI:
" ———not he that loves him beſt,
" The proudeſt he that holds up Lancaſter,
" *Dares ſtir a wing*, if Warwick ſhakes his bells."

To *enmew* is a term in falconry uſed by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of Malta*:
" ———I have ſeen him ſcale
" As if a falcon had run up a train,
" Claſhing his warlike pinions, his ſteel'd cuiraſs,
" And, at his pitch, *enmew* the town below him."
STEEVENS.

His

His filth within being caſt [1], he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.
Claud. [2] The princely Angelo?
Iſab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,

[1] *His filth within being caſt.*] To *caſt* a pond is to empty it of mud.
Mr. Upton reads:
His pond *within being caſt, he would appear*
A filth *as deep as hell.* JOHNSON.
[2] *The* princely *Angelo?*———
—princely *guards!*—]
The ſtupid editors, miſtaking *guards* for ſatellites (whereas it here ſignifies *lace*), altered *prieſtly*, in both places, to *princely*. Whereas Shakſpeare wrote it *prieſtly*, as appears from the words themſelves,
———*'Tis the cunning* livery *of hell,*
The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
With prieſtly *guards.*——
In the firſt place we ſee that *guards* here ſignifies *lace*, as referring to *livery*, and as having no ſenſe in the ſignification of *ſatellites*. Now *prieſtly guards* means *ſanctity*, which is the ſenſe required. But *princely guards* means nothing but *rich lace*, which is a ſenſe the paſſage will not bear. Angelo, indeed, as *deputy*, might be called the *princely* Angelo: but not in this place, where the immediately preceding words of,
This out-ward-ſainted deputy,
demand the reading I have here reſtored. WARBURTON.
The firſt folio has, in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.
Princely guards mean no more than the ornaments of royalty, which Angelo is ſuppoſed to aſſume during the abſence of the duke. The ſtupidity of the firſt editors is ſometimes not more injurious to Shakſpeare, than the ingenuity of thoſe who ſucceeded them.
In the old play of *Cambyſes* I meet with the ſame expreſſion. *Siſamnes* is left by *Cambyſes* to diſtribute juſtice while he is abſent; and in a ſoliloquy ſays:
" Now may I wear the brodered *garde*,
" And lye in downe bed ſoft."
Again, the queen of *Cambyſes* ſays:
" I do forſake theſe broder'd *gardes*
" And all the facions new." STEEVENS.

The damned'ſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards! Doſt thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'ſt be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Iſab. Yes, he would give it thee, [3] for this rank offence,
So to offend him ſtill: This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhor to name,
Or elſe thou dy'ſt to morrow.

Claud. Thou ſhall not do't.

Iſab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin [4].

Claud. Thanks, dear Iſabel.

Iſab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe?
When he would force it [5], ſure it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Iſab.

[3] ——for *this rank of offence,*] *For*, Hanmer. In other editions, *from.* JOHNSON.

——from *this rank offence,*] I believe means *from the time* of my committing this offence, you might perſiſt in ſinning with ſafety. The advantages you would derive from my having ſuch a ſecret of his in my keeping, would enſure you from further harm on account of the ſame fault, however frequently repeated. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *as a pin.*] So in *Hamlet:*

"I do not ſet my life at *pin*'s fee." STEEVENS.

[5] *When he would force it,*—] *Put* it *in force.* WARBURTON.

—— *Has he affections in him*
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe?
When he would force it, ſure it is no ſin;
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.]

I was led into a miſtake concerning this paſſage, and into a haſty cenſure of Dr. Warburton, by the falſe pointing of the modern editions, according to which, the word *force* could not admit of his interpretation. But I am now convinced that he was right, and that theſe lines ſhould be pointed thus:

——Has

Iſab. Which is the leaſt?

Claud. If it were damnable[6], he, being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd[7]? Oh Iſabel!

Iſab. What ſays my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Iſab. And ſhamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lye in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
This ſenſible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit[8]

To

——Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the noſe,
When he would force it?—Sure it is no ſin,
Or of the deadly ſeven it is the leaſt.

Is he actuated by paſſions that impel him to tranſgreſs the law, at the very moment that he is enforcing *it againſt others?* [I find, he is.] *Surely then* [ſince this is ſo general a propenſity] *it is no ſin, or at leaſt a venial one.* So, in the next act:

" ——A deflower'd maid
" And by an eminent body that *enforc'd*
" *The law* againſt it."

Force is again uſed for *enforce* in *K. Henry VIII.*

" If you will now unite in your complaints,
" And *force* them with a conſtancy."——

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" Why *force* you this?" MALONE.

[6] *If it were damnable*, &c.] Shakſpeare ſhows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Iſabella firſt tells him of Angelo's propoſal, he anſwers, with honeſt indignation, agreeably to his ſettled principles,

Thou ſhalt not do't.

But the love of life being permitted to operate, ſoon furniſhes him with ſophiſtical arguments, he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the ſoul, ſince Angelo, who is ſo wiſe, will venture it.

JOHNSON.

[7] *Be* perdurably *fin'd.*] *Perdurably* is laſtingly. So in *Othello:*

" —— cables of *perdurable* toughneſs." STEEVENS.

[8] —*delighted ſpirit*] i. e. the ſpirit accuſtomed here to eaſe and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the ſharpneſs of the torments ſpoken of. The Oxford editor not apprehending this, alters it to *dilated.* As if, becauſe the ſpirit in the body is ſaid to be impriſoned, it was *crowded together* likewiſe;

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reſide
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worſe than worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſs and incertain thoughts [9]
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The wearieſt and moſt loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury [1], and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradiſe
[2] To what we fear of death.

Iſab.

and ſo by death not only ſet free, but expanded too; which, if true, would make it the leſs ſenſible of pain. WARBURTON.

This reading may perhaps ſtand, but many attempts have been made to correct it. The moſt plauſible is that which ſubſtitutes,

——*the* benighted *ſpirit*,

alluding to the darkneſs always ſuppoſed in the place of future puniſhment.

Perhaps we may read,

——*the* delinquent *ſpirit*,

a word eaſily changed to *delighted* by a bad copier, or unſkilful reader. *Delinquent* is propoſed by Thirlby in his manuſcript. JOHNSON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted* ſpirit is meant, *the ſoul once accuſtomed to delight*, which of courſe muſt render the ſufferings, afterwards deſcribed, leſs tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *bleſſed*, in a former ſcene, before he proceeds to ſhew its wants and its inconveniencies. STEEVENS.

9 ——*lawleſs and incertain thoughts*] Conjecture ſent out to wander without any certain direction, and ranging through all poſſibilities of pain. JOHNSON.

1 *penury.*] The 1ſt Fol. reads perjury. MALONE.

2 *To what we fear of death.*] Moſt certainly the idea of the "ſpirit bathing in fiery floods," or of reſiding "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; which is the whole that is wanted for the argument: but I am not ſure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil. The monks alſo had their hot and their cold hell, "the fyrſte is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," ſays an old homily:—"The ſeconde is paſſying cold, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were caſt therin, it ſhold torn to yce." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakſpeare, gives us a dialogue between a biſhop and a ſoul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning heate* in his foot: take care, that you do not interpret

Iſab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet ſiſter, let me live:
What ſin you do to ſave a brother's life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deed ſo far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Iſab. Oh, you beaſt!
Oh, faithleſs coward! Oh, diſhoneſt wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of inceſt[2], to take life
From thine own ſiſter's ſhame? What ſhould I think?
Heaven ſhield, my mother play'd my father fair!
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſs[3]

Ne'er

interpret this the *gout*, for I remember Menage quotes a canon upon us,

"Si quis dixerit epiſcopum *podagrá* laborare, anathema ſit."

Another tells us of the ſoul of a monk faſtened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may ſee in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miſcellaneous ones ſubjoined to the works of Surrey: of which you will ſoon have a beautiful edition from the able hand of my friend Dr. Percy. Nay, a very learned and inquiſitive brother-antiquary hath obſerved to me, on the authority of Bleſkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philoſopher. FARMER.

Lazarus, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is repreſented to have ſeen theſe particular modes of puniſhment in the infernal regions:

"Secondly, I have ſeen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and then ſuddainly came over them a right cold and great wind that grieved and pained them right ſore, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] *Is't not a kind of inceſt,——*] In Iſabella's declamation there is ſomething harſh, and ſomething forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we conſider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

[3] *——a warped ſlip of* wilderneſs] *Wilderneſs* is here uſed for *wildneſs*, the ſtate of being diſorderly. So in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

"And throws an unknown *wilderneſs* about me,"

Again, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"But

Ne'er iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance[4]:
Die; periſh! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceed:
I'll pray a thouſand prayers for thy death,
No word to ſave thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Iſabel.

Iſab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy ſin's not accidental, but a trade[5]:
Mercy to thee would prove itſelf a bawd:
'Tis beſt that thou dy'ſt quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, Iſabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchſafe a word, young ſiſter, but one word.

Iſab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you diſpenſe with your leiſure, I would by and by have ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatisfaction I would require, is likewiſe your own benefit.

Iſab. I have no ſuperfluous leiſure; my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To Claudio aſide.*] Son, I have over-heard what hath paſt between you and your ſiſter. Angelo had never the purpoſe to corrupt her; only he hath made an aſſay of her virtue, to practiſe his judgment with the diſpoſition of natures: ſhe, having the

" But I in *wilderneſs* totter'd out my youth."
The word, in this ſenſe, is now obſolete, though employed by Milton:
" The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands
" Will keep from *wilderneſs* with eaſe." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *take my* defiance;] *Defiance* is *refuſal*. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" I do *defy* thy commiſeration." STEEVENS.

[5] —*but a trade:*] A cuſtom; a practice; an eſtabliſhed habit. So we ſay of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes* a trade *of it*. JOHNSON.

truth

truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is moſt glad to receive: I am confeſſor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourſelf to death: Do not ſatisfy your reſolution with hopes that are fallible [6]: to-morrow you muſt die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me aſk my ſiſter pardon. I am ſo out of love with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

[*Exit Claud. Re-enter Provoſt.*

Duke. Hold you there [7]: Farewell. Provoſt, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone: Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promiſes with my habit, no loſs ſhall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time [8]. [*Exit Prov.*

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodneſs, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodneſs; but grace, being the ſoul of your complexion, ſhould keep the body of it ever fair. The aſſault, that Angelo hath made to

[6] *Do not* ſatisfy *your reſolution with hopes that are fallible:*] A condemned man, whom his confeſſor had brought to bear death with decency and reſolution, began anew to entertain hopes of life. This occaſioned the advice in the words above. But how did theſe hopes *ſatisfy* his reſolution? or what harm was there, if they did? We muſt certainly read, *Do not* falſify *your reſolution with hopes that are* fallible. And then it becomes a reaſonable admonition. For hopes of life, by drawing him back into the world, would naturally elude or weaken the virtue of that *reſolution* which was raiſed only on motives of religion. And this his confeſſor had reaſon to warn him of. The term *falſify* is taken from fencing, and ſignifies the pretending to aim a ſtroke in order to draw the adverſary off his guard. So Fairfax:

"*Now ſtrikes he out, and now he* falſifieth." WARBURTON.

The ſenſe is this. Do not reſt with ſatisfaction on *hopes that are fallible.* There is no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

[7] *Hold you there:*] Continue in that reſolution. JOHNSON.

[8] *In good time.*] i. e. *a la bonne heure*, ſo be it. very well. See Vol. I. p. 153. STEEVENS.

you,

you, fortune hath convey'd to my underſtanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at Angelo: How would you do to content this ſubſtitute, and to ſave your brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my ſon ſhould be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! if ever he returns, and I can ſpeak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or diſcover his government.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſs: yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will avoid your accuſation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore faſten your ear on my adviſings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy preſents itſelf. I do make myſelf believe, that you may moſt uprighteouſly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no ſtain to your own gracious perſon; and much pleaſe the abſent duke, if, peradventure, he ſhall ever return to have hearing of this buſineſs.

Iſab. Let me hear you ſpeak further: I have ſpirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodneſs never fearful. Have you not heard ſpeak of Mariana the ſiſter of Frederick, the great ſoldier, who miſcarried at ſea?

Iſab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her ſhould this Angelo have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at ſea, having in that periſh'd veſſel the dowry of his ſiſter. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever moſt kind and natural;

with

with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate huſband [9], this well-ſeeming Angelo?

Iſab. Can this be ſo? Did Angelo ſo leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; ſwallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, diſcoveries of diſhonour; in few, beſtow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet ſhe wears for his ſake; and he, a marble to her tears, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can ſhe avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heal: and the cure of it not only ſaves your brother, but keeps you from diſhonour in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection; his unjuſt unkindneſs, that in all reaſon ſhould have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; anſwer his requiring with a plauſible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourſelf to this advantage [1],—firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long; that the time may have all ſhadow and ſilence in it; and the place anſwer to convenience: this being granted in courſe, now follows all. We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her

[9] ——*her* combinate *huſband,*] *Combinate* is *betrothed, ſettled by contract.* STEEVENS.

[1] *only refer yourſelf to this advantage,*] This is ſcarcely to be reconciled to any eſtabliſhed mode of ſpeech. We may read, *only* reſerve yourſelf to, or *only* reſerve to *yourſelf this advantage.* JOHNSON.

recom-

recompence: and here, by this, is your brother ſaved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy ſcaled [2]. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleneſs of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Iſab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I truſt, it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haſte you ſpeedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promiſe of ſatisfaction. I will preſently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange [3] reſides this dejected Mariana: at that place

[2] *the corrupt deputy ſcaled.*] *To ſcale the deputy* may be, *to reach him, notwithſtanding the elevation of his place*; or it may be, *to ſtrip him and diſcover his nakedneſs, though armed and concealed by the inveſtments of authority.* JOHNSON.

To *ſcale*, as may be learned from a note to *Coriolanus*, act I. ſc. i. moſt certainly means, to *diſorder*, to *diſconcert*, to *put to flight*. An army routed is called by Hollinſhed, an army *ſcaled*. The word ſometimes ſignifies to *diffuſe* or diſperſe; at others, as I ſuppoſe in the preſent inſtance, to *put into confuſion*. STEEVENS.

To *ſcale* is certainly to *reach* (as Dr. Johnſon explains it) as well as to *diſperſe* or *ſpread abroad*, and hence its application to a routed army which is *ſcattered over the field*. The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be *over-reached*, as a town is by the ſcalade, or that his true character would be *ſpread* or *laid open*, ſo that his vileneſs would become evident. Dr. Warburton thinks it is *weighed*, a meaning which Dr. Johnſon affixes to the word in another place. See Coriol. Act I. ſc. 1.

REMARKS.

[3] ——*the moated* grange] A *grange* is a ſolitary farm-houſe. So in *Othello*:

" ——— this is Venice,
" My houſe is not a *grange*." STEEVENS.

A *grange* implies ſome one particular houſe immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, ſituated at a ſmall diſtance from the town or village from which it takes its name; as *Hornby grange*, *Blackwell grange*; and is in the neighbourhood ſimply called *the Grange*. Originally, perhaps, theſe buildings were the lord's *granary* or ſtore-houſe, and the reſidence of his chief bailiff. (*Grange*, from *Granagium*, Lat.) REMARKS.

call

call upon me; and diſpatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

The Street.

Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall have all the world drink brown and white baſtard [4].

Duke. Oh, heavens! what ſtuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world, ſince, of two uſuries [5], the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-ſkins too, to ſignify, that craft being richer than innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, ſir:—Bleſs you, good father friar.

[4] *baſtard.*] A kind of ſweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian *baſtardo.* WARBURTON.

See a note on *Hen.* IV. P. I. Act II. Sc. IV. STEEVENS.

[5] *ſince of two uſuries,* &c.] Here a ſatire on uſury turns abruptly to a ſatire on the perſon of the uſurer, without any kind of preparation. We may be aſſured then, that a line or two, at leaſt, have been loſt. The ſubject of which we may eaſily diſcover, a compariſon between the two uſurers; as, before, between the two uſuries. So that, for the future, the paſſage ſhould be read with aſteriſks, thus——*by order of law,* * * * *a furr'd gown,* &c. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected this with leſs pomp, then *ſince of two* uſurers *the merrieſt was put down, and the worſer allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown,* &c. His punctuation is right, but the alteration, ſmall as it is, appears more than was wanted. *Uſury* may be uſed by an eaſy licence for the *profeſſors of uſury.* JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. And you, good brother [6] father: What offence hath this man made you, ſir?

Elb. Marry, ſir, he hath offended the law; and, ſir, we take him to be a thief too, ſir; for we have found upon him, ſir, a ſtrange pick-lock, which we have ſent to the deputy.

Duke. Fie, ſirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy means to live: Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From ſuch a filthy vice: ſay to thyſelf,—
From their abominable and beaſtly touches
I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live [7].
Canſt thou believe thy living is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does ſtink in ſome ſort, ſir; but yet, ſir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for ſin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to priſon, officer;

[6] *father:*] This word ſhould be expunged. JOHNSON.
If *father* be retained, we may read:
Duke. *And you, good brother.*
Elb. *Father*——
Duke. *What offence*, &c. STEEVENS.
I am neither for expunging the word *father*, nor for ſeparating it from its preſent connexions. In return to Elbow's blundering addreſs of *good father friar*, i. e. *good father brother*, the duke humorouſly calls him, in his own ſtyle, *good brother father*. This would appear ſtill clearer in French. *Dieu vous beniſſe*, mon pere frere.—*Et vous auſſi*, mon frere pere. There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere*. TYRWHITT.

[7] *I drink, I eat, array myſelf, and live.*] The old editions have,
I drink, I eat away *myſelf, and live.*
This is one very excellent inſtance of the ſagacity of our editors, and it were to be wiſhed heartily, that they would have obliged us with their phyſical ſolution, how a man can *eat away* himſelf, *and live*. Mr. Biſhop gave me that moſt certain emendation, which I have ſubſtituted in the room of the former fooliſh reading; by the help whereof, we have this eaſy ſenſe: that the clown fed himſelf, and put cloaths on his back, by exerciſing the vile trade of a bawd. THEOBALD.

Correction and inſtruction muſt both work,
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the deputy, ſir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-maſter: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free [8]!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waiſt [9], a cord, ſir.

Clown.

[8] *That we were all, as ſome would ſeem to be,*
Free from all faults, as faults from ſeeming free!]
i. e. as faults are deſtitute of all comelineſs or *ſeeming*. The firſt of theſe lines refers to the deputy's ſanctified hypocriſy; the ſecond to the clown's beaſtly occupation. But the latter part is thus ill expreſſed for the ſake of the rhime. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads,

Free from all faults. as from faults ſeeming free.

In the interpretation of Dr. Warburton, the ſenſe is trifling, and the expreſſion harſh. To wiſh *that men were as free from faults, as faults are free from comelineſs* [inſtead of *void of comelineſs*] is a very poor conceit. I once thought it ſhould be read:

O that all were, as all would ſeem to be,
Free from all faults, or *from* falſe ſeeming *free.*

So in this play:

O place, O power—how doſt thou
Wrench awe from fools, and the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming.

But now I believe that a leſs alteration will ſerve the turn:

Free from all faults, or *faults from ſeeming free;*

that men were really good, or that their faults were known, that men were free from faults, *or* faults from *hypocriſy*. So Iſabella calls Angelo's hypocriſy, *ſeeming, ſeeming*. JOHNSON.

I think we ſhould read with Hanmer:

Free from all faults, as *from faults* ſeeming free.

i. e. *I wiſh we were all as good as we appear to be*; a ſentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Hanmer has only tranſpoſed a word to produce a convenient ſenſe. STEEVENS.

The firſt and ſecond folio have

Free from our *faults,*——— MALONE.

[9] *His neck will come to your waiſt, a cord, ſir.*—] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waiſt, with a rope. The friars of the

Clown. I ſpy comfort; I cry, bail: here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Cæſar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman[1], to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket

Franciſcan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchannan:

" *Fac gemant ſuis,*
" *Variata terga funibus.*" JOHNSON.

[1] *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,*] By *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe Shakſpeare meant no more than —Have you no women now to recommend to your cuſtomers, as freſh and untouched as *Pygmalion*'s ſtatue was, at the moment when it became fleſh and blood? The paſſage may, however, contain ſome alluſion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called—*The Metamorphoſis of Pygmalion's Image, and certain Satires.* I have never ſeen it, but it is mentioned by Ames, p. 568; and whatever its ſubject might be, we learn from an order ſigned by the archbiſhop of Canterbury and the biſhop of London, that this book was commanded to be burnt. The order is inſerted at the end of the ſecond volume of the entries belonging to the Stationers' Company. STEEVENS.

" Is there none of *Pygmalion*'s images newly made woman, to be had now?" If *Marſton's Metamorphoſis of Pygmalion's Image* be alluded to, I believe it muſt be in the *argument*.—" The *maide* (by the power of Venus) was metamorphoſed into a living *woman*." FARMER.

There may, however, be an alluſion to a paſſage in Lylly's *Woman in the Moone*, 1597. The inhabitants of *Utopia* petition *Nature* for females, that they may, like other beings, propagate their ſpecies. *Nature* grants their requeſt, and " they draw the curtins from before *Nature*'s ſhop, where ſtands an image clad, and ſome unclad, and they bring forth the cloathed image, &c." STEEVENS.

By *Pygmalion's images newly made women*, I do not underſtand, with Mr. Steevens, *virgins as freſh as if they came recently from the hands of Pygmalion.* I rather think the meaning is: Is there no courtezan, who being *newly made woman*, [i. e. *lately debauched*,] ſtill retains the appearance of chaſtity, and looks as cold as a ſtatue, to be had, &c.

The following paſſage in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602, ſeems to authorize this interpretation:

" *Laz.*

pocket and extracting it clutched? what reply? ha? [2] what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the laſt rain? ha? [3] what ſay'ſt thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is the way [4]? is it ſad, and few words? or how? the trick of it?

" *Laz.* Are all theſe *women?*

" *Imp.* No, no, they are half men and half women.

" *Laz.* You apprehend too faſt. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, *nor are maids women.*"

Mulier in Latin had preciſely the ſame meaning. MALONE.

[2] —*what ſay'ſt thou to this tune, matter and method? Is't not drown'd i' the laſt rain?*] This nonſenſe ſhould be thus corrected, It's *not* down *i' the laſt* reign, i. e. theſe are ſeverities unknown to the old duke's time. And this is to the purpoſe. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is ingenious, but I know not whether the ſenſe may not be reſtored with leſs change. Let us conſider it. Lucio, a prating fop, meets his old friend going to priſon, and pours out upon him his impertinent interrogatories, to which when the poor fellow makes no anſwer, he adds, *What reply? ha? what ſay'ſt thou to this? tune, matter, and method,— is't not? drown'd i' the laſt rain? ha? what ſay'ſt thou, trot?* &c. It is a common phraſe uſed in low raillery of a man creſt-fallen and dejected, that *he looks like a drown'd puppy.* Lucio, therefore, aſks him, whether he was *drown'd in the laſt rain,* and therefore cannot ſpeak. JOHNSON.

He rather aſks him whether his *anſwer* was not drown'd in the laſt rain, for Pompey returns *no anſwer* to any of his queſtions: or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miſerable appearance to a *drown'd mouſe.* So in *K. Henry* VI. P. I. Sc. ii.

" Or piteous they will look, like *drowned mice.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *what ſay'ſt thou,* trot?] It ſhould be read, I think, *what ſay'ſt thou* to't? the word *trot* being ſeldom, if ever, uſed to a man.

Old *trot* or *trat,* ſignifies a decrepid old woman, or an old *drab.* In this ſenſe it is uſed by Gawin Douglas, *Virg. Æn.* b. iv.

" Out on the old *trat,* aged dame or wyffe." GREY.

So in *Wily Beguiled,* 1613: " Thou toothleſs old *trot* thou." Again in the *Wiſe Woman of Hogſden,* 1638:

" What can this witch, this wizard, or old *trot* "

STEEVENS.

Trot, or as it is now often pronounced, honeſt *trout,* is a familiar addreſs to a man among the provincial vulgar. JOHNSON.

[4] *Which is the way?*] *What is the* mode *now?* JOHNSON.

Duke. Still thus, and thus! ſtill worſe!

Lucio. How doth my dear morſel, thy miſtreſs? procures ſhe ſtill? ha?

Clown. Troth, ſir, ſhe hath eaten up all her beef, and ſhe is herſelf in the tub[5].

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it muſt be ſo: ever your freſh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unſhunn'd conſequence; it muſt be ſo: Art going to priſon, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, ſir.

Lucio. Why 'tis not amiſs, Pompey: farewell: go; ſay, I ſent thee thither[6]. For debt, Pompey? or how[7]?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then impriſon him: if impriſonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtleſs, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the priſon, Pompey: You will turn good huſband now, Pompey; you will keep the houſe.

Clown. I hope, ſir, your good worſhip will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not

[5] *in the tub.*] The method of cure for venereal complaints is groſly called the *powdering tub.* JOHNSON.

It was ſo called from the method of cure. See the notes on "—— the *tub-faſt* and the *diet*" – in *Timon*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſay I ſent thee thither.*] Shakſpeare ſeems here to allude to the words uſed by Gloſter in *Henry* VI. P. III. Act V. Sc. vi.

Down, down to hell; and *ſay—I ſent thee thither.* EDITOR.

[7] *go; ſay, I ſent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?*] It ſhould be pointed thus, *Go, ſay I ſent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how*—i. e. to hide the ignominy of thy caſe, ſay, I ſent thee to priſon for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fancieſt better. The other humorouſly replies, *For being a bawd, for being a bawd*, i. e. the true cauſe is the moſt honourable. This is in character. WARBURTON.

I do not perceive any neceſſity for the alteration. Lucio firſt offers him the uſe of his name to hide the ſeeming ignominy of his caſe; and then very naturally deſires to be informed of the true reaſon why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

the

the wear[8]. I will pray, Pompey, to encreaſe your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more; Adieu, truſty Pompey.—Bleſs you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint ſtill, Pompey? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, ſir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now[9].—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, ſir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go[1]:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some ſay, he is with the emperor of Ruſſia; other ſome, he is in Rome: But where is he think you?

Duke. I know not where: but whereſoever, I wiſh him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantaſtical trick of him, to ſteal from the ſtate, and uſurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his abſence; he puts tranſgreſſion to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: ſomething too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice[2], and ſeverity muſt cure it.

Lucio.

[8] —— *it is not the wear.*] i. e. it is not the faſhion. STEEVENS.

[9] *Then Pompey? nor now.*] I think there ſhould not be a note of interrogation here. The meaning is: *I will neither bail thee* then, nor now. So again in this play:

"*More, nor leſs* to others paying." —— MALONE.

[1] *Go,—to kennel, Pompey, - go:*] It ſhould be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which alluſion is made in the mention of a *kennel.* JOHNSON.

[2] *It is too general a vice.* *Yes*, replies Lucio, *the vice is of great*

Lucio. Yes, in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but is impoſſible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They ſay, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation; Is it true, think you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a ſea-maid ſpawn'd him:—ſome, that he was begot between two ſtock-fiſhes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible[2].

Duke. You are pleaſant, ſir; and ſpeak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthleſs thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is abſent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred baſtards, he would have paid for the nurſing a thouſand: he had ſome feeling of the ſport; he knew the ſervice, and that inſtructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the abſent duke much detected for women[3]; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio.

kindred; it is well ally'd: &c. As much as to ſay, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greateſt men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the Duke perſonally with it. EDWARDS.

[2] *and he is a motion* ungenerative, *that's infallible.*] In the former editions:—*and he is a motion* generative; *that's infallible.* This may be ſenſe; and Lucio, perhaps, may mean, that though Angelo have the organs of generation, yet that he makes no more uſe of them, than if he were an inanimate puppet. But I rather think our author wrote,—*and he is a motion* ungenerative, becauſe Lucio again in this very ſcene ſays,—*this* ungenitured agent *will unpeople the province with continency.* THEOBALD,

A *motion generative* certainly means a *puppet of the maſculine gender*; a thing that appears to have thoſe powers of which it is not in reality poſſeſſed. STEEVENS.

[3] *much* detected *for women*;] This appears ſo like the language of *Dogberry*, that at firſt I thought the paſſage corrupt, and wiſhed to read *ſuſpected.* But perhaps *detected* had anciently the ſame

Lucio. Oh, ſir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his uſe was, to put a ducat in her [3] clack-diſh: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his [4]: A ſhy fellow

ſame meaning. So in an old collection of tales, entitled, *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "—An officer whoſe daughter was *detected of* diſhoneſtie, and generally ſo reported.—" That *detected* is there uſed for *ſuſpected*, and not in the preſent ſenſe of the word, appears, I think, from the words that follow—*and generally ſo reported*, which ſeem to relate not to a *known* but *ſuſpected* fact. MALONE.

In the Statute, 3d Edward Firſt, c. 15. the words gentz *rettez* de felonie are rendered perſons *detected* of felony, that is, as I conceive, *ſuſpected*. EDITOR.

Again, in *Rich's Adventures of Simonides*, 1584, 4to. all Rome, *detected* of inconſtancie. HENDERSON.

[3] *clack-diſh:*] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, uſed to proclaim their want by a wooden-diſh with a moveable cover, which they clacked to ſhew that their veſſel was empty. This appears from a paſſage quoted on another occaſion by Dr. Grey.

Dr. Grey's aſſertion may be ſupported by the following paſſage in an old comedy, called *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Can you think I get my living by a bell and a *clack-diſh?*"

"By a bell and a *clack-diſh?* how's that?"

"Why, by begging, ſir, &c."

Again, in Henderſon's Supplement to Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeid:*

"Thus ſhalt thou go begging from hous to hous,

"With *cuppe and clappir*, like a Lazarous."

And by a ſtage direction in the 2d Part of *K. Edw.* IV. 1619:

"Enter Mrs. Blague very poorly, begging with her baſket and a *clap-diſh*."

There is likewiſe an old proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, which alludes to the ſame cuſtom:

"He *claps his diſh* at a wrong man's door." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*an* inward *of his:*] *Inward* is intimate. So in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"You two were wont to be moſt *inward* friends."

Again, in *Marſton's Malecontent*, 1604:

"Come we muſt be *inward*, thou and I all one."

STEEVENS.

was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cauſe of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cauſe?

Lucio. No — pardon; — 'tis a ſecret muſt be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you underſtand, — The greater file of the ſubject[5] held the duke to be wiſe.

Duke. Wiſe? why, no queſtion but he was.

Lucio. A very ſuperficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or miſtaking; the very ſtream of his life, and the[6] buſineſs he hath helmed, muſt, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his own bringings forth, and he ſhall appear, to the envious, a ſcholar, a ſtateſman, and a ſoldier: Therefore, you ſpeak unſkilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, ſir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, ſince you know not what you ſpeak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me deſire you to make your anſwer before him: If it be honeſt you have ſpoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better, ſir, if I may live to report you.

[5] *The greater file of the ſubject*] The larger liſt, the greater number. JOHNSON. So in *Macbeth:* —— " the valued *file*." STEEVENS.

[6] *the buſineſs he hath helmed,*] *The difficulties he hath ſteer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

Lucio.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an oppoſite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forſwear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd firſt: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Canſt thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die, ſir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-diſh. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent [7] will unpeople the province with continency; ſparrows muſt not build in his houſe-eaves, becauſe they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly anſwer'd; he would never bring them to light: Would he were return'd! marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untruſſing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I ſay to thee again, would eat mutton on fridays [8]. He's now paſt it; yet [9], and I ſay to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though ſhe ſmelt brown bread and garlick: ſay, that I ſaid ſo. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatneſs in mortality
Can cenſure 'ſcape; back-wounding calumny
The whiteſt virtue ſtrikes: What king ſo ſtrong,

[7] ——ungenitur'd *agent*] This word ſeems to be form'd from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, tom. ii. p. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoirs*, the *genitals*. TOLLETT.

[8] *eat mutton on fridays.*] A wench was called a *laced mutton*. THEOBALD.

So in *Doctor Fauſtus*, 1604, Lechery ſays:

"I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of *Friday* ſtockfiſh." STEEVENS.

[9] *He's now paſt it; yet,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, *He is not paſt it yet.* This emendation was received in the former edition, but ſeems not neceſſary. It were to be wiſhed, that we all explained more, and amended leſs. JOHNSON.

Can

Can tie the gall up in the ſlanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Eſcalus, Provoſt, Bawd, and Officers.

Eſcal. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Eſcal. Double and treble admonition, and ſtill forfeit in the ſame kind? this would make mercy ſwear[1], and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it pleaſe your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information againſt me: miſtreſs Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and quarter old, come Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myſelf; and ſee, how he goes about to abuſe me.

Eſcal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to priſon: Go to: no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] Provoſt, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio muſt die to-morrow: let him be furniſh'd with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if my brother wrought by my pity, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

[1] *mercy* ſwear, *and play the tyrant.*] We ſhould read *ſwerve*, i. e. deviate from her nature. The common reading gives us the idea of a ranting whore. WARBURTON.

There is ſurely no need of emendation. We ſay at preſent, Such a thing *is enough to make a parſon ſwear*, i. e. deviate from a proper reſpect to decency, and the ſanctity of his character.

The idea of *ſwearing* agrees very well with that of a *tyrant* in our ancient myſteries. STEEVENS.

I do not much like *mercy ſwear*, the old reading: or *mercy ſwerve*, Dr. Warburton's correction. I believe it ſhould be, this would make mercy *ſevere*. FARMER.

We ſtill ſay *to ſwear like an emperor*; and from ſome old book, of which the writer unfortunately neglected to copy the title, he has noted *to ſwear like a tyrant. To ſwear like a termagant* is quoted elſewhere. REMARKS.

Prov.

Prov. So pleaſe you, this friar has been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Eſcal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliſs and goodneſs on you!

Eſcal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now
To uſe it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, lately come from the ſee [2],
In ſpecial buſineſs from his holineſs.

Eſcal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a fever on goodneſs, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it: novelty is only in requeſt; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of courſe, as it is virtuous to be conſtant in any undertaking. There is ſcarce truth enough alive, to make ſocieties ſecure; but ſecurity enough, to make fellowſhips accurs'd: Much upon this riddle runs the wiſdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, ſir, of what diſpoſition was the duke?

Eſcal. One, that, above all other ſtrifes, contended eſpecially to know himſelf.

Duke. What pleaſure was he given to?

Eſcal. Rather rejoicing to ſee another merry, than merry at any thing which profeſs'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove proſperous; and let me deſire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to underſtand, that you have lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to have received no ſiniſter meaſure from his judge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelf to the determination of juſtice: yet had he fram'd to himſelf, by the inſtruction of his frailty, many deceiving promiſes of life; which I, by my

[2] ——*from the* ſee] The folio reads: *from the* ſea. JOHNSON.

good

good leiſure, have diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolved to die[3].

Eſcal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the priſoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſty; but my brother juſtice have I found ſo ſevere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—juſtice[4].

Duke. If his own life anſwer the ſtraitneſs of his proceeding, it ſhall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath ſentenc'd himſelf.

Eſcal. I am going to viſit the priſoner: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you!
He, who the ſword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as ſevere;
Pattern in himſelf to know[5],
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;

More

[3] *reſolved*] i. e. ſatisfied. So in Middleton's *More Diſſemblers beſides Women*, Act I. Sc. 3.

The bleſſing of perfection to your thoughts lady;
For I'm *reſolved* they are good ones. EDITOR.

[4] ——*he is indeed—juſtice.*] Summum jus, ſumma injuria. STEEVENS.

[5] *Pattern in himſelf to know,*
Grace to ſtand, and virtue go;

Theſe lines I cannot underſtand, but believe that they ſhould be read thus:

Patterning *himſelf to know,*
In *grace to ſtand,* in *virtue go.*

To *pattern* is *to work after a pattern*, and, perhaps, in Shakſpeare's licentious diction, ſimply to *work*. The ſenſe is, *he that bears the ſword of heaven ſhould be holy as well as ſevere; one that after good examples labours to know himſelf, to live with innocence, and to act with virtue.* JOHNSON.

This paſſage is very obſcure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphraſe than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the ſword of heaven ſhould be not leſs holy than ſevere: ſhould be able to diſcover in himſelf a pattern of ſuch grace as can avoid temptation, together with ſuch virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of ſeduction.* STEEVENS.

"*Pattern* in himſelf to know"

Is, to experience in his own boſom an *original* principle of action,

More nor leſs to others paying,
Than by ſelf-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruel ſtriking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble ſhame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow[5]!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward ſide[6]!
How may that likeneſs, made in crimes[7],
Making practice on the times,

Draw

action, which, inſtead of being borrowed or copied from others, might ſerve as a *pattern* to them. Our author, in *the Winter's Tale*, has again uſed the ſame kind of imagery:

"By the *pattern* of mine own thoughts, I cut out
"The purity of his."

In another of his plays he uſes an expreſſion equally hardy and licentious:——"And will have no *attorney* but *myſelf*;"—which is an abſolute catachreſis, an attorney importing preciſely a perſon appointed to act for *another*. MALONE.

[5] *To weed my vice, and let his grow!*] i. e. to weed faults out of my dukedom, and yet indulge himſelf in his own private vices. STEEVENS.

My vice, for the *vices of my dukedom*, appears to me very harſh. *My*, does not, I apprehend, relate to the duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to any indefinite perſon. —The meaning ſeems to be—*to deſtroy by extirpation* (as it is expreſſed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to ſuffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height.

The ſpeaker, for the ſake of argument, puts himſelf in the caſe of an offending perſon. MALONE.

[6] *Though* angel *on the outward ſide!*]

Here we ſee what induced the author to give the outward ſainted deputy the name of Angelo. MALONE.

[7] *How may likeneſs made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
To *draw with idle ſpider's ſtrings*
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!]

Thus all the editions read corruptly; and ſo have made an obſcure paſſage in itſelf, quite unintelligible. Shakſpeare wrote it thus,

How may that *likeneſs, made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times,
Draw——

The ſenſe is this. How much wickedneſs may a man hide *within*, though he appear angel *without*. How may *that likeneſs made*

in

Draw with idle ſpider's ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things!
Craft againſt vice I muſt apply:
With Angelo to-night ſhall lye

His

in crimes, i. e. by hypocriſy; [a pretty paradoxical expreſſion, *an angel made in crimes*] by impoſing upon the world [thus emphatically expreſſed, *making practice on the times*] draw with its falſe and feeble pretences [finely called *ſpider's ſtrings*] the moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial matters of the world, as riches, honour, power, reputation, &c. WARBURTON.

Likeneſs may mean *ſeemlineſs*, fair appearance, as we ſay, a likely man.

The *Reviſal* reads thus,

How may ſuch *likeneſs* trade *in crimes*,
Making practice on the times,
To *draw with idle ſpider's ſtrings*
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things.

Meaning by *pond'rous and ſubſtantial things*, pleaſure and wealth. STEEVENS.

How may that likeneſs made in crimes,
Making practice of the times,
Draw with idle ſpider's ſtrings
Moſt pond'rous and ſubſtantial things?

i. e. How may the making it a practice of letting great rogues break through the laws with impunity, and hanging up little ones for the ſame crimes; draw away in time with idle ſpider ſtrings, (for no better do the cords of the law become, according to the old ſaying; *Leges ſimiles arancarum telis*, to which the alluſion is) juſtice and equity, the moſt ponderous and ſubſtantial baſes, and pillars of government. When juſtice on offenders is not done, law, government, and commerce are overthrown. SMITH.

How may likeneſs made in crimes,
Making practice on the times.
To draw, &c.]

Thus this paſſage ſtands both in the firſt and ſecond folio. The only corruption, I ſuſpect, is in the word *made*, inſtead of which, I believe, Shakſpeare wrote *wade*.

There are frequent inſtances in theſe plays of the letters *m* and *w* being confounded by the printer. In this very play there is great reaſon to believe that *flawes* is printed inſtead of *flames*.—So, in *Macbeth*, we meet:

" ——Thou ſure and firm-ſet earth,"
" Hear not my ſteps which they *may* walk."

inſtead of—which *way* they walk.

Again,

His old betrothed, but deſpis'd;
So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd[7]:
Pay with falſhood falſe exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange.

Enter Mariana, and Boy ſinging.

SONG.

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away[8],
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſ-lead the morn:

But

Again, in *K. John:* "——and his ſiege is
"Againſt the *wind*;"
inſtead of *mind.*

Again, in *K. Henry V.*
"Come go *me* in proceſſion to the village."

The ſenſe then of the paſſage will be—*How may perſons aſſuming the ſemblance of virtue, indulge in the groſſeſt crimes! practiſing on mankind, in order to draw to themſelves, by the ſlimſieſt pretenſions, the moſt ſolid advantages.*

Likeneſs is here uſed for *ſpecious* or *ſeeming* virtue—So, before: "O ſeeming, ſeeming!"

With reſpect to the word now propoſed, it is uſed by Shakſpeare nearly in the ſenſe required here, in *Macbeth:*

"——I am in blood,
"Stept in ſo far, that ſhould I *wade* no more,
"Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Again, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, a tragedy, 1592:
"Forbear and *wade* no farther in this ſpeech."

Again, ibid.
"Nor farther *wade* in ſuch a caſe as this."

The word is here clearly uſed for *proceed.* MALONE.

[7] *So diſguiſe ſhall, by the diſguis'd:*] So *diſguiſe* ſhall by means of a perſon *diſguiſed*, return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit perſon.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Take, oh, take,* &c.] This is part of a little ſong of Shakſpeare's own writing, conſiſting of two ſtanzas, and ſo extremely ſweet, that the reader won't be diſpleaſed to have the other.

Hide,

But my kiſſes bring again,
bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain,
ſeal'd in vain,

Mari. Break off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe advice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.—

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, ſir; and well could wiſh,
You had not found me here ſo muſical:
Let me excuſe me, and believe me ſo,—

Hide, oh, hide thoſe hills of ſnow,
Which thy frozen boſom bears,
On whoſe tops, the pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that April wears.
But my poor heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe icy chains by thee. WARBURTON.

This ſong is entire in Beaumont's *Bloody Brother*, and in Shakſpeare's poems. The latter ſtanza is omitted by Mariana, as not ſuiting a female character. THEOBALD.

Though Sewell and Gildon have printed this among Shakſpeare's poems, they have done the ſame to ſo many other pieces, of which the real authors are ſince known, that their evidence is not to be depended on. It is not found in Jaggard's edition of our author's ſonnets, which was printed during his life-time.

Our poet, however, has introduced one of the ſame thoughts in his 142d ſonnet:

" ——— not from thoſe lips of thine
" That have prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
" And *ſeal'd falſe bonds of love*, as oft as mine."
STEEVENS.

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

" Pure *lips*, ſweet *ſeals* on my ſoft lips imprinted,
" What bargains may I make ſtill to be ſealing."
MALONE.

It occurs alſo in the old Black Letter Tranſlation of Amadis of Gaule, 4to. p. 171. " ——rather with *kiſſes* (which are counted " the *ſeales of Love*) they choſe to confirm their unanimitie, then " otherwiſe to offend a reſolved pacience." EDITOR.

My

My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe[9].

Duke. 'Tis good: though muſick oft hath ſuch a charm,
To make bad, good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have ſat here all day.

Enter Iſabel.

Duke. I do conſtantly [1] believe you:
The time is come, even now. I ſhall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon for ſome advantage to yourſelf.

Mari. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Iſab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick[2],
Whoſe weſtern ſide is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate[3],

[9] *My mirth it much diſpleas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*] Though the muſick ſoothed my ſorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*conſtantly*——] Certainly; without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

So in the *Merchant of Venice:*

"Could ſo much turn the conſtitution
"Of any *conſtant* man." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*circummur'd with brick,*] *Circummured*, walled round. "*He cauſed the doors to be* mured *and caſed up.*"
Painter's Palace of Pleaſure. JOHNSON.

[3] —*a* planched *gate,*] i. e. a gate made of boards. *Planche*, Fr. A *plancher* is a plank. So in Lylly's *Maid's Metamorphoſis*, 1600:

"——upon the ground doth lie
"A hollow *plancher.*"——

Again, in Sir *Arthur Gorges'* tranſlation of Lucan, 1614:

"Yet with his hooſes doth beat and rent
"The *planched* floore, the barres and chaines."
STEEVENS.

That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promiſe to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night[4].

Duke. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whiſpering and moſt guilty diligence,
In action all of precept[5], he did ſhew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her obſervance?

Iſab. No, none; but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have poſſeſs'd him[6], my moſt ſtay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a ſervant comes with me along,
That ſtays upon me[7]; whoſe perſuaſion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth;

[4] *There have I*, &c.] In the old copy the lines ſtand thus,

There have I made my promiſe upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him. STEEVENS.

[5] *In action all of precept,*——] i. e. ſhewing the ſeveral turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained ſo many precepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.

I rather think we ſhould read,

In precept all of action, ———

that is, *in direction given not by words, but by mute ſigns.* JOHNSON.

[6] *I have poſſeſs'd him,*—] I have made him clearly and ſtrongly comprehend. JOHNSON.

To *poſſeſs* had formerly the ſenſe of *inform* or *acquaint*. As in *Every Man in his Humour*, act I. ſc. 5. Captain Bobadil ſays, "*poſſeſs* no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my "lodging." EDITOR.

[7] *That* ſtays upon *me*;] So in *Macbeth*:

"Worthy Macbeth, we *ſtay upon* your leiſure." STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Iſab. I do deſire the like.

Duke. Do you perſuade yourſelf that I reſpect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a ſtory ready for your ear:
I ſhall attend your leiſure; but make haſte;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't pleaſe you walk aſide?

[*Exeunt Mar. and Iſab.*

Duke. O place and greatneſs[8], millions of falſe[9] eyes

[8] *O place and greatneſs,* ——] It plainly appears, that *this* fine ſpeech belongs to *that* which concludes the preceding ſcene, between the Duke and Lucio. For they are abſolutely foreign to the ſubject of this, and are the natural reflections ariſing from that. Beſides, the very words:

Run with theſe *falſe and moſt contrarious queſts,*

evidently refer to Lucio's ſcandals juſt preceding: which the Oxford editor, in his uſual way, has emended, by altering *theſe* to *their.* —— But that ſome time might be given to the two women to confer together, the players, I ſuppoſe, took part of the ſpeech, beginning at *No might nor greatneſs,* &c. and put it here, without troubling themſelves about its pertinency. However, we are obliged to them for not giving us their own impertinency, as they have frequently done in other places. WARBURTON.

I cannot agree that theſe lines are placed here by the players. The ſentiments are common, and ſuch as a prince, given to reflection, muſt have often preſent. There was a neceſſity to fill up the time in which the ladies converſe apart, and they muſt have quick tongues and ready apprehenſions, if they underſtood each other while this ſpeech was uttered. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*falſe eyes*] That is, Eyes inſidious and traiterous. JOHNSON.

So in Chaucer's *Sompnoures Tale*, late Edit. v. 7633:

"Ther is ful many an eye, and many an ere,
"Awaiting on a lord, &c." STEEVENS.

Are ſtuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe and moſt contrarious queſts[1]
Upon thy doings! thouſand 'ſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How agreed?

Re-enter Mariana and Iſabel.

Iſab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you adviſe it.

Duke. It is not my conſent,
But my intreaty too.

Iſab. Little have you to ſay,
When you depart from him, but, ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your huſband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no ſin;
Sith that the juſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit[2]. Come, let us go;

Our

[1] ——*contrarious queſts*] Different reports, *running counter* to each other. JOHNSON.
So in *Othello:*
"The ſenate has ſent out three ſeveral *queſts.*" STEEVENS.
————*falſe and contrarious queſts* in this place rather mean *lying and contradictory meſſengers*, with whom *run volumes of report.* An explanation, which the line quoted by Mr. Steevens will ſerve to confirm. REMARKS.

[2] *Doth* flouriſh *the deceit.*————] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarſe ground is filled up, and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanſhip.
WARBURTON.
Flouriſh is *ornament in general.* So in another play of Shakſpeare:
"——empty trunks *o'er-flouriſh'd* by the devil."
STEEVENS.
Dr. Warburton's illuſtration of the metaphor ſeems to be inaccurate. The paſſage from another of Shakſpeare's plays, quoted by Mr. Steevens, ſuggeſts to us the true one,
"—empty trunks *o'erflouriſh'd*, &c."
The term flouriſh alludes to the flowers impreſſed on the waſte printed

Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to ſow[3]. 3

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Priſon.

Enter Provoſt and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, ſirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

printed paper and old books, with which trunks are commonly lined. HENLEY.

[3] —— *for yet our* tithe's *to ſow.*] As before, the blundering editors have made a *prince* of the *prieſtly* Angelo, ſo here they have made *prieſt* of the *prince*. We ſhould read *tilth*, i. e. our tillage is yet to make. The grain, from which we expect our harveſt, is not yet put into the ground. WARBURTON.

The reader is here attacked with a petty ſophiſm. We ſhould read *tilth*, i. e. our *tillage is to make*. But in the text it is *to ſow*; and who has ever ſaid that his *tillage* was to *ſow?* I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expreſſion is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an eaſy metonymy, for *harveſt*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton did not do juſtice to his own conjecture; and no wonder therefore, that Dr. Johnſon has not.—*Tilth* is provincially uſed for *land till'd*, prepared for ſowing. Shakſpeare, however, has applied it before in its uſual acceptation. FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be ſupported by many inſtances in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, 1635: "After the beginning of March you ſhall begin to ſowe your barley upon that ground which the year before did lye fallow, and is commonly called your *tilth*, or fallow field." In p. 74 of this book, a corruption, like our author's, occurs. "As before, I ſaid beginne to fallow your *tithe* field;" which is undoubtedly miſprinted for *tilth* field. TOLLET.

Tilth is uſed for *crop* or *harveſt* by Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 93. b.

"To ſowe cockill with the corne,
"So that the *tilth* is nigh forlorne,
"Which Chriſt *ſew* firſt his owne honde."

Shakſpeare uſes the word *tilth* elſewhere:

"——her plenteous womb
"Expreſſeth its full *tilth* and huſbandry."

but my quotation from Gower ſhews that to *ſow tilth* was a phraſe once in uſe. STEEVENS.

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, ſir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, ſir, leave me your ſnatches, and yield me a direct anſwer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you ſhall have your full time of impriſonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorſon! where's Abhorſon, there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Do you call, ſir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, uſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſs him: he cannot plead his eſtimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, ſir? fie upon him, he will diſcredit our miſtery.

Prov. Go to, ſir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the ſcale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, ſir, by your good favour (for, ſurely, ſir, a good favour[5] you have, but that you have a

[5] ——*a good* favour] *Favour* is countenance. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*;

" ——why ſo tart a *favour*
" To publiſh ſuch good tidings." STEEVENS.

hanging look) do you call, ſir, your occupation a miſtery?

Abhor. Ay, ſir; a miſtery.

Clown. Painting, ſir, I have heard ſay, is a miſtery; and your whores, ſir, being members of my occupation, uſing painting, do prove my occupation a miſtery: but what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine[6].

Abhor.

[6] *what miſtery there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

Abhor. *Sir, it is a miſtery.*

Clown. *Proof.*———

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief,*] Thus it ſtood in all the editions till Mr. Theobald's, and was, methinks, not very difficult to be underſtood. The plain and humorous ſenſe of the ſpeech is this. Every true man's apparel, which the thief robs him of, fits the thief. Why? Becauſe, if it be too little for the thief, the true man thinks it big enough: i. e. a purchaſe too good for him. So that this fits the thief in the opinion of the true man. But if it be too big for the thief, yet the thief thinks it little enough; i. e. of value little enough. So that this fits the thief in his own opinion. Where we ſee, that the pleaſantry of the joke conſiſts in the equivocal ſenſe of *big enough*, and *little enough*. Yet Mr. Theobald ſays, he can ſee no ſenſe in all this, and therefore alters the whole thus.—

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your true man, your thief thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough.*

And for his alteration gives this extraordinary reaſon.—*I am ſatisfied the poet intended* a regular ſyllogiſm; *and I ſubmit it to judgment, whether my regulation has not reſtored that wit and humour, which was quite loſt in the depravation.*—But the place is corrupt, though Mr. Theobald could not find it out. Let us conſider it a little. The Hangman calls his trade a miſtery: the clown cannot conceive it. The Hangman undertakes to prove it in theſe words, *Every true man's apparel*, &c. but this proves the *thief's* trade a miſtery, not the *hangman's*. Hence it appears, that the ſpeech, in which the Hangman proved his trade a miſtery, is loſt. The very words it is impoſſible to retrieve, but one may eaſily underſtand what medium he employed in proving it: without

Abhor. Sir, it is a miſtery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief[7].

Clown.

doubt, the very ſame the Clown employed to prove the thief's trade a miſtery; namely, *that all ſorts of clothes fitted the hangman.* The Clown, on hearing this argument, replied, I ſuppoſe, to this effect: *Why, by the ſame kind of reaſoning, I can prove the thief's trade too to be a miſtery.* The other aſks how, and the Clown goes on as above, *Every true man's apparel fits your thief; if it be too little,* &c. The jocular concluſion from the whole, being an inſinuation that *thief* and *hangman* were rogues alike. This conjecture gives a ſpirit and integrity to the dialogue, which, in its preſent mangled condition, is altogether wanting: and ſhews why the argument of *every true man's apparel,* &c. was in all editions given to the Clown, to whom indeed it belongs; and likewiſe that the preſent reading of that argument is the true.

WARBURTON.

Clown. *Sir, it is a miſtery,* &c.] If Dr. Warburton had attended to the argument by which the Bawd proves his own profeſſion to be a miſtery, he would not have been driven to take refuge in the groundleſs ſuppoſition, "that part of the dialogue had been loſt or dropped."

The argument of the Hangman is exactly ſimilar to that of the Bawd. As the latter puts in his claim to the whores, as members of his occupation, and, in virtue of their painting, would enroll his own fraternity in the miſtery of painters; ſo the former equally lays claim to the thieves, as members of his occupation, and, in their right, endeavours to rank his brethren, the hangmen, under the miſtery of fitters of apparel or tayiors. The reading of the old editions is therefore undoubtedly right; except that the laſt ſpeech, which makes part of the Hangman's argument, is, by miſtake, as the reader's own ſagacity will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the poet gave us the whole thus:

Abhor. *Sir, it is a miſtery.*

Clown. *Proof.* ———

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

I muſt do Dr. Warburton the juſtice to acknowledge, that he hath rightly apprehended, and explained the force of the Hangman's argument. REVISAL.

———*fits your thief.*] So in *Promos and Caſſandra,* 1578, the Hangman ſays:

"Here

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: ſo every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will ſerve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner aſk forgiveneſs[8].

Prov. You, ſirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will inſtruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do deſire to learn, ſir; and, I hope, if you have occaſion to uſe me for your own turn, you ſhall find me yare[9]: for, truly ſir, for your kindneſs, I owe you a good turn[1]. [*Exit.*

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, though he were my brother.

"Here is nyne and twenty ſutes of apparell for my "ſhare."

True man, in the language of ancient times, is always placed in oppoſition to *thief*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens ſeems to be miſtaken in his aſſertion that *true man* in ancient times was always placed in oppoſition to *thief*. At leaſt in the book of Geneſis, there is one inſtance to the contrary, ch. xlii. v. 11. We are all one man's ſons: we are all *true men*; thy ſervants are no *ſpies*. HENLEY.

[8] ——*aſk forgiveneſs.*] So in *As You Like It:*

"——The common executioner,
"Whoſe heart the accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard,
"Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
"But firſt *begs pardon.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *yare:*] See Vol. I. p. 4. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a good turn:*] i. e. a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phraſe according to its common acceptation. FARMER.

Enter

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou muſt be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As faſt lock'd up in ſleep, as guiltleſs labour
When it lies ſtarkly[1] in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourſelf. [*Exit Claud.*] But, hark, what noiſe? [*Knock within.*
Heaven give your ſpirits comfort!—By and by;—
I hope it is ſome pardon, or reprieve,
For the moſt gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt and wholeſomeſt ſpirits of the night
Invellop you, good provoſt! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, ſince the curfew rung?

Duke. Not Iſabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then[2], ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's ſome in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo; his life is parallel'd
Even with the ſtroke[3] and line of his great juſtice;
He doth with holy abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelf, which he ſpurs on his power
[4]To qualify in others: were he meal'd[5]

With

[1] ——*ſtarkly*——] Stiffly. Theſe two lines afford a very pleaſing image. JOHNSON.

[2] They *will then*,] Perhaps *ſhe* will then. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[3] *Even with the ſtroke*——] *Stroke* is here put for the *ſtroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

[4] *To qualify*——] To temper, to moderate, as we ſay wine is *qualified* with water. JOHNSON. So in *Othello*:

"I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*were he meal'd*] Were he ſprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the ſame kind our author uſes in *Macbeth*:

"*The* blood-bolter'd *Banquo*." JOHNSON.

So

With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being ſo, he's juſt.—Now are they come.—
[*Knock, Provoſt goes out.*
This is a gentle provoſt; Seldom, when
The ſteeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? what noiſe? that ſpirit's poſſeſs'd with haſte[6],
That wounds the unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.

Provoſt returns, ſpeaking to one at the door.

Prov. There muſt he ſtay, until the officer
Ariſe to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he muſt die to-morrow?
Prov. None, ſir, none.

So in the *Philoſophers Satires*, by Robert Anton:

" As if their perriwigs to death they gave
To *meale* them in ſome gaſtly dead man's grave."

STEEVENS.

Mealed is mingled, compounded from the French *meſler*.

BLACKSTONE.

[6] ——*That ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſte,*
That wounds the unreſiſting poſtern with theſe ſtrokes.]

The line is irregular, and the *unreſiſting poſtern* ſo ſtrange an expreſſion, that want of meaſure, and want of ſenſe, might juſtly raiſe ſuſpicion of an errour; yet none of the latter editors ſeem to have ſuppoſed the place faulty, except ſir Tho. Hanmer, who reads:

——*the* unreſting *poſtern*,

The three folios have it:

——unſiſting *poſtern*.

out of which Mr. Rowe made *unreſiſting*, and the reſt followed him. Sir Thomas Hanmer ſeems to have ſuppoſed *unreſiſting* the word in the copies, from which he plauſibly enough extracted *unreſting*, but he grounded his emendation on the very ſyllable that wants authority. What can be made of *unſiſting* I know not; the beſt that occurs to me is *unfeeling*. JOHNSON.

That wounds the unreſiſting poſtern——] *Unſiſting* may ſignify " never at reſt," always opening. BLACKSTONE.

——unreſiſting *poſtern*——]

I ſhould think we might ſafely read:

——unliſt'ning *poſtern*, *or* unſhifting *poſtern*.

The meaſure requires it, and the ſenſe remains uninjured.

STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. As near the dawning, provoſt, as it is,
You ſhall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You ſomething know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no ſuch example have we:
Beſides, upon the very ſiege of juſtice [7],
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profeſs'd the contrary.

Enter a Meſſenger [8].

Duke. This is his lordſhip's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Meſſ. My lord hath ſent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you ſwerve not from the ſmalleſt article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Prov. I ſhall obey him. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

7 ——ſiege *of juſtice,*] i. e. *ſeat* of juſtice. *Siege,* Fr. So *Othello:*

" ——I fetch my birth
" From men of royal *ſiege.*" STEEVENS.

8 Enter a Meſſenger.
Duke. *This is his lordſhip's man.*
Prov. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*]
The Provoſt has juſt declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded, and yet, upon the firſt appearance of the Meſſenger, he immediately gueſſes that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the ſpeakers are miſplaced. If we ſuppoſe the Provoſt to ſay:

This is his lordſhip's man,

it is very natural for the Duke to ſubjoin,

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

The Duke might believe, upon very reaſonable grounds, that Angelo had now ſent the pardon. It appears that he did ſo, from what he ſays to himſelf, while the Provoſt is reading the letter:

This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin.—TYRWHITT.

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provoſt ſees the Meſſenger, he ſuppoſes the Duke to have *known ſomething*, and changes his mind. Either reading may ſerve equally well. JOHNSON.

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by ſuch ſin, [*Aſide.*
For which the pardoner himſelf is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's ſo extended,
That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, ſir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiſs in my office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, ſtrangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provoſt reads the letter.

Whatſoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better ſatisfaction, let me have Claudio's head ſent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we muſt yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will anſwer it at your peril.

What ſay you to this, ſir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a priſoner nine years old [9].

Duke. How came it, that the abſent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do ſo.

Prov. His friends ſtill wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

9 *One that is a priſoner nine years old.*] i. e. That has been confined theſe nine years. So, in *Hamlet:* "Ere we were two days *old* at ſea, a pirate of very warlike preparation, &c." MALONE.

Prov.

Prov. Moſt manifeſt, and not deny'd by himſelf.

Duke. Hath he borne himſelf penitently in priſon? how ſeems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleep; careleſs, reckleſs, and fearleſs of what's paſt, preſent, or to come; inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortal[9].

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the priſon; give him leave to eſcape hence he would not: drunk many times a day; if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, Provoſt, honeſty and conſtancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient ſkill beguiles me; but in the boldneſs of my cunning, I will lay myſelf in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath ſentenc'd him: To make you underſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I crave but four days reſpite; for the which you are to do me both a preſent and a dangerous courteſy.

Prov. Pray, ſir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an expreſs command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my caſe as Claudio's, to croſs this in the ſmalleſt.

9 *deſperately mortal.*] This expreſſion is obſcure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally deſperate. Mortally* is in low converſation uſed in this ſenſe, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *deſperately mortal* means *deſperately miſchievous.* Or *deſperately mortal* may mean a man likely to die in a *deſperate* ſtate, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my inſtructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath ſeen them both, and will diſcover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer: and you may add to it. Shave the head, [1] and tie the beard; and ſay, it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo barb'd [2] before his death: you know the courſe is common [3]. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the ſaint whom I profeſs, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is againſt my oath.

[1] *and tie the beard;*] The *Reviſal* recommends Mr. Simpſon's emendation, DIE *the beard*, but the preſent reading may ſtand. Perhaps it was uſual to *tie* up the beard before decollation. Sir T. More is ſaid to have been ludicrouſly careful about this ornament of his face. It ſhould, however, be remembered, that it was the cuſtom *to die beards*.
So, in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611:

" What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?
" A black man's, I think.
" I think, a *red*; for that is moſt in faſhion."

Again, in the *Silent Woman*: " I have fitted my divine and canoniſt, *dyed their beards and all.*"
Again, in the *Alchemiſt*: " ——he had *dy'd his beard*, and all."
STEEVENS.

A beard tied would give a very new air to that face, which had never been ſeen but with the beard looſe, long, and ſqualid.
JOHNSON.

[2] ——*to be ſo barb'd*] The old copy reads—ſo *bar'd*.
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*you know the courſe is common.*] *P. Mathieu*, in his *Heroyke Life and Deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth, of France*, ſays, that Ravilliac, in the midſt of his tortures, lifted up his head and ſhook a ſpark of fire from his *beard*. " This unprofitable care, " he adds, to ſave it being noted, afforded matter to divers to " praiſe *the cuſtome in Germany, Swiſſerland*, and divers other " places *to ſhave off*, and then to burn all the haire from all parts " of the bodies of thoſe who are convicted for any notorious " crimes." *Grimſton's Tranſlation*, 4to. 1612. p. 181. EDITOR.

Duke.

Duke. Were you ſworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his ſubſtitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the juſtice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty. Yet ſince I ſee you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my perſuaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look, you, ſir, here is the hand and ſeal of the duke; You know the character, I doubt not; and the ſignet is not ſtrange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you ſhall anon over-read it at your pleaſure; where you ſhall find, within theſe two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not: for he this very day receives letters of ſtrange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into ſome monaſtery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ[3]. Look, [4]the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd: Put not yourſelf into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be: all difficulties are but eaſy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head; I will give him a preſent ſhrift, and adviſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this ſhall abſolutely reſolve you. Come away; it is almoſt clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *nothing of what is writ.*] We ſhould read—*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

[4] *the unfolding ſtar calls up the ſhepherd:*]

"The ſtar, that bids the ſhepherd fold,
"Now the top of heav'n doth hold." *Milton's Comus.*
STEEVENS.

"So doth the evening ſtar preſent itſelf
"Unto the careful ſhepherd's gladſome eyes,
"By which unto the fold he leads his flock."
Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would think, it were miſtreſs Over-done's own houſe, for here be many of her old cuſtomers. Firſt, here young maſter Raſh[5]; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger[6], nineſcore and ſeventeen pounds; of which he made

[5] *Firſt, here's young maſter Raſh*; &c.] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the priſon affords a very ſtriking view of the practices predominant in Shakſpeare's age. Beſides thoſe whoſe follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the oirginals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

Firſt, here's young Maſter Raſh——] All the names here mentioned are characteriſtical. *Raſh* was a ſtuff formerly uſed. So, in *A Reply as true as Steele, to a ruſty, rayling, ridiculous, lying Libell, which was lately written by an impudent unſoder'd* Ironmonger, *and called by the name of* an Anſwer to a fooliſh pamphlet entitled *A Swarme of Sectaries and Schiſmatiques.* By John Taylour, 1641:

" And with *mockado* ſuit, and judgment *raſh*,
" And tongue of *ſayc*, thou'lt ſay all is but traſh."

MALONE.

[6] *a commodity of brown* paper *and old ginger*,] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, *brown* pepper. The following paſſage in *Michaelmas Term*, Com. 1607, will juſtify the original reading:

" I know ſome gentlemen in town have been glad, and are " glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and " *brown paper.*"

Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

" ——to have been ſo bit already
" With taking up *commodities of brown paper.*
" Buttons paſt faſhion, ſilks, and ſattins,
" Babies and children's fiddles, with like traſh
" Took up at a dear rate, and ſold for trifles."

Again, in Greene's *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*, 1620:

" For the merchant, he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, ſugars, ſpices, oyls, *brown paper*, or whatever elſe, from ſix months to ſix months. Which when the poor gentleman came to ſell again, he could not make threeſcore and ten in the hun-

made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in requeſt, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one maſter Caper, at the ſuit of maſter Three-pile the mercer, for ſome four ſuits of peach-colour'd ſatin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizy, and young maſter Deep-vow, and maſter Copper-ſpur, and maſter Starve-lacky the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd luſty Pudding, and maſter Forthlight[7] the tilter, [8] and brave maſter Shoe-tye the

dred beſides the uſury." Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coney-catching*, 1592: "—ſo that if he borrow an hundred pound, he ſhall have forty in ſilver, and threeſcore in wares, as luteſtrings, hobby horſes, or *brown paper*, or cloath, &c."
Again, in the *Spaniſh Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:
"Commodities of pins, *brown papers*, packthread."
Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Steele Glaſſe:*
"To teach young men the trade to ſell *brown paper*."
STEEVENS.

A commodity of *brown paper*. Mr. Steevens ſupports this rightly. Fennor aſks, in his *Comptor's Commonwealth*, "ſuppoſe the *commodities* are delivered after Signior *Unthrift* and Maſter *Broaker* have both ſealed the bonds, how muſt thoſe hobby-horſes, *reams* of *brown paper*, Jewes trumpes and bables, babies and rattles be ſolde?" FARMER.

7 *maſter Forthlight*] So the old copies. Dr. Johnſon, however, propoſes to read *Forthright*, alluding to the line in which the thruſt is made. The Author of THE REMARKS defends the preſent reading, by ſuppoſing the alluſion to be to the fencers threat of making the *light* ſhine through his antagoniſt. EDITOR.

8 *and brave maſter* Shooty *the great traveller*,] Thus the old copy; but as moſt of theſe are compound names, I ſuſpect that this was originally written, maſter *Shoe-tye*. At this time *Shoe-ſtrings* were generally worn. So in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:
"I think your wedding *ſhoes* have not been oft *untied*."
Again, in Randolph's *Muſes Looking Glaſs*, 1638:
"Bonding his ſupple hams, kiſſing his hands,
"Honouring *ſhoe-ſtrings*."
As he was a traveller, it is not unlikely that he might be ſollicitous about the minutiæ of dreſs, and the epithet *brave* ſeems to countenance the ſuppoſition. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's ſuppoſition is ſtrengthen'd by Ben Jonſon's Epigram upon *Engliſh Monſieur*, vol. vi. p. 253:

the great traveller, and wild Half-can that ſtabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's ſake[9].

Enter Abhorſon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Maſter Barnardine! you muſt riſe and be hang'd, maſter Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noiſe there? What are you?

"That ſo much ſcarf of France, and hat, and feather,
"And *ſhoe*, and *tye*, and garter, ſhould come hither."
TOLLET.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right, for ſo this compounded word was anciently ſpelt. So in Craſhaw's poems, 1670:
"To gaudy tire or gliſtering *ſhoe-ty*." MALONE.

9 *in for the Lord's ſake.*] i. e. to beg for the reſt of their lives.
WARBURTON.

I rather think this expreſſion intended to ridicule the puritans, whoſe turbulence and indecency often brought them to priſon, and who conſidered themſelves as ſuffering for religion.

It is not unlikely that men impriſoned for other crimes, might repreſent themſelves to caſual enquirers, as ſuffering for puritaniſm, and that this might be the common cant of the priſons. In Donne's time, every priſoner was brought to jail by ſuretiſhip.
JOHNSON.

The word *in* has been ſupplied by ſome of the modern editors. The phraſe which Dr. Johnſon has juſtly explained, is uſed in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636: "—I held it wiſe a deed of charity, and did it *for the Lord's ſake*." STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation is right. It appears from a poem entitled, *Paper's Complaint*, printed among Davies's epigrams, [about the year 1611] that this was the language in which priſoners who were confined for debt, addreſſed paſſengers:
"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's ſake, for the Lord's ſake*,
"Like *Ludgate priſoner*, lo, I, *begging* make
"My mone——"

Again, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*. 1593:—"At that time that thy joys were in the *Fleeting*, aud thou crying *for the Lord's ſake*, out at an iron window, in a lane not far from Ludgate-hill."—— MALONE.

Clown. Your friends, ſir; the hangman: You muſt be ſo good, ſir, to riſe and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away you rogue, away; I am ſleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he muſt awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, maſter Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and ſleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, ſir, he is coming; I hear his ſtraw ruſtle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, ſirrah?

Clown. Very ready, ſir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorſon? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, ſir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, ſir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may ſleep the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, ſir, here comes your ghoſtly father; Do we jeſt now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to adviſe you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they ſhall beat out my brains with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, ſir, you muſt: and therefore, I beſeech you, look forward on the journey you ſhall go.

Barnar. I ſwear, I will not die to day for any man's perſuaſion.

Duke.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to ſay to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter Provoſt.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows; bring him to the block [1],
[*Exeunt Abhorſon and Clown.*

Prov. Now, ſir, how do you find the priſoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;
And, to tranſport him [2] in the mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the priſon, father,
There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a moſt notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Juſt of his colour; What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;
And ſatisfy the deputy with the viſage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Diſpatch it preſently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And ſent according to command; whiles I
Perſuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This ſhall be done, good father, preſently.
But Barnardine muſt die this afternoon:
And how ſhall we continue Claudio,

[1] *After him, fellows;*——] Here is a line given to the Duke, which belongs to the Provoſt. The Provoſt, while the Duke is lamenting the obduracy of the priſoner, cries out:

After him, fellows, &c.

and when they are gone out, turns again to the Duke. JOHNSON.

I do not ſee why this line ſhould be taken from the Duke, and ſtill leſs why it ſhould be given to the Provoſt, who, by his queſtion to the Duke in the next line, appears to be ignorant of every thing that has paſſed between him and Barnardine. TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*to tranſport him*——] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred ſenſe. JOHNSON.

To ſave me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them
In ſecret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the ſun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation [3], you ſhall find
Your ſafety manifeſted.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, diſpatch, and ſend the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provoſt.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provoſt, he ſhall bear them,—whoſe contents
Shall witneſs to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form [4],
We ſhall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provoſt.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myſelf.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a ſwift return;
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Iſab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Iſabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of deſpair,

[3] *To the under generation,*——] So ſir Thomas Hanmer, with true judgment. It was in all the former editions:

To yonder———

ye under and *yonder* were confounded. JOHNSON.
The old reading is not *yonder* but *yond*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——weal-balanced *form,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Heath thinks that *well*-balanced is the true reading; and Hanmer was of the ſame opinion. STEEVENS.

When

When it is leaſt expected [5].

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. Ho, by your leave.—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Iſab. The better, given me by ſo holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy ſent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Iſabel, from the world;
His head is off, and ſent to Angelo.

Iſab. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Duke. It is no other:
Shew your wiſdom, daughter, in your cloſe patience.

Iſab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You ſhall not be admitted to his ſight.

Iſab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Iſabel!
Injurious world! Moſt damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cauſe to heaven.
Mark, what I ſay; which you ſhall find
By every ſyllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confeſſor,
Gives me this inſtance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to Eſcalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wiſdom
In that good path, that I would wiſh it go;
And you ſhall have your boſom [6] on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

[5] *When it is leaſt expected.*] A better reaſon might have been given. It was neceſſary to keep Iſabella in ignorance, that ſhe might with more keenneſs accuſe the deputy. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*your boſom*——] Your wiſh; your heart's deſire. JOHNSON.

Iſab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he ſent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I deſire his company
At Mariana's houſe to-night. Her cauſe, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he ſhall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuſe him home, and home. For my poor ſelf,
I am combined[7] by a ſacred vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend[8] you with this letter;
Command theſe fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; truſt not my holy order,
If I pervert your courſe.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even!
Friar, where is the provoſt?

Duke. Not within, ſir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Iſabella, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thy eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient: I am fain to dine and ſup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would ſet me to't: But they ſay the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Iſabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old[9] fantaſtical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit Iſabella.*

[7] *I am combined by a ſacred vow,*] I once thought this ſhould be *confined*, but Shakſpeare uſes *combine* for to *bind by a pact or agreement*, ſo he calls Angelo the *combinate* huſband of Mariana. JOHNSON.

[8] Wend *you*] To *wend* is *to go*.—An obſolete word. So in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth Ægeon *wend*."

Again, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599: "To let his Daughter *wend* with us to France." STEEVENS.

[9] *If the old*, &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *the* odd *fantaſtical duke*, but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was* old *revelling*. JOHNSON.

Duke.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your report; but the beſt is, he lives not in them[1].

Lucio. Friar, thou knoweſt not the duke ſo well as I do: he's a better woodman[2], than thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well, you'll anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, ſir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forſwear it; they would elſe have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honeſt: Reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I ſhall ſtick.

[*Exeunt.*

[1] —*he lives not in them.*] i. e. his character depends not on them. STEEVENS.

[2] *woodman,*] A *Woodman* ſeems to have been an attendant or ſervant to the Officer, called *Forreſter*. See *Manhood on the Foreſt Laws*, 4to, 1615. p. 46. It is here, however, uſed in a wanton ſenſe, and was, probably, in our Author's time generally ſo received. In like manner in *The Chances*, Act I. Sc. 9. the Landlady ſays,

Well, well, ſon John,
I ſee you are a *woodman*, and can chuſe
Your deer tho' it be i' th' dark. EDITOR.

So in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, Falſtaff aſks his miſtreſſes:

——"Am I a *woodman?* ha!" STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Angelo and Eſcalus.

Eſcal. Every letter he hath writ hath diſvouch'd other.

Ang. In moſt uneven and diſtracted manner. His actions ſhew much like to madneſs: pray heaven, his wiſdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Eſcal. I gueſs not.

Ang. And why ſhould we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redreſs of injuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſcal. He ſhews his reaſons for that: to have a diſpatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which ſhall then have no power to ſtand againſt us.

Ang. Well; I beſeech you, let it be proclaim'd:
Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your houſe:
Give notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuit[3],
As are to meet him.

Eſcal. I ſhall, ſir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unſhapes me quite, makes me unpregnant[4],
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd,
The law againſt it!—But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,

[3] ——*ſort and ſuit,*] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*makes me* unpregnant,] In the firſt ſcene the Duke ſays that *Eſcalus* is *pregnant*, i. e. ready in the forms of law. *Unpregnant* therefore, in this inſtance before us, is *unready*, *unprepared*. STEEVENS.

How

How might ſhe tongue me? Yet reaſon dares her? no [5]:

For

5 —*Yet reaſon dares her?* no:] The old folio impreſſions read:

——— *Yet reaſon dares her No.*

And this is right. The meaning is, the circumſtances of our caſe are ſuch, that ſhe will never venture to contradict me: *dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I ſay. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads:

——— *Yet reaſon dares her* note.

Sir Thomas Hanmer:

——— *Yet reaſon dares her: No.*

Mr. Upton:

——— *Yet reaſon dares her—No,*

which he explains thus: *Were it not for her maiden modeſty, how might the lady proclaim my guilt? Yet (you'll ſay) ſhe has reaſon on her ſide, and that will make her dare to do it. I think not; for my authority is of ſuch weight*, &c. I am afraid *dare* has no ſuch ſignification. I have nothing to offer worth inſertion. JOHNSON.

To *dare* has two ſignifications; to *terrify*, as in *The Maid's Tragedy:*

" ——thoſe mad miſchiefs
" Would dare a woman."

Again, in *The Gentleman Uſher* by Chapman:

" A caſt of falcons on their merry wings
" *Daring* the ſtooped prey that ſhifting flies."

Dr. Warburton ſays, that the meaning is, " the circumſtances of our caſe are ſuch, that ſhe will never venture to contradict me." It ſhould, however, be remembered, that Angelo had no accuſation to prefer againſt Iſabella, ſo that I know not what aſſertion of his ſhe could be expected to contradict. I would read:

——yet reaſon dares her *not*,
For my authority, &c.

In *K. Henry* IV. P. I. to *dare* is to *challenge* or *call forth:*

" Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother *dare*
" To gentle exerciſe, &c."

The meaning will then be, ——

—Yet reaſon does not challenge, call forth, or incite her to appear againſt me, for my authority is above the reach of her accuſation.

" It *dares* me," in the North, ſignifies it *pains* or *grieves* me; but that ſenſe is not eaſily applicable to the paſſage in queſtion. STEEVENS.

—Yet reaſon dares her No.] Dr. Warburton is evidently right with reſpect to this reading, though wrong in his application. The expreſſion is a provincial one, and very intelligible;

—But

For my authority bears a credent bulk[6],
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous ſenſe,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By ſo receiving a diſhonour'd life,
With ranſom of ſuch ſhame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not[7],
[*Exit.*

——But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaim againſt her maiden loſs,
How might ſhe tongue me? Yet reaſon dares her No.

That is, reaſon dares her to do it, as by this means ſhe would not only publiſh her "maiden loſs," but alſo as ſhe would certainly ſuffer from the impoſing credit of his ſtation and power, which would repel with diſgrace any attack on his reputation;

For my authority bears a credent bulk
That no particular ſcandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. HENLEY.

6 —— *my authority bears a* credent *bulk,*
That no particular *ſlander,* &c.]

Credent is *creditable, inforcing credit, not queſtionable.* The old Engliſh writers often confound the active and paſſive adjectives. So Shakſpeare, and Milton after him, uſe *inexpreſſive* for *inexpreſſible.*

Particular is *private,* a French ſenſe. No ſcandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—bears *of*—I ſuppoſe for—bears *off,* i. e. carries along with it. STEEVENS.

7 —— *we would, and we would not.*] Here undoubtedly the act ſhould end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a ceſſation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed between the paſſages of this ſcene, and thoſe of the next. The next act beginning with the following ſcence, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to the Fields without the Town.

Enter Duke in his own habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. Theſe[8] letters at fit time deliver me.
[*Giving letters.*
The provoſt knows our purpoſe, and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your inſtruction,
And hold you ever to our ſpecial drift;
Though ſometimes you do blench[9] from this to that,
As cauſe doth miniſter. Go, call at Flavius' houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: give the like notice,
Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Craſſus,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
But ſend me Flavius firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou haſt made good haſte:
Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Iſabella and Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly, I am loth;
I would ſay the truth; but to accuſe him ſo,
That is your part: yet I'm adviſ'd to do it;
He ſays, to vail full purpoſe[1].

Mari.

[8] *Theſe letters*——] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his ſtory without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*you do* blench *from this to that.*] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to fly off. STEEVENS.

[1] *He ſays, to vail full purpoſe.*] Mr. Theobald alters it to,
He ſays, t' availful *purpoſe*;
becauſe

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides, he tells me, that, if peradventure
He ſpeak againſt me on the adverſe ſide,
I ſhould not think it ſtrange; for 'tis a phyſick,
That's bitter to ſweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Iſab. Oh, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar Peter[2].

Peter. Come, I have found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may have ſuch vantage on the Duke,
He ſhall not paſs you: Twice have the trumpets ſounded;
The generous[3] and graveſt citizens
Have hent the gates[4], and very near upon
The duke is entring; therefore hence, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

becauſe he has no idea of the common reading. A good reaſon! Yet the common reading is right. *Full* is uſed for *beneficial*; and the meaning is, *He ſays, it is to hide a beneficial purpoſe, that muſt not yet be revealed.* WARBURTON.

To vail full purpoſe, may, with very little force on the words, mean, *to hide the whole extent of our deſign*, and therefore the reading may ſtand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration either lucky or ingenious. To interpret words with ſuch laxity, as to make *full* the ſame with *beneficial*, is to put an end, at once, to all neceſſity of emendation, for any word may then ſtand in the place of another. JOHNSON.

[2] *Enter Friar Peter.*] This play has two friars, either of whom might ſingly have ſerved. I ſhould therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the firſt act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter; for why ſhould the Duke unneceſſarily truſt two in an affair which required only one. The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore ſeems arbitrarily placed at the head of the ſcene. JOHNSON.

[3] *The* generous, *&c.*] i. e. the *moſt noble*, &c. *Generous* is here uſed in its Latin ſenſe. "Virgo *generoſa* et nobilis." Cicero. Shakſpeare uſes it again in *Othello:*

"—— —— the *generous* iſlanders
"By you invited———" STEEVENS.

[4] *Have* hent *the gates*,—] Have ſeized or taken poſſeſſion of the gates. JOHNSON.

So

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſcalus, Lucio, and Citizens, at ſeveral Doors.

Duke. My very worthy couſin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to ſee you.
Ang. and Eſcal. Happy return be to your royal grace!
Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made enquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodneſs of your juſtice, that our ſoul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,
Fore-running more requital.
Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.
Duke. Oh, your deſert ſpeaks loud; and I ſhould wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert boſom,
When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A forted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time

So in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of the 4th B. of Lucan:
" ——— did prevent
" His foes, ere they the hills had *hent*."
So in T. Heywood's Rape of Lucrece, 1630:
" Lament the Roman land
" The king is from thee *hent*."
Again, in the b. l. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:
" But with the childe homeward gan ryde
" That fro the gryffon was *hent*."
Again, in the ancient metrical Romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, b. l. no date:
" Some by the arms *hent* good Guy, &c."
Again, " And ſome by the bridle him *hent*."
Spenſer often uſes the word *hend* for to *ſeize* or *take*, and *overhend* for to *overtake*. STEEVENS.

And

And razure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the ſubjects ſee, to make them know
That outward courteſies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come Eſcalus;
You muſt walk by us on our other hand;—
And good ſupporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter and Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time; ſpeak loud and kneel before him.

Iſab. Juſtice, O royal Duke! [5] vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have ſaid, a maid!
Oh worthy prince, diſhonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And give me juſtice, juſtice, juſtice, juſtice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord Angelo ſhall give you juſtice;
Reveal yourſelf to him.

Iſab. Oh, worthy duke,
You bid me ſeek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourſelf; for that which I muſt ſpeak
Muſt either puniſh me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redreſs from you: hear me, oh, hear me, here.

Ang. My lord, her wits I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been ſuitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by courſe of juſtice.

[5] —— *vail your regard*] That is, withdraw your thoughts from higher things, let your notice deſcend upon a wronged woman. To *vail*, is to lower. JOHNSON.

This is one of the few expreſſions which might have been borrowed from the old play of *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1598:

" ——— *vail* thou thine ears."

So in Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

" ——— *Phrygio liceat* ſervire *marito*."
" Let Dido *vail* her heart to bed-fellow Trojan."

STEEVENS.

Iſab.

Iſab. By courſe of juſtice!
Ang. And ſhe will ſpeak moſt bitterly and ſtrange.
Iſab. Moſt ſtrange, but yet moſt truly will I ſpeak:
That Angelo's forſworn; is it not ſtrange?
That Angelo's a murtherer; is't not ſtrange?
That Angelo is an adulterous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin violater;
Is it not ſtrange, and ſtrange?
Duke. Nay, it is ten times ſtrange.
Iſab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is ſtrange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth [6]
To the end of reckoning.
Duke. Away with her:—Poor ſoul,
She ſpeaks this in the infirmity of ſenſe.
Iſab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'ſt
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſs: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeems unlike: 'tis not impoſſible,
But one, the wicked'ſt caitiff on the ground,
May ſeem [7] as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,
As Angelo; even ſo may Angelo,
[8] In all his dreſſings, characts[9], titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If

[6] ——— *truth is truth*
To the end of reckoning.]
That is, truth has no gradations; nothing which admits of encreaſe can be ſo much what it is, as *truth* is *truth*. There may be a *ſtrange* thing, and a thing *more ſtrange*, but if a propoſition be *true*, there can be none *more true*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*as ſhy, as grave, as juſt, as abſolute,*] *As ſhy*; as reſerved; as abſtracted: *as juſt*; as nice, as exact: *as abſolute*; as complete in all the round of duty. JOHNSON.

[8] *In all his dreſſings*, &c.] In all his ſemblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*characts*,——] i. e. characters. See *Dugdale, Orig. Jurid.* p. 81.—"That he uſe nē hide, no charme, ne *caracte*."
TYRWHITT.

If he be leſs, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſs.

Duke. By mine honeſty,
If ſhe be mad, (as I believe no other)
Her madneſs hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
[1] As e'er I heard in madneſs.

Iſab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon [2]
For inequality: but let your reaſon ſerve
To make the truth appear, where it ſeems hid;
Not hide the falſe, ſeems true [3].

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, ſure, more lack of reaſon.—What would you ſay?

Iſab. I am the ſiſter of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To loſe his head; condemn'd by Angelo:

So in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. i:
" With his *carrecte* would him enchaunt."
Again, " And read his *carecte* in the wiſe." B. v. fol. 103.
Again, " Through his *carectes* and figures." B. vi. fol. 140.
Again, " And his *carecte* as he was taught,
" He rad, &c. STEEVENS.

Charact ſignifies an inſcription. The ſtat. 1 Edw. VI. c. 2. directed the ſeals of office of every biſhop to have " certain *cha-* " *racts* under the king's arms, for the knowledge of the dioceſe." *Characters* are the letters in which the inſcription is written. *Charactery* is the materials of which characters are compoſed.
" Faries uſe flowers for their *charactery*."
Merry Wives of Windſor. BLACKSTONE.

[1] *As e'er I heard*, &c.] This is the reading of the old copy. I ſuſpect Shakſpeare wrote
As ne'er *I heard in madneſs.* MALONE.

[2] ——— *do not baniſh reaſon*
For inequality:———]
Let not the high quality of my adverſary prejudice you againſt me. JOHNSON.

I imagine the meaning rather is—*Do not* ſuppoſe I am mad, becauſe I ſpeak paſſionately and *unequally*. MALONE.

[3] And *hide the falſe, ſeems true.*] We ſhould read,
Not *hide* ——— WARBURTON.

I,

I, in probation of a ſiſterhood,
Was ſent to by my brother; One Lucio
Was then the meſſenger;—
Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and deſir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.
Iſab. That's he indeed.
Duke. You were not bid to ſpeak.
Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Duke. I wiſh you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A buſineſs for yourſelf, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.
Lucio. I warrant your honour.
Duke. The warrant's for yourſelf; take heed to it.
Iſab. This gentleman told ſomewhat of my tale.
Lucio. Right.
Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To ſpeak before your time.—Proceed.
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.
Duke. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it;
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.
Iſab. In brief,—to ſet the needleſs proceſs by,
How I perſuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me[4], and how I reply'd;

[4] *How he* refell'd *me*,——] To *refel* is to refute.
" Refellere *et coarguere mendacium*." Cicero pro Ligario.
Ben Jonſon uſes the word:
" Friends, not to *refel* you,
" Or any way quell you."
The modern editors changed the word to *repel*. Again, in *The Second Part of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:
" Therefore go on, young Bruce, proceed, *refell*
" The allegation." STEEVENS.

(For this was of much length) the vile concluſion
I now begin with grief and ſhame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible[5] intemperate luſt,
Releaſe my brother; and, after much debatement,
My fiſterly remorſe[6] confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfeiting[7], he ſends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is moſt likely!

Iſab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true[8]!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch[9], thou know'ſt not what thou ſpeak'ſt;
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honour
In hateful practice[1]: Firſt, his integrity
Stands without blemiſh:—next, it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue

[5] *To his* concupiſcible, &c.] Such is the old reading. The modern editors unauthoritatively ſubſtitute *concupiſcent*. STEEVENS.

[6] *By fiſterly* remorſe] i. e. pity STEEVENS.

[7] *His purpoſe* ſurfeiting] Thus the old copy. We might read *forfeiting*, but the former word is too much in the manner of Shakſpeare to be rejected. So in *Othello:*

"——my hopes not *ſurfeited* to death." STEEVENS.

[8] *Oh that it were as* like, *as it is true!*] *Like* is not here uſed for *probable*, but for *ſeemly*. She catches at the duke's word, and turns it to another ſenſe; of which there are a great many examples in Shakſpeare, and the writers of that time. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee why *like* may not ſtand here for *probable*, or why the lady ſhould not wiſh, that ſince her tale is true, it may obtain belief. If Dr. Warburton's explication be right, we ſhould read,

O! that it were as likely, *as 'tis true!*

Likely I have never found for *ſeemly*. JOHNSON.

The meaning I think, is: O that it had as much of the *appearance* as it has of the *reality* of truth! MALONE.

[9] ——fond *wretch*,] *Fond* wretch is *fooliſh* wretch. So in another play of our author:

"'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable ſtrokes." STEEVENS.

[1] *In hateful* practice:——] *Practice* was uſed by the old writers for any unlawful or inſidious ſtratagem. So again:

"*This muſt needs be* practice:"

and again:

"*Let me have way to find this* practice *out.*" JOHNSON.

Faults

Faults proper to himſelf: if he had ſo offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himſelf,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath ſet you on;
Confeſs the truth, and ſay by whoſe advice
Thou cam'ſt here to complain.

Iſab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you bleſſed miniſters above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
[2]In countenance!—Heaven ſhield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer—
To priſon with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall
On him ſo near us? This needs muſt be a practice[3].
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Iſab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghoſtly father, belike: Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a medling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay my lord,
For certain words he ſpake againſt your grace
In your retirement, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.

Duke. Words againſt me? this' a good friar belike!
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our ſubſtitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yeſternight, my lord, ſhe and that friar
I ſaw him at the priſon: a ſawcy friar,
A very ſcurvy fellow.

[2] *In countenance!*—] i. e. in partial favour. WARBURTON.

[3] ——practice.] *Practice* in Shakſpeare, very often means *ſhameful artifice*, unjuſtifiable ſtratagem. So in *K. Lear:*

"———— This is *practice*, Gloſter."

Again, in *K. John:*

"It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand,
"The *practice* and the purpoſe of the king." STEEVENS.

Peter. Bleſſed be your royal grace!
I have ſtood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: Firſt, hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your ſubſtitute;
Who is as free from touch or ſoil with her,
As ſhe from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no leſs.
Know you that friar Lodowick, which ſhe ſpeaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not ſcurvy, nor a temporary medler[4],
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truſt, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, miſreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, moſt villainouſly; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himſelf;
But at this inſtant he is ſick, my lord,
Of a ſtrange fever: Upon his mere requeſt[5],
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt lord Angelo) came I hither,
To ſpeak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whenever he's convented[6]. Firſt, for this woman;

(To

4 — *nor a* temporary *medler*,] It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary* medler. In its uſual ſenſe, as oppoſed to *perpetual*, it cannot be uſed here. It may ſtand for *temporal*: the ſenſe will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with* ſecular *affairs*. It may mean *temporiſing*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not* temporiſe, *or take the opportunity of your abſence to defame you*. Or we may read:

Not ſcurvy, nor a tamperer and *medler*:

not one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a falſe evidence againſt your deputy. JOHNSON.

5 —— *his* mere *requeſt*,] See Vol. I. P. 7. STEEVENS.

6 *Whenever he's* conven'd ——] The firſt folio reads, *convented*, and this is right: for to *convene* ſignifies to aſſemble; but *convent*, to cite, or ſummons. Yet becauſe *convented* hurts the meaſure, the Oxford editor ſticks to *conven'd*, though it be nonſenſe, and ſignifies, *Whenever he is aſſembled together*. But thus it will be, when the author is thinking of one thing, and his critic of another.

The

(To juſtify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly[7] and perſonally accus'd)
Her ſhall you hear diſproved to her eyes,
Till ſhe herſelf confeſs it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
Do you not ſmile at this, lord Angelo?—
O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us ſome ſeats.—Come, couſin Angelo[8];
In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cauſe.—Is this the witneſs, friar?

[*Iſabella is carried off, guarded.*

The poet was attentive to his ſenſe, and the editor quite throughout his performance, to nothing but the meaſure; which Shakſpeare having entirely neglected, like all the dramatic writers of that age, he has ſpruced him up with all the exactneſs of a modern meaſurer of ſyllables. This being here taken notice of once for all, ſhall, for the future, be forgot, as if it had never been. WARBURTON.

To *convent* is no uncommon word. So in *Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612:

" ——— leſt my looks
" Should tell the company *convented* there, &c.

To *convent* and to *convene* are derived from the ſame Latin verb, and have exactly the ſame meaning. STEEVENS.

[7] *So* vulgarly—] Meaning either ſo *groſsly*, with ſuch *indecency* of invective, or by ſo *mean* and inadequate witneſſes. JOHNSON.

Vulgarly, I believe means *publickly*. The *vulgar* are *the common people*. Daniel uſes *vulgarly* for *among the common people*:

" ——— and which pleaſes *vulgarly*." STEEVENS.

[8] " ——— Come, Couſin Angelo,
" In this I'll be *impartial*: be you judge
" Of your own cauſe."

Surely, ſays Mr. Theobald, this duke had odd notions of impartiality!—He reads therefore, " *I will be partial*," and all the editors follow him: even Mr. Heath declares the obſervation unanſwerable. But ſee the uncertainty of criticiſm! *impartial* was ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe of *partial*. In the old play of *Swetnam the Woman Hater*, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree againſt the women:

" You are *impartial*, and we do appeal
" From you to judges more indifferent." FARMER.

So in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d Part, 1602:

" ——There's not a beauty lives
" Hath that *impartial* predominance
" O'er my affects, as your enchanting graces."

Enter Mariana, veil'd.

Firſt, let her ſhew her face; and, after, ſpeak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not ſhew my face,
Until my huſband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing then:—
Neither maid, widow, nor wife[9]?

Lucio. My lord, ſhe may be a punk; for many of them
Are neither, maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe
To prattle for himſelf.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confeſs I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confeſs, beſides, I am no maid:

Again, in the firſt edit. of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597:

"Cruel, unjuſt, *impartial* deſtinies!"

In ſupport of the old reading, and in confirmation of Dr. Farmer's obſervation, it may be remarked, that the writers who were contemporary with Shakſpeare, when they would expreſs what we now call *impartial*, generally uſe the word *unpartial*. Thus Marſton in the play above quoted:

"I tell you, Lady, had you view'd us both
"With an *unpartial* eye."——

So Speed, in his *Hiſt. of Great Britain*, 1614, ſpeaking of the death of queen Elizabeth, ſays,—"The God of peace called her to a far higher glory by his *unpartial* meſſenger, Death." And indeed, I believe, it will be found, that the ancient Engliſh privative *un*, was in our author's time generally uſed; and that *in* or *im*, which modern writers have ſubſtituted in its place, was then frequently uſed as an augmentative or intenſive particle. Thus *impartial* was uſed for *very partial*, and *indifferent* for *very different*. See a note on the *Taming of a Shrew*, Act IV. Sc. i. MALONE.

[9] *Neither maid, widow, nor wife?*] This is a proverbial phraſe to be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

I have

I have known my huſband; yet my huſband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of ſilence, 'would thou wert ſo too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witneſs for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuſes him of fornication,
In ſelf ſame manner doth accuſe my huſband;
And charges him, my lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'll depoſe I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges ſhe more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you ſay, your huſband. [*To Mariana.*

Mari. Why, juſt, my lord, and that is Angelo.
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
But knows, he thinks, that he knows Iſabel's.

Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe[1]:—let's ſee thy face.

Mari. My huſband bids me; now I will unmaſk. [*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou ſwor'ſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract,
Was faſt belock'd in thine: this is the body
That took away the match from Iſabel,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe[2],
In her imagin'd perſon.

Duke.

[1] *This is a ſtrange abuſe:*—] *Abuſe* ſtands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle.* So in *Macbeth:*

" —— *my ſtrange and ſelf* abuſe,

means, *this ſtrange* deception *of myſelf.* JOHNSON.

[2] *And did ſupply thee at thy* garden-houſe,] A *garden-houſe* in the time of our author was uſually appropriated to purpoſes of intrigue. So in SKIALETHIA, *or a ſhadow of truth, in certain Epigrams and Satyres,* 1598:

" Who,

Duke. Know you this woman?
Lucio. Carnally, ſhe ſays.
Duke. Sirrah, no more.
Lucio. Enough, my lord.
Ang. My lord, I muſt confeſs, I know this woman;
And, five years ſince, there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt myſelf and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promiſed proportions[3]
Came ſhort of compoſition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was diſvalu'd
In levity: ſince which time, of five years,
I never ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.
Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is ſenſe in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife as ſtrongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gone, in his garden-houſe,
He knew me as a wife: As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees;
Or elſe for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!
Ang. I did but ſmile 'till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the ſcope of juſtice;

" Who, coming from the CURTAIN, ſneaketh in
" To ſome old *garden*, noted *houſe* for ſin".

Again, in the *London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605: " Sweet lady, if you have any friend, or *garden-houſe*, where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all ſecret ſervice". MALONE.

See alſo an extract from *Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuſes*, 4to, 1597, p. 57; quoted in the 5th Vol. of *Dodſley's Old Plays*, edit. 1780, p. 74. EDITOR.

[3] ——— *her promiſed proportions*
Came ſhort of compoſition; ———]
Her fortune, which was promiſed *proportionate* to mine, fell ſhort of the *compoſition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

My

My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive,
[4]These poor informal women are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member,
That ſets them on: Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And puniſh them unto your height of pleaſure.—
Thou fooliſh friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'ſt thou thy oaths,
Though they would ſwear down each particular ſaint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth and credit,
That's ſeal'd in approbation[5]?—You, lord Eſcalus,
Sit with my couſin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriv'd.——
There is another friar, that ſet them on;
Let him be ſent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed,
Hath ſet the women on to this complaint:
Your provoſt knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it inſtantly.—
And you, my noble and well-warranted couſin,

[4] *Theſe poor* informal *women* ——] *Informal* ſignifies *out of their ſenſes.* In the *Comedy of Errors*, we meet with theſe lines:

" ——I will not let him ſtir,
" Till I have uſed the approved means I have,
" With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
" To make of him a *formal* man again."

Formal, in this paſſage, evidently ſignifies *in his ſenſes.* The lines are ſpoken of Antipholis of Syracuſe, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Thou ſhouldſt come like a fury crown'd with ſnakes,
" Not like a *formal* man." STEEVENS.

[5] *That's ſeal'd in approbation?* ——] When any thing ſubject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a ſtamp or *ſeal* is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and meaſures. So the Duke ſays, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *ſeal'd* in teſtimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things ſo *ſealed*, is no more to be called in queſtion. JOHNSON.

Whom

Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth[5],
Do with your injuries as ſeems you beſt,
In any chaſtiſement: I for a while
Will leave you; but ſtir not you, till you have well
Determined upon theſe ſlanderers. [*Exit.*

Eſcal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior Lucio, did not you ſay, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: honeſt in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath ſpoke moſt villainous ſpeeches of the duke.

Eſcal. We ſhall intreat you to abide here till he come, and enforce them againſt him: We ſhall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Eſcal. Call that ſame Iſabel here once again; I would ſpeak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me leave to queſtion; you ſhall ſee how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Eſcal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, ſir, I think, if you handled her privately, ſhe ſhould ſooner confeſs; perchance, publickly ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provoſt. Iſabella is brought in.

Eſcal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight[6].

Eſcal. Come on, miſtreſs; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have ſaid.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the raſcal I ſpoke of; here with the provoſt.

Eſcal. In very good time:—ſpeak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

[5] —— *to hear this matter forth.*] To hear it to the end; to ſearch it to the bottom. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *are* light *at midnight.*] See note on the *Merchant of Venice:* Act V. Sc. I. STEEVENS.

Eſcal.

Eſcal. Come, ſir; Did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander lord Angelo? they have confeſs'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis falſe.

Eſcal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. [7] Reſpect to your great place! and let the devil[8]

Be ſometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he ſhould hear me ſpeak.

Eſcal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you ſpeak:
Look, you ſpeak juſtly.

Duke. Boldly, at leaſt:—But, oh, poor ſouls,
Come you to ſeek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redreſs: Is the duke gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too. The duke's unjuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt appeal[9],
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.

Lucio. This is the raſcal; this is he I ſpoke of.

Eſcal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women
To accuſe this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witneſs of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himſelf,
To tax him with injuſtice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll tooze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpoſe:—What? unjuſt?

Duke. Be not ſo hot; the duke

[7] *Reſpect*, &c.] I believe a line preceding this has been loſt. MALONE.

[8] — *let the devil*, &c.] In Holland's tranſlation of Pliny; vth book and 8th chapter, we meet with this idea. "The Augylæ *do no worſhip* to any but to the *devils* beneath." The book however was not publiſhed early enough for Shakſpeare to have ſeen it, when he wrote this play. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *To retort your manifeſt appeal*;] To *refer back* to Angelo the cauſe in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the Duke. JOHNSON.

Dare

Dare no more ſtretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his ſubject I am not,
Nor here provincial[1]: My buſineſs in this ſtate
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have ſeen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the ſtew: laws, for all faults;
But faults ſo countenanc'd, that the ſtrong ſtatutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop[2],
As much in mock as mark.

Eſcal. Slander to the ſtate! Away with him to priſon.

Ang. What can you vouch againſt him, ſignior Lucio?
Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

[1] *Nor here provincial:*] Nor here *accountable*. The meaning ſeems to be, I am not one of his natural ſubjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

[2] *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's ſhop,*] Barbers ſhops were, at all times, the reſort of idle people:

"*Tonſrina erat quædam: hic ſolebamus ferè*
"*Plerumque eam opperiri*————"

Which Donatus calls *apta ſedes otioſis*. Formerly with us, the better ſort of people went to the barber's ſhop to be trimmed; who then practiſed the under parts of ſurgery: ſo that he had occaſion for numerous inſtruments, which lay there ready for uſe; and the idle people, with whom his ſhop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and miſuſing them. To remedy which, I ſuppoſe there was placed up againſt the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which it is not likely, would long preſerve its authority. WARBURTON.

This explanation may ſerve till a better is diſcovered. But whoever has ſeen the inſtruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may be very eaſily kept out of improper hands in a very ſmall box, or in his pocket. JOHNSON.

The forfeits in a barber's ſhop are brought forward by Mr. Kenrick with a parade worthy of the ſubject. FARMER.

It was formerly part of a *barber's* occupation to *pick* the *teeth* and *ears*. So in the old play of *Herod* and *Antipater*, 1622, *Typhon* the *barber* enters with a caſe of inſtruments, to each of which he addreſſes himſelf ſeparately:

"Toothpick, dear toothpick; earpick, both of you
"Have been her ſweet companions!—&c." STEEVENS.

Duke.

Duke. I remember you, ſir, by the ſound of your voice: I met you at the priſon, in the abſence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you ſo? And do you remember what you ſaid of the duke?

Duke. Moſt notedly, ſir.

Lucio. Do you ſo, ſir? And was the duke a fleſh-monger, a fool, and a coward[3], as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You muſt, ſir, change perſons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, ſpoke ſo of him; and much more, much worſe.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?

Duke. I proteſt, I love the duke, as I love myſelf.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.

Eſcal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to priſon:—Where is the provoſt?—Away with him to priſon; lay bolts enough upon him: let him ſpeak no more:—away with thoſe giglots too[4], and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provoſt lays hands on the Duke.*

Duke. Stay, ſir; ſtay a while,

Ang. What! reſiſts he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, ſir; come, ſir; come, ſir; foh, ſir; Why, you bald-pated, lying raſcal! you muſt be hooded, muſt you? ſhow your knave's viſage, with

[3] ——*and a coward,*] So again afterwards:

"*You, ſirrah, that know me for a fool, a* coward,
"*One all of luxury*——"

But Lucio had not, in the former converſation, mentioned *cowardice* among the faults of the duke.—Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*thoſe* giglots *too,*] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. So in *K. Henry* VI. P. I:

"——young Talbot was not born
"To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench." STEEVENS.

a pox

a pox to you! ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour[5]! Will't not off?

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and diſcovers the Duke.*

Duke. Thou art the firſt knave, that e'er mad'ſt a duke.——

Firſt, provoſt, let me bail theſe gentle three:——
Sneak not away, ſir; [*to Lucio*] for the friar and you
Muſt have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worſe than hanging.

Duke. What you have ſpoke, I pardon; ſit you down.—— [*To Eſcalus.*

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:
[*To Angelo.*

Haſt thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou haſt,

[5] *Show your ſheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?*] This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phraſe on ſuch occaſions is ſimply; *ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hanged.* The words *an hour* have no particular uſe here, nor are authoriſed by cuſtom. I ſuppoſe it was written thus, *ſhow your ſheep-biting face, and be hanged—an how? will't not off?* In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obſtruction or reſiſtance, it is common to exclaim *an' how?* JOHNSON.

Show your ſheep-biting face, and be *hang'd an hour:*] Dr. Johnſon's alteration is wrong. In the *Alchemiſt* we meet with "a man that has been *ſtrangled an hour*"

"What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while,*" is a line of an old madrigal. FARMER.

A ſimilar expreſſion is found in Ben Jonſon's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:

"Leave the bottle behind you, and be curſt *a while.*"
MALONE.

Show your ſheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour.] Dr. Johnſon is much too poſitive in aſſerting "that the words *an hour* have "no particular uſe here, nor are authoriſed by cuſtom," as Dr. Farmer has well proved. The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of puniſhing by colliſtrigium, or the original pillory, made like part of the pillory at preſent which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, ſo that the culprit hung ſuſpended in it by his chin, and the back of his head. A diſtinct account of it may be found, if I miſtake not, in Mr. Barrington's *Obſervations on the Statutes.* HENLEY.

Rely

Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I ſhould be guiltier than my guiltineſs,
To think I can be undiſcernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my paſſes[4]: Then, good prince,
No longer ſeſſion hold upon my ſhame,
But let my trial be mine own confeſſion;
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, waſt thou e'er contracted with this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which conſummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provoſt.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provoſt.*

Eſcal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his diſhonour,
Than at the ſtrangeneſs of it.

Duke. Come hither, Iſabel:
Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
Advertiſing, and holy[5] to your buſineſs,
Not changing heart with habit, I am ſtill
Attorney'd at your ſervice.

Iſab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vaſſal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown ſovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Iſabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us[6].
Your brother's death, I know, ſits at your heart:
And

[4] *my* paſſes:] i. e. what has paſt in my adminiſtration. STEEVENS.

[5] *Advertiſing and holy*] Attentive and faithful. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*be you as free to us.*] Be as *generous* to us, pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

And you may marvel, why I obſcur'd myſelf,
Labouring to ſave his life; and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be ſo loſt: Oh, moſt kind maid,
It was the ſwift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe [7]: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, paſt fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So, happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provoſt.

Iſab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you muſt pardon him
For Mariana's ſake: But as he adjudg'd your brother,
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of ſacred chaſtity; and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life)
The very mercy of the law cries out
Moſt audible, even from his proper tongue [8],
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haſte ſtill pays haſte, and leiſure anſwers leiſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill *for Meaſure* [9].

7 *That brain'd my purpoſe:* ———] We now uſe in converſation a like phraſe. *This it was that knocked my deſign on the head.* Dr. Warburton reads:

——— baned *my purpoſe.* JOHNSON.

8 ——— *even from his proper tongue,*] Even from Angelo's *own tongue.* So above.

" *In the witneſs of his* proper *ear*
" *To call him villain.*" JOHNSON.

9 So in the Third Part of *K. Henry* VI:

" *Meaſure for Meaſure* muſt be anſwered." STEEVENS.

The following lines in an old tragedy entitled—*A Warning for faire Women*, 1599; (but apparently written ſome years before) might have furniſhed Shakſpeare with the title of this play:

" The trial now remains as ſhall conclude,
" *Meaſure for Meaſure*, and loſt blood for blood."

MALONE.

Then,

Then, Angelo, thy faults thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny, denies thee vantage[1]:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte;—
Away with him.
Mari. Oh, my moſt gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a huſband!
Duke. It is your huſband mock'd you with a huſband:
Conſenting to the ſafeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; elſe imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his poſſeſſions,
Although by confiſcation they are ours,
We do enſtate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better huſband.
Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.
Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.
Mari. Gentle, my liege— [*Kneeling.*
Duke. You do but loſe your labour;——
Away with him to death.—Now, ſir, to you.
[*To Lucio.*
Mari. Oh, my good lord!—Sweet Iſabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you, all my life to do you ſervice.
Duke. Againſt all ſenſe you do importune her[2]:
Should ſhe kneel down in mercy of this fact,

[1] ——*denies thee vantage:*] Takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. WARBURTON.

[2] *Againſt all* ſenſe *you do importune her:*] The meaning required is, againſt all reaſon and natural affection; Shakſpeare, therefore, judiciouſly uſes a ſingle word that implies both; *ſenſe* ſignifying both reaſon and affection. JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in the *Tempeſt*. Act II:

"You cram theſe words into my ears, againſt
"The ſtomach of my *ſenſe*." STEEVENS.

Her brother's ghoſt his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Iſabel,
Sweet Iſabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, ſay nothing, I'll ſpeak all.
They ſay, beſt men are moulded out of faults;
And, for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad; ſo may my huſband.
Oh, Iſabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Iſab. Moſt bounteous ſir, [*Kneeling.*
Look if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me[3]; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die: my brother had but juſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd:

[3] *Till he did look on me*;] The duke has juſtly obſerved that Iſabel is *importuned againſt all ſenſe* to ſolicit for Angelo, yet here *againſt all ſenſe* ſhe ſolicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary.

A due ſincerity govern'd his deeds
'Till he did look on me; ſince it is ſo,
Let him not die.

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged againſt him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Iſabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's crimes were ſuch, as muſt ſufficiently juſtify puniſhment, whether its end be to ſecure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels ſome indignation when he finds him ſpared. From what extenuation of his crime, can Iſabel, who yet ſuppoſes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour? *Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raiſes the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. JOHNSON.

" How oft the ſight of power to do ill deeds,
" Makes ill deeds done!" *K. John.* STEEVENS.

[4] *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent*;] So in *Macbeth*:

" The flighty purpoſe never is *o'ertook*,
" Unleſs the deed go with it." STEEVENS.

For

For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent[4];
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice[4]:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have rèserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grosly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

[4] —— *after more advice:*] i. e. after more mature consideration. See Vol. I. P. 176. STEEVENS.

Re-enter Provoſt, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art ſaid to have a ſtubborn ſoul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for thoſe earthly faults[6], I quit them all;
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come;——Friar, adviſe him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another priſoner, that I ſav'd,
Who ſhould have dy'd when Claudio loſt his head;
As like almoſt to Claudio as himſelf.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake [*To Iſab.*
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely ſake,
Give me your hand, and ſay, you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's ſafe[7];
Methinks, I ſee a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well[8]:
Look, that you love your wife[9]; her worth, worth yours[1].——
I find an apt remiſſion in myſelf;

And

[6] ——*for thoſe earthly faults,*] Thy faults, ſo far as they are puniſhable on earth, ſo far as they are cogniſable by temporal power, I forgive. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*perceives he's ſafe;*] It is ſomewhat ſtrange that Iſabel is not made to expreſs either gratitude, wonder, or joy at the ſight of her brother. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*your evil quits you well:*] *Quits you*, recompenſes, requites you. JOHNSON.

[9] *Look that you love your wife;*] So in *Promos*, &c.
"Be loving to good Caſſandra, thy wife." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *her worth, worth yours.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads,
Her worth works *yours.*

This

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon[1];—
You, ſirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[*To Lucio.*
One all of luxury, an aſs, a madman;
Wherein have I deſerved ſo of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick[3]: if you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would pleaſe you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provoſt, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him ſwear himſelf, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptial finiſh'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beſeech your highneſs, do not marry me to a whore! your highneſs ſaid even now, I made you a duke; good, my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou ſhalt marry her.
Thy ſlanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits[4]!—Take him to priſon:
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.

This reading is adopted by Dr. Warburton, but for what reaſon? How does her *worth work Angelo's worth?* it has only contributed to *work* his pardon. The words are, as they are too frequently, an affected gingle, but the ſenſe is plain. *Her worth, worth yours*; that is, her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

[3] ———*according to the trick:*] To my cuſtom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

[4] —*thy other forfeits:*] Thy other puniſhments. JOHNSON.

To *forfeit* anciently ſignified *to commit a carnal offence.* So in the *Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date. "—to affirme by an untrue knight, that the noble queen Beatrice had *forfayted* with a dogge." Again, in the 12th Pageant of the Coventry Collection of Myſteries, the Virgin Mary tells Joſeph:

"I dede nevyr *forfete* with man I wys."

MS. Cott. Veſp. D. viii. STEEVENS.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is preſſing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deſerves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you reſtore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confeſs'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs[5]:
There's more behind that is more gratulate[6].—
Thanks, provoſt, for thy care and ſecreſy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place:—
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itſelf.—Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:—
So bring us to our palace; where we'll ſhow
What's yet behind, that's meet you all ſhould know.

[*Exeunt*[7].

5 *Thanks good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs*:] I have always thought that there is great confuſion in this concluding ſpeech. If my criticiſm would not be cenſured as too licentious, I ſhould regulate it thus:

Thanks, good friend Eſcalus, for thy much goodneſs.
Thanks, Provoſt, for thy care and ſecrecy;
We ſhall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
Ang. *Th' offence pardons itſelf.*
Duke. *There's more behind*
That is more gratulate. Dear Iſabel,
I have a motion, &c. JOHNSON.

6 ——*that is more* gratulate] i. e. *to be more rejoiced in*;—— meaning, I ſuppoſe, that there is another world, where he will find yet greater reaſon to rejoice in conſequence of his upright miniſtry *Eſcalus* is repreſented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with Angelo, had reached the higheſt office of the ſtate. He therefore could not be ſufficiently rewarded here; but is neceſſarily referred to a future and more exalted recompence. STEEVENS.

7 I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakſpeare has given turns to this ſtory from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the firſt place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governour ſends his head in a bravado to the

the ſiſter, after he had debauched her on promiſe of marriage. A circumſtance of too much horror and villainy for the ſtage. And, in the next place, the ſiſter afterwards is, to ſolder up her diſgrace, married to the governour, and begs his life of the emperour, though he had unjuſtly been the death of her brother. Both which abſurdities the poet has avoided by the epiſode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The duke's remaining incognito at home to ſuperviſe the conduct of his deputy, is alſo entirely our authour's fiction.

This ſtory was attempted for the ſcene before our authour was fourteen years old, by one George Whetſtone, in *Two Comical Diſcourſes*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous hiſtory of Promos and Caſſandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The authour going that year with Sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publiſh.

THEOBALD.

The novel of Cynthio Giraldi, from which Shakſpeare is ſuppoſed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakeſpeare illuſtrated*, elegantly tranſlated, with remarks, which will aſſiſt the enquirer to diſcover how much abſurdity Shakſpeare has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a ſtory which in ſome particulars reſembled it, and that Cynthio was not the authour whom Shakſpeare immediately followed. The emperour in Cynthio is named Maximine; the duke in Shakſpeare's enumeration of the perſons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very ſlight remark; but ſince the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why ſhould he be called Vincentio among the *perſons*, but becauſe the name was copied from the ſtory, and placed ſuperfluouſly at the head of the liſt by the mere habit of tranſcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a ſtory of Vincentio duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine emperour of the Romans.

Of this play the light or comic part is very natural and pleaſing, but the grave ſcenes, if a few paſſages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; ſome time, we know not how much, muſt have elapſed between the receſs of the duke and the impriſonment of Claudio; for he muſt have learn'd the ſtory of Mariana in his diſguiſe, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are ſufficiently preſerved. JOHNSON.

The duke probably had learnt the ſtory of Mariana in ſome of his former retirements, "having ever loved the life removed." (Page 23) And he had a ſuſpicion that Angelo was but a *ſeemer*, (page 27) and therefore he ſtays to watch him." BLACKSTONE.

The Fable of Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578.

"The Argument of the whole *Hiſtorye*."

"In the cyttie of *Julio* (ſome time under the dominion of *Corvinus*

Corvinus kynge of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia*) there was a law, that what man ſo ever committed adultery, ſhould loſe his head, and the woman offender, ſhould wear ſome diſguiſed apparel, during her life, to make her infamouſly noted. This ſevere lawe, by the favour of ſome mercifull magiſtrate became little regarded, untill the time of lord *Promos* auctority: who convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him and his minion, to the execution of this ſtatute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his ſiſter, named *Caſſandra: Caſſandra* to enlarge her brother's life, ſubmitted an humble petition to the lord *Promos: Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantaſying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the ſweete order of her talke: and doyng good, that evill might come thereof: for a time he repryv'd her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking into unlawfull luſt, he ſet downe the ſpoile of her honour, raunſome for her brothers life: chaſte *Caſſandra*, abhorring both him and his ſute, by no perſuaſion would yeald to this raunſome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of hir brother (pleading for life:) upon theſe conditions, ſhe agreed to *Promos*. Firſt, that he ſhould pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as fearles in promiſſe, as careleſſe in performance, with ſollemne vowe ſygned her conditions: but worſe then any infydell, his will ſatisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his auctoritye, unſpotted with favour, and to prevent *Caſſandra*'s clamors, he commaunded the gayler ſecretly, to preſent *Caſſandra* with her brother's head. The gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, (abhoryng *Promos* lewdenes) by the providence of God, provided thus for his ſafety. He preſented *Caſſandra* with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brothers, by the gayler, who was ſet at libertie) was ſo agreeved at this trecherye, that at the point to kyl herſelf, ſhe ſpared that ſtroke, to be avenged of *Promos*. And devyſing a way, ſhe concluded to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executing this reſolution) was ſo highly favoured of the kinge, that forthwith he haſted to do juſtice on *Promos:* whoſe judgement was, to marrye *Caſſandra*, to repair her eraſed honour: which done, for his hainous offence he ſhould loſe his head. This maryage ſolempniſed, *Caſſandra* tyed in the greateſt bondes of affection to her huſband, became an earneſt ſuter for his life: the kinge (tendring the generall benefit of the comon weale, before her ſpecial eaſe, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her ſute. *Andrugio* (diſguiſed amonge the company) ſorrowing the griefe of his ſiſter, bewrayde his ſafety, and craved pardon The kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Caſſandra*, pardoned both him, and *Promos*. The circumſtances of this rare hiſtorye, in action livelye foloweth."

Whetſtone, however, has not afforded a very correct analyſis of his play, which contains a mixture of comic ſcenes, between a Bawd, a Pimp, Felons, &c. together with ſome ſerious ſituations which are not deſcribed. STEEVENS.

COMEDY

COMEDY

OF

ERRORS.

Perſons Repreſented.

Solinus, *Duke of* Epheſus.
Ægeon, *a Merchant of* Syracuſe.

Antipholis *of* Epheſus[1], } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to*
Antipholis *of* Syracuſe, } Ægeon *and* Æmilia, *but unknown to each other.*

Dromio *of* Epheſus, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio *of* Syracuſe, } *two* Antipholis's.

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*
Angelo, *a Goldſmith.*
A Merchant, Friend of Antipholis *of* Syracuſe.
Dr. Pinch, *a School-maſter, and Conjurer.*

Æmilia, *Wife to* Ægeon, *an Abbeſs at* Epheſus.
Adriana, *Wife to* Antipholis *of* Epheſus.
Luciana, *Siſter to* Adriana.
Luce, *Servant to* Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Jailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Epheſus.

[1] In the old copy, theſe brothers are occaſionally ſtyled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps—*erraticus*, and *ſurreptus*. One of theſe twins *wandered* in ſearch of his brother who had been *forced* from Æmilia, by fiſhermen of Corinth. The following acroſtic is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
Ei, ſurrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen ſurreptitii illi indit qui domi eſt
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Soſiclem.
Et is germanum, poſtquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras. Poſt Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille ſurreptitius.
Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et ſocer.
Ii ſe cognoſcunt fratres poſtremò invicem.

The *tranſlator*, W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Soſicles*, and *Menæchmus* the *traveller*. Whenceſoever *Shakſpeare* adopted *erraticus* and *ſurreptus* (which either he or his editors have miſ-ſpelt) theſe diſtinctions were ſoon dropt, and throughout the reſt of the entries the *twins* are ſtyled of *Syracuſe* or *Epheſus*. STEEVENS.

COMEDY

COMEDY of ERRORS[2].

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all
Duke. Merchant of Syracuſa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:

[2] Shakſpeare certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whoſe verſion of the acroſtical argument already quoted, is as follows:

" Two twinne borne ſonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Soſicles the other;
" The firſt his father loſt a little lad,
" The grandſire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell took to ſeeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him ſo like,
" That citizens there take him for the ſame:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each miſtaking either,
" Much pleaſant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the laſt of theſe lines ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the title for his piece.

See this tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, among *ſix old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, Charing-croſs.

At Stationers-Hall, Nov. 15, 1613: " A booke called *Two Twinnes*" was entered by Geo. Norton. Such a play indeed, by W. Rider, was publiſhed in 4to. 1655. And Langbaine ſuſpects it to be much older than the date annex'd: otherwiſe the *Twins* might have been regarded as Shakſpeare's *Comedy of Errors*, under another title. STEEVENS.

The enmity and diſcord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, ſince the mortal and inteſtine jars
'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuſans and ourſelves,
To admit no traffick to our adverſe towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Epheſus,
Be ſeen at Syracuſan marts and fairs,
Again, if any Syracuſan born,
Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies,
His goods confiſcate to the duke's diſpoſe;
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening ſun.

Duke. Well, Syracuſan, ſay, in brief, the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to Epheſus.

Ægeon. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,

Comedy of Errors.] I ſuſpect this and all other plays where much rhime is uſed, and eſpecially long hobbling verſes, to have been among Shakſpeare's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

A play with this title was exhibited at Gray's-inn, in December 1594; but it was probably a tranſlation from Plautus.—"After ſuch ſports, a *Comedy of Errors* (*like* to Plautus his *Menechmus*) was played by the players: ſo that night was begun, and continued to the end in nothing but confuſion and errors. Whereupon it was ever afterwards call *the Night of errors.*". *Geſta Grayorum*, 1688. The Regiſters of Gray's-inn have been examined, for the purpoſe of aſcertaining whether the play abovementioned was our author's;—but they afforded no information on the ſubject. MALONE.

Than I to ſpeak my griefs unſpeakable:
Yet, that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature, [3] not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;
And he, great ſtore of goods at random leaving,
Drew me from kind embracements of my ſpouſe,
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male twins, both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:

[3] *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,*] All his hearers underſtood that the puniſhment he was about to undergo was in conſequence of no private crime, but of the public enmity between two ſtates, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general ſuperſtition amongſt the ancients, that every great and ſudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven purſuing men for their ſecret offences. Hence the ſentiment put into the mouth of the ſpeaker was proper. By my paſt life, (ſays he) which I am going to relate, the world may underſtand, that my preſent death is according to the ordinary courſe of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes, [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

Unwilling

Unwilling I agreed; alas, too ſoon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inſtance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obſcured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means were none.—
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm, and we diſcovered
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—Oh, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo:
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon.

Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done ſo, I had not now,
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us!
For, ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt,
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe.
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind;
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſher of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.

Duke. And, for the ſakes of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Aſia[6],
And,

6 *Roaming* clean *through the bounds of Aſia,*] In the northern parts

And, coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus!
Hopeleſs to find, yet loth to leave unſought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire miſhap!
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not diſannul,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement,
Yet I will favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy help[7] by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Jailor, take him to thy cuſtody. [*Ex. Duke and train.*

Jailor. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs, and helpleſs doth Ægeon wend[8],
But to procraſtinate his liveleſs end.

[*Exeunt Ægeon and Jailor.*

parts of England this word is ſtill uſed inſtead of *quite*, *fully*, *perfectly*, *completely*. So in *Coriolanus*:

" ——— This is *clean* kam."

Again in *Julius Cæſar*:

" *Clean* from the purpoſe of the things themſelves."

The reader will likewiſe find it in the 77th Pſalm. STEEVENS.

7 ——— *help*] The Author of THE REMARKS propoſes to read *life*. EDITOR.

8 ——*wend*,] i. e. go. See fol. 136.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and ſleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am ſtiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having ſo good a means.

[*Exit Dromio.*

Ant. A truſty villain, ſir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jeſts.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, ſir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Pleaſe you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards conſort you till bed-time;
My preſent buſineſs calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then: I will go loſe myſelf,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
[*Exit Merchant.*

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean ſeeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unſeen, inquiſitive, confounds himſelf;
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In queſt of them, unhappy, loſe myſelf.

Enter Dromio of Epheſus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoon?

E. Dro. Return'd ſo ſoon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the ſpit;
The clock has ſtrucken twelve upon the bell,
My miſtreſs made it one upon my cheek:
She is ſo hot, becauſe the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach;
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, ſir: tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—ſix-pence, that I had o'Wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſadler for my miſtreſs' crupper;—
The ſadler had it, ſir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being but ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jeſt, ſir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;

If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed [7],
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.
[8] Methinks, your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.
Ant. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?
E. Dro. To me, ſir? why you gave no gold to me.
Ant. Come on, ſir knave, have done your fooliſhneſs,
And tell me, how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.
E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the Phœnix, ſir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs, and her ſiſter, ſtay for you.
Ant. Now, as I am a chriſtian, anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have diſpos'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce [9] of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:

[7] ——*I ſhall be* poſt *indeed,*
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.]
Perhaps before writing was a general accompliſhment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares iſſued out of a ſhop, was kept by chalk or notches on a *poſt*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So *Kitely* the merchant making his jealous enquiries concerning the familiarities uſed to his wife, *Cob* anſwers:——
" —— if I ſaw any body to be kiſs'd, unleſs they would have kiſs'd the *poſt* in the middle of the warehouſe, &c." STEEVENS.

[8] *Methinks your maw, like mine, ſhould be your* clock,] The only authentick ancient copy of this play reads "your *cook*." Mr. Pope, I believe, made the change. MALONE.

[9] —— *that merry* ſconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* is *head*. So in *Hamlet*, Act V: " —— why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *ſconce?*"
Again in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:
" ——— I ſay no more,
" But 'tis within this *ſconce* to go beyond them.
STEEVENS.

Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?
E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders,
But not a thouſand marks between you both.—
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.
Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks! what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?
E. Dro. Your worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the Phœnix;
She, that doth faſt, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, ſir knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, ſir? for God's ſake hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not, ſir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit Dromio.*
Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
The villain is 'o'er-raught of all my money.
They ſay, this town is full of cozenage[2];
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye[3],
Dark-

[1] —— *o'er-raught* —] That is *over-reached.* JOHNSON.
So in *Hamlet:*
" ——— certain players
" We *o'er-raught* on the way."
Again, *Spenſer's Fairy Queen*, b. vi. c. 3:
" Having by chance a cloſe advantage view'd,
" He *over-raught* him, &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients give of it. Hence Ἐφεσια ἁλεξιφαρμακα was proverbial amongſt them. Thus Menander uſes it, and Ἐφεσια γραμματα, in the ſame ſenſe. WARBURTON.

[3] *As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,*
Dark-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;]
Thoſe, who attentively conſider theſe three lines, muſt confeſs, that the poet intended the epithet given to each of theſe miſcreants, ſhould declare the power by which they perform their feats, and which

Dark-working ſorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Diſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many ſuch like liberties of ſin[4]:

which would therefore be a juſt characteriſtic of each of them. Thus, by *nimble* jugglers, we are taught, that they perform their tricks by *ſlight of hand*: and by *ſoul-killing* witches, we are informed, the miſchief they do is by the aſſiſtance of the devil, to whom they have given their ſouls: but then, by *dark working* ſorcerers, we are not inſtructed in the means by which they perform their ends. Beſides, this epithet agrees as well to witches as to them; and therefore certainly our author could not deſign this in their characteriſtic. We ſhould read:

Drug-working *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*

and we know by the hiſtory of ancient and modern ſuperſtition, that theſe kind of jugglers always pretended to work changes of the mind by theſe applications. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has endeavoured with much earneſtneſs to recommend his alteration; but, if I may judge of other apprehenſions by my own, without great ſucceſs. This interpretation of *ſoul-killing* is forced and harſh. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ſoul-ſelling*, agreeable enough to the common opinion, but without ſuch improvement as may juſtify the change. Perhaps the epithets have only been miſplaced, and the lines ſhould be read thus;

Soul killing *ſorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body*;

This change ſeems to remove all difficulties.

By *ſoul-killing* I underſtand deſtroying the rational faculties by ſuch means as make men fancy themſelves beaſts. JOHNSON.

Witches or ſorcerers themſelves, as well as thoſe who employed them, were ſuppoſed to forfeit their ſouls by making uſe of a forbidden agency. In that ſenſe they may be ſaid to deſtroy the ſouls of others as well as their own. I believe Dr. Johnſon has done as much as was neceſſary to remove all difficulty from the paſſage.

The hint for this enumeration of cheats, &c. Shakſpeare received from the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595. "For this, aſſure yourſelfe this towne *Epidamnum* is a place of outrageous expences, exceeding in all ryot and laſciviouſneſſe: and (I heare) as full of ribaulds, paraſites, drunkards, catchpoles, cony-catchers, and ſycophants, as it can hold; then for curtizans, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] —*liberties of ſin:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*, which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but perſons, ſeems right. JOHNSON.

If it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave;
I greatly fear my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Houſe of Antipholis of Epheſus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Neither my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps, ſome merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner.
Good ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is maſter of his liberty;
Time is their maſter; and, when they ſee time,
They'll go or come; If ſo, be patient, ſiſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out o' door.
Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.
Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo[1].
Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.
There's

[1] Adr. *There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.*
Luc. *Why head-ſtrong liberty is* laſh'd *with woe.*]
Should it not rather be *leaſh'd*, i. e. coupled like a head-ſtrong hound?

The high opinion I muſt neceſſarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgment, who furniſhed this obſervation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this paſſage may be, that thoſe who refuſe the *bridle* muſt bear the *laſh*, and that woe is the puniſhment of head-

There's nothing, ſituate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubject, and at their controuls:
Men, more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry ſeas,
Indu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſouls,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowls,
Are maſters to their females and their lords;
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where[2]?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr.

head-ſtrong liberty. It may be obſerved, however, that the ſeamen ſtill uſe *laſh* in the ſame ſenſe as *leaſh*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didſt counſel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *laſh*." Again in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576: "Yet both in *laſhe* at length this Creſſid leaves." *Lace* was the old Engliſh word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"To thee Caſſandra which doſt hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *laſhes* his guns, the ſportſman *leaſhes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of faſtening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the ſame original is the word *windlaſs*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewiſe ſignified to beſtow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So in the 2nd. Part of *Decker's Honeſt Whore*, 1630:

"——— the lazy lowne
"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"So, now my back has room to reach; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a raſcal." STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *ſtart ſome other* where?] I cannot but think, that our authour wrote:

——— *ſtart ſome other* hare?

So

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though ſhe pauſe[5];
They can be meek, that have no other cauſe.
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain:
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But, if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left[6].

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

Enter Dromio of Epheſus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Cupid is ſaid to be *a good hare-finder*. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So in *Lear*:

" Thou loſeſt *here*, a better *where* to find."

Again, in Tho. Drant's tranſlation of Horace's Satires, 1567:

" ——— they ranged in eatche *where*,
" No ſpouſailes knowne, &c."

The ſenſe is, *How, if your huſband fly off in purſuit of ſome other woman?* The expreſſion is uſed again, ſcene 3.

" ——— his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act i:

" This is not Romeo, he's ſome *other where*."

Other-where ſignifies—*in other places*. So in *K. Henry* VIII. act II. ſc. 2:

" The king hath ſent me *otherwhere*." STEEVENS.

5 ——*though ſhe pauſe*;] To *pauſe* is to reſt, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

6 —*fool'd-begg'd*—] She ſeems to mean, by *fool'd-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is ſo near to *idiotical ſimplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to repreſent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianſhip of your fortune. JOHNSON.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them [7].

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It ſeems, he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, ſure, he's ſtark mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I: *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:
My miſtreſs, ſir, quoth I; *Hang up thy miſtreſs*;
I know not thy miſtreſs; *out on thy miſtreſs!*

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, *no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake, ſend ſome other meſſenger.

[7] *that I could ſcarce* underſtand *them.*] i. e. that I could ſcarce *ſtand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, ſeems to have been the favourite of Shakſpeare. It has been already introduced in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"——my ſtaff *underſtands* me." STEEVENS.

Adr.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.
E. Dro. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.
Adr. Hence, prating peaſant; fetch thy maſter home.
E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me[8],
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather[9].
[*Exit.*
Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!
Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath waſted it:
Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's maſter of my ſtate:
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures[1]: [2]My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair:
But,

[8] *Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,*] He plays upon the word *round*, which ſignified *ſpherical* applied to himſelf, and *unreſtrained*, or *free in ſpeech* or *action*, ſpoken of his miſtreſs. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her ſon. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *caſe me in leather,*] Still alluding to a football, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

[1] *Of my* defeatures.] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the ſame word is uſed with a ſomewhat different ſignification. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *My decayed fair*] Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *gilt*, as a ſubſtantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this inſtance *fair* for *fairneſs*. Τὸ μὴ καλὸν, is a ſimilar expreſſion. In the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

"Demetrius loves your *fair*."

Pure

But, too unruly [3] deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale [4].

Luc.

Pure is likewiſe uſed as a ſubſtantive in the *Shepherd to the Flowers*, a ſong in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Do pluck your *pure*, ere Phœbus view the land."

STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently uſed *ſubſtantively* by the writers of Shakſpeare's time. So Marſton in one of his ſatires:

"As the greene meads, whoſe native outward *faire*
"Breathes ſweet perfumes into the neighbour air."

FARMER.

3 ——*too unruly deer*,——] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on the *Ladies Girdle*:

"This was my heav'n's extremeſt ſphere,
The pale that held my lovely *deer*." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has played upon this word in the ſame manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
"Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
"I'll be the park, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*,
"Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale."

The lines of Waller ſeem to have been immediately copied from theſe. MALONE.

4 ——*poor I am but his ſtale.*] The word *ſtale*, in our authour, uſed as a ſubſtantive, means not ſomething offered to *allure* or *attract*, but ſomething *vitiated* with *uſe*, ſomething of which the beſt part has been enjoyed and conſumed. JOHNSON.

I believe my learned coadjutor miſtakes the uſe of the word *ſtale* on this occaſion. "*Stale* to catch theſe thieves;" in the *Tempeſt*, undoubtedly means a *fraudulent bait*. Here it ſeems to imply the ſame as *ſtalking-horſe*, *pretence*. I am, ſays Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the maſk under which he covers his amours. So in *K. John and Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen ſays to Matilda:

"——I am made your *ſtale*,
"The king, the king your ſtrumpet, &c."

Again, "——— I knew I was made
"A *ſtale* for her obtaining."

Again, in the *Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1517:

"Was I then choſe and wedded for his *ſtale*,
"To looke and gape for his retireleſs ſayles
"Puft back and flittering ſpread to every winde?"

Again, in the old tranſlation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence Shakſpeare borrowed the expreſſion:

"He makes me a *ſtale* and a laughing-ſtock." STEEVENS.

In

Luc. Self-harming jealouſy!—fye, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe.
I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled [5],

In *Greene's Art of Coney-catching*, 1592. A *ſtale* is the confederate of a thief; "he that faceth the man," or holds him in diſcourſe. Again, in another place, "wiſhing all, of what eſtate ſoever, to beware of filthy luſt, and ſuch damnable *ſtales*, &c." A *ſtale* in this laſt inſtance means the pretended wife of a *croſs-biter*.

Perhaps, however, *ſtale* may here have the ſame meaning as the French word *chaperon*. *Poor I am but the cover for his infidelity.* COLLINS.

A line in *Cymbeline*, however, ſeems to countenance Dr. Johnſon's interpretation:

"Poor I am *ſtale*, a garment out of faſhion."

MALONE.

[5] *I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,*
Will loſe his beauty, yet *the gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, and *often touching will:*
Where *gold and no man, that hath a name,*
By *falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.*]

In this miſerable condition is this paſſage given us. It ſhould be read thus:

I ſee, the jewel, beſt enamelled,
Will looſe his beauty; and the gold 'bides ſtill,
That others touch: yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.

The ſenſe is this, "Gold, indeed, will long bear the handling; however, often *touching* will wear even gold; juſt ſo the greateſt character, though as pure as gold itſelf, may, in time, be injured, by the repeated attacks of falſhood and corruption. WARBURTON.

The *Reviſal* reads thus:

——*yet the gold 'bides ſtill,*
That others touch, though *often touching will*
Wear gold, and ſo *a man that hath a name,*
By falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.

I would read:

——*and* though *gold 'bides ſtill*, &c.

and the reſt, with Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

Will

Will loſe his beauty; and the gold 'bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man, that hath a name,
But falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy!
Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe.

Ant. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth, in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

How now, ſir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the Phœnix! Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?
S. Dro. What anſwer, ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.
S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.
Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.
S. Dro. I am glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt? I pray you, maſter, tell me.
Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou, I jeſt? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beats Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold, ſir, for God's ſake: now your jeſt is earneſt:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſs will jeſt upon my love,
[6] And make a common of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too[7], or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, ſir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, ſir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon?

[6] *And make a common of my ſerious hours.*] i. e. intrude on them when you pleaſe. The alluſion is to thoſe tracts of ground deſtined to *common* uſe, which are thence called *commons.* STEEVENS.

[7] *and* inſconce *it too,*] A *ſconce* was a petty fortification. So in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1599:
"Let us to our *ſconce*, and you my lord of Mexico."
Again: "Ay, ſirs, *enſconce* you how you can."
Again: "And here *enſconce* myſelf deſpite of thee." STEEVENS.

When,

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhime nor reaſon?—
Well, ſir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, ſir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, ſir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, ſir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, ſir, what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, ſir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, ſir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you cholerick[8], and purchaſe me another dry-baſting.

Ant. Well, ſir, learn to jeſt in good time; There's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, ſir?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father Time himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

[8] *Leſt it make you cholerick*, &c.] So in the *Taming the Shrew*:

"I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
"And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it,
"For it engenders choler, planteth anger, &c."

STEEVENS.

[9] *Ant.* Why is time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts: and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair [1].

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt: Yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro. For two; and ſound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not ſound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure, in a thing falſing [2].

[9] Ant. *Why is* time, *&c.*] In former editions:

Ant. *Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?*

S. Dro. *Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted* them *in hair, he hath given them in wit.*

Surely, this is mock-reaſoning, and a contradiction in ſenſe. Can hair be ſuppoſed a bleſſing, which Time beſtows on beaſts peculiarly; and yet that he hath *ſcanted* them of it too? *Men* and *Them*, I obſerve, are very frequently miſtaken vice verſa for each other, in the old impreſſions of our author. THEOBALD.

[1] *Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe his hair.*] That is, *Thoſe who have more hair than wit*, are eaſily entrapped by looſe women, and ſuffer the conſequence of lewdneſs, one of which, in the firſt appearance of the diſeaſe in Europe, was the loſs of hair. JOHNSON.

So in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"———Your women are ſo hot, I muſt *loſe my hair* in their company, I ſee."

"His *hair ſheds off*, and yet he ſpeaks not ſo much in the noſe as he did before." STEEVENS.

[2] ———*falſing.*] This word is now obſolete. Spenſer and Chaucer often uſe the verb to *falſe*. The author of the *Reviſal* would read *falling*. STEEVENS.

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to ſave the money that he ſpends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, ſir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald concluſion:
But ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look ſtrange, and frown;
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd, would'ſt vow
[3]That never words were muſick to thine ear,
That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me,

[3] *That never words were muſick to thine ear.*] Imitated by Pope:

"My muſick then you could for ever hear,
"*And all my words were muſick to your ear.*"

Epiſtle from Sapho to Phaon. MALONE.

That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me;
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall[4]
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ſt; and therefore, ſee, thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of luſt[5]:
For, if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted[6] by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

[4] ——*may'ſt thou* fall] To *fall* is here a verb active. See P. 33. STEEVENS.

[5] *I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate* blot;
My blood is mingled with the CRIME *of luſt:*]
Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, ſhew that we ſhould read:
——*with the* GRIME *of luſt:*
i. e. the *ſtain*, ſmut. So again in this play,—*A man may go over ſhoes in the* GRIME *of it.* WARBURTON.

[6] *Being* ſtrumpeted] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this verb. So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"By this adultreſs baſely *ſtrumpetted.*"
Again: "I have *ſtrumpetted* no Agamemnon's queen."
STEEVENS.

I live

I live dis-ſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured [6].

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Epheſus I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Want wit in all one word to underſtand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, ſir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, ſir? I never ſaw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never ſpake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſsly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt [7],

[6] *I live* diſ-ſtain'd, *thou undiſhonoured.*] To *diſtain* (from the French word, *deſteindre*) ſignifies, to *ſtain*, *defile*, *pollute*. But the context requires a ſenſe quite oppoſite. We muſt either read, *unſtain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the prepoſition *a privative* force, read *diſ-ſtain'd*; and then it will mean, *unſtain'd*, *undefiled*. THEOBALD.

I would read:

I live diſtained, thou diſhonoured.

That is, As long as thou continueſt to diſhonour thyſelf, I alſo live diſtained. REVISAL.

[7] ——*you are from me* exempt,] *Exempt*, ſeparated, parted. The ſenſe is, *If I am doomed to ſuffer the wrong of ſeparation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt,
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine [8];
Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
Uſurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs [9];
Who, all for want of pruning, with intruſion
Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion.

Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy [1].

Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the fairy land;—oh, ſpight of ſpights!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights [2];

If

[8] *Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine;*——]
" Lenta qui velut aſſitas
" Vitis implicat arbores,
" Implicabitur in tuum
" Complexum." *Catull.*
So Milton, Par. Loſt. B. V:
" ——————They led the vine
" To wed her elm. She ſpous'd, about him twines
" Her marriageable arms." MALONE.

[9] ——idle *moſs.*] i. e. moſs that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is uſeleſs. So in *Othello:*
——antres vaſt and deſarts *idle.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*the* favour'd *fallacy*]
Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:
——*the* free'd *fallacy.*
Which perhaps was only, by miſtake, for
——*the* offer'd *fallacy.*
This conjecture is from an anonymous correſpondent. STEEVENS.

[2] *We talk with goblins,* owls, *and elviſh ſprights;*] Here Mr. Theobald calls out *in the name of Nonſenſe,* the firſt time he had *formally* invoked her, to tell him how *owls could ſuck their breath,*

and

If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not[3]?
Dromio,

and pinch them black and blue. He therefore alters *owls* to *ouphs*, *and dares ſay, that his readers will acquieſce in the juſtneſs of his emendation.* But, for all this, we muſt not part with the old reading. He did not know it to be an old popular ſuperſtition, that the ſcrietch-owl ſucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were ſuppoſed to be in like manner miſchievouſly bent againſt children, *ſtrega* from *ſtrix*, the *ſcrietch-owl.* This ſuperſtition they had derived from their pagan anceſtors, as appears from this paſſage of Ovid,

Sunt avidæ volucres, non quæ Phinica menſis
Guttura fraudabant; ſed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput; *ſtantes oculi*; *roſtra apta rapinæ*;
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus ineſt.
Nocte molant, PUEROSQUE PETUNT *nutricis egentes,*
Et vitiant CUNIS *corpora rapta ſuis.*
Carpere dicuntur luctantia viſcera roſtris,
Et plenum poto ſanguine *guttur habent.*
Eſt illis ſtrigibus *nomen:* ——— Lib. vi. Faſt.

WARBURTON.

Ghaſtly owls accompany *elviſh ghoſts* in *Spenſer*'s Shepherd's *Calendar* for *June.* So in *Sherringham*'s Diſcerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine, p. 333. "Lares, Lemures, *Stryges*, Lamiæ, *Manes* (Gaſtæ dicti) et ſimiles monſtrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the ſame is ſaid in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus, p.* 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are alſo mentioned in *Cornu-Copiæ, or Paſquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach,* 1623. p. 38;

"Dreading no dangers of the darkeſome night,
"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghoſts, nor water-ſpright."

Again, in the *London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605:

"'Soul, I think I am ſure croſs'd or *witch'd* with an *owl.*"

MALONE.

The epithet *elviſh* is not in the *firſt* folio, but is found in the *ſecond.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf?*
Dromio, thou Dromio, *ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!*]

In the firſt of theſe lines, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope have both, for what reaſon I cannot tell, curtailed the meaſure, and diſmounted the doggrel rhyme, which I have replaced from the firſt folio. The ſecond verſe is there likewiſe read:

Dromio, thou Dromio, *thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot.*

Dromio, thou drone, thou ſnail, thou ſlug, thou ſot!
S. Dro. I am transformed, maſter, am I not?
Ant. I think, thou art, in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, maſter, both in mind, and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilſt man, and maſter, laugh my woes to ſcorn.—
Come, ſir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And ſhrive you [4] of a thouſand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, ſiſter: Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguiſ'd!
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſever ſo,
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*

The verſe is thus half a foot too long; my correction cures that fault: beſides *drone* correſponds with the other appellations of reproach. THEOBALD.

[4] *And ſhrive you*———] That is, I will *call you to confeſſion*, and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

So in *Hamlet*: "——not *ſhriving* time allow'd." STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſtreet before Antipholis's houſe.

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, Dromio of Epheſus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. Ant. Good ſignior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us all;
My wife is ſhrewiſh, when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop,
To ſee the making of her carkanet [5],
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;

[5] *carkanet,*] ſeems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem:

"*The empreſs ſpreads her* carcanets." JOHNSON.

"*Quarquan*, ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiſelles." *Le grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *Carkanet* ſeems to have been a necklace ſet with ſtones, or ſtrung with pearls. Thus in *Partheneia Sacra*, &c. 1633: "Seeke not vermilion or ceruſe in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wriſt, rubie *carkanets* on the neck, and a moſt exquiſite fan of feathers in the hand."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player Whipt*, 1610:

"Nay, I'll be matchleſs for a *carcanet*,
"Whoſe pearls and diamonds plac'd with ruby rocks
"Shall circle this fair neck to ſet it forth."

Again, in Sir W. Davenant's comedy of the *Wits*, 1637:

"————ſhe ſat on a rich Perſian quilt
"Threading a *carcanet* of pure round pearl
"Bigger than pigeons eggs."

Again, in *The Changes, or Love in a Maze*, 1632:

"————the drops
"Shew like a *carcanet* of pearl upon it."

In the play of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, the word *carcanet* occurs eight or nine times. STEEVENS.

And that I did deny my wife and houſe :—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will, ſir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow;
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think, thou art an aſs.
E. Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear[6]
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.
I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.
E. Ant. You are ſad, ſignior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer
May anſwer my good-will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, ſir, and your welcome dear.
E. Ant. Ah, ſignior Balthazar, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
Bal. Good meat, ſir, is common, that every churl affords.
E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

[6] *Marry, ſo it* doth *appear*
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear.]
Thus all the printed copies; but certainly, this is croſs-purpoſes in reaſoning. It appears, Dromio is an aſs by his making no reſiſtance; becauſe an aſs, being kick'd, kicks again. Our author never argues at this wild rate, where his text is genuine. THEOBALD.

I do not think this emendation neceſſary. He firſt ſays, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *aſs*; but immediately, with a correction of his former ſentiment, ſuch as may be hourly obſerved in converſation, he obſerves that, if he had been an *aſs*, he ſhould, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again. JOHNSON.

Bal.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt;

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, ſoft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

S. Dro. [*within*] Mome[7], malt-horſe, capon, cox-comb, idiot, patch[8]!

Either get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
Doſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many; go, get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, ſir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

7 *Mome,*] a dull ſtupid blockhead, a ſtock, a poſt. This owe its original to the French word *Momon*, which ſignifies the gaming at dice in maſquerade, the cuſtom and rule of which is, that a ſtrict ſilence is to be obſerved: whatever ſum one ſtakes, another covers, but not a word is to be ſpoken: from hence alſo comes our word *mum!* for ſilence. HAWKINS.

So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Important are th' affairs we have in hand;
"Hence with that *Mome!*"
"—*Brutus*, forbear the preſence." STEEVENS.

8 ——*patch!*] i. e. fool. See Notes on *Midſummer Night Dream*, Act III. Sc. 2. *The Merchant of Venice*, Act I. Sc. 1. STEEVENS.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you muſt not; come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe[9]?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, ſir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou haſt ſtolen both mine office and my name;

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'ſt been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are thoſe at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my maſter in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;

And ſo tell your maſter.

E. Dro. O Lord, I muſt laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou haſt anſwer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I trow[1]?

Luce. I thought to have aſk'd you.

S. Dro. And you ſaid, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help; well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?

E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

9 ——*I* owe?] i. e. I *own*. See Vol. I. P. 38. STEEVENS.

1 ——*I* trow.] The old copy reads, *I hope*. STEEVENS.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?

Adr. [*within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, ſir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this knave would go ſore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, ſir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was beſt, we ſhall part with neither[2].

E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you ſtand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be ſo bought and ſold[3].

E. Ant. Go, fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

[2] ——*we ſhall part with neither.*]—— In our old language, *to part* ſignified *to have part.* See Chaucer, Cant. Tales, ver. 9504:

"That no wight with his bliſſe *parten* ſhall."

The French uſe *partir* in the ſame ſenſe. TYRWHITT.

[3] ——*bought and ſold.*] This is a proverbial phraſe. "To be *bought and ſold* in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, ſir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather; maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together[4].

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, ſir; O, let it not be ſo;
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
[5]Once this,—Your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her

[4] ——*we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the ſame quibble on a like occaſion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of diſtinction among the Greeks and Romans had uſually birds of different kinds given them for their amuſement. This cuſtom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and ſays, that for his part he had

——*tantum upupam.*

Upupa ſignifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or ſome inſtrument of the ſame kind, employed to dig ſtones from the quarries.

STEEVENS.

[5] Once this—*your long experience of her wiſdom.*] *Once this*, I have no doubt, is wrong, though it is difficult to conjecture what the true reading was.

The paſſage is manifeſtly corrupt in the old copy, which has inſtead of *her* wiſdom——*your* wiſdom.

Perhaps the author wrote:—*Own* this.—— MALONE.

Once

Her ſober virtue, years, and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are made againſt you[6].
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourſelf alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout[7]
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth[8], mean to be merry.

Once this, may mean, *Once for all*: let me recommend *this* to your conſideration. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the doors are* made *againſt you.*] Thus the old edition. The modern editors read:

——*the doors are* barr'd *againſt you.*

To *make* the door, is the expreſſion uſed to this day in ſome counties of England, inſtead of, *to bar the door*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Suppoſed by the common rout*] For *ſuppoſed* I once thought it might be more commodious to ſubſtitute *ſupported*; but there is no need of change: *ſuppoſed* is *founded on ſuppoſition*, made by conjecture JOHNSON.

The ſecond folio has *once*; which rather improves the ſenſe, and is not inconſiſtent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

[8] *And, in deſpight of* mirth,—] Mr. Theobald does not know what to make of this; and therefore, has put *wrath* inſtead of *mirth* into the text, in which he is followed by the Oxford editor. But the old reading is right; and the meaning is, I will be merry, even out of ſpite to mirth, which is, now, of all things, the moſt unpleaſing to me. WARBURTON.

Though mirth hath withdrawn herſelf from me, and ſeems determined to avoid me, yet in deſpight of her, and whether ſhe will or not, I am reſolved to be merry. REVISAL.

I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the houſe; that chain will I beſtow,
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife)
Upon mine hoſteſs there: good ſir, make haſte:
Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, ſir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; This jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The houſe of Antipholis of Epheſus.

Enter Luciana with Antipholis of Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot[9]
A huſband's office? ſhall, Antipholis, hate,
Even in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot;
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?

If

9 —*that you have quite forgot*] In former copies:
And may it be, that you have quite forgot
An huſband's office? Shall Antipholis,
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love ſprings rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow ſo ruinate?*
This paſſage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-ſprings rot, even in the ſpring of love? and ſhall thy love grow ruinous, ev'n while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at preſs, as I take it; this ſcene for fifty-two lines ſucceſſively is ſtrictly in alternate rhimes; and this meaſure is never broken, but in the *ſecond* and *fourth* lines of theſe two couplets.

'Tis

If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's ſake, uſe her with more kindneſs:
Or, if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs:

'Tis certain, I think, a monoſyllable dropt from the tail of the ſecond verſe: and I have ventured to ſupply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Love-ſprings are young plants of love. Thus in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *ſprings*
" That ſits alone in ſorrow."

See a note on the ſecond ſcene of the fifth act of *Coriolanus*, where the meaning of this expreſſion is more fully dilated.

The rhime which Mr. Theobald would reſtore, ſtands thus in the old edition:

———ſhall Antipho*lus*.

If therefore inſtead of *ruinate* we ſhould read *ruinous*, the paſſage may remain as it was originally written: and perhaps, indeed, throughout the play we ſhould read *Antiphilus*, a name which Shakſpeare might have found in ſome quotation from Pliny, B. xxxv, and xxxvii. *Antiphilus* was a famous painter, and rival to Apelles.

Ruinous is juſtified by a paſſage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act V. ſc. iv:

" Leſt growing *ruinous* the building fall."

Throughout the firſt folio, *Antipholus* occurs much more often than *Antipholis*, even where the rhime is not concerned; and were the rhime defective here, ſuch tranſgreſſions are accounted for in other places. STEEVENS.

Shall Love *in building grow ſo* ruinate?] So in our author's 119th Sonnet:

" And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew—."

In ſupport of Theobald's emendation, a paſſage in our author's tenth Sonnet may be produced:

———" thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous *hate*,
That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire."

Again, more appoſitely in Stowe's *Chron.* p. 892.

" The laſt yeare, at the taking down of the old *ruinate* gate—:"

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*

" To *ruinate* proud *buildings* with thy hours."

MALONE.

Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair, become diſloyalty;
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair preſence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret falſe; What need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe [1],
[2] Being compact of credit, that you love us;
Though others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife:
'Tis holy ſport, to be a little [3] vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.

S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs, (what your name is elſe, I know not,
Nor by what wonder do you hit of mine)
Leſs, in your knowledge, and your grace, you ſhow not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

[1] *Alas, poor women! make us* not *believe*, &c.] From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*,) got place in the firſt copies inſtead of *but*. And theſe two monoſyllables have by miſtake reciprocally diſpoſſeſs'd one another in many other paſſages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

[2] *Being compact of credit*, means, *being made altogether of credulity*. So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1633:

" ——— ſhe's *compact*
" Merely of blood ———" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*vain*,] is *light of tongue, not veracious*. JOHNSON.

Againſt

Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid[4], with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, ſyren, for thyſelf, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee[5], and there lie;
And, in that glorious ſuppoſition, think
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink[6]!

Luc.

[4] ——*ſweet* mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *ſyren*. So in the Index to P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their ſongs enchauntements." STEEVENS.

[5] —*as a* bed *I'll take thee*,] The old copy reads,—*as a* bud. Mr. Edwards ſuſpects a miſtake of one letter in the paſſage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take *them*, and there lye.

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

As a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c.

i. e. I like an inſect, will take thy boſom for a roſe, or ſome other flower, and,

"——phœnix like beneath thine eye
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakſpeare to ſhift haſtily from one image to another.

Mr. Edwards's conjecture may, however, receive ſupport from the following paſſage in the *Two Gent. of Verona*, act I. ſc. ii:

"——— my boſom as a *bed*
"Shall lodge thee." STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

[6] *if* ſhe *ſink!*] I know not to whom the pronoun *ſhe* can be referred. I have made no ſcruple to remove a letter from it. The author of the *Reviſal* has the ſame obſervation. STEEVENS.

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated[7]; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where[8] you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me, love? call my ſiſter ſo.
S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim[9].
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet, for I mean thee[1]:

The author of THE REMARKS, however, ſays, "there can be little doubt to whom the pronoun *ſhe* can be referred. i. e. to Love. (Venus)" Thus in the old ballad of the Spaniſh Lady,

I will ſpend my days in prayer,
Love and all *her* laws defy. EDITOR.

7 *Not mad, but* mated,] i. e. confounded. So in Macbeth:
"*My mind ſhe has* mated, *and amaz'd my ſight.*" STEEVENS.

8 *Gaze* where] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.

9 *My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girls his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot underſtand him. Perhaps he means that which he aſks of heaven. JOHNSON.

1 ——*for I* mean *thee:*] Thus the modern editors. The folio reads,

——*for I* am *thee.*

Perhaps we ſhould read:

——*for I* aim *thee.*

He has juſt told her, that ſhe was his *ſweet hope's* aim.
So in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:

"——like Caſſius,
"Sits ſadly dumping, *aiming* Cæſar's death."

Again, in Drayton's Legend of *Robert Duke of Normandy*:

"I make my changes *aim* one certain end." STEEVENS.

Thee

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, ſoft, ſir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good-will. [*Ex. Luc.*

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, ſir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, beſides myſelf, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, ſir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if ſhe lives 'till

doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; For why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, ſir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. [2]What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, ſir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters,) will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body ſtands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, ſir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenneſs; hard, in the palm of the hand.

[2] S. Ant. *What's her name?*
S. Dro. *Nell, ſir; but her name* is *three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.*] This paſſage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now eaſy and truly humourous. If a *conundrum* be reſtored, in ſetting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the ſagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Maſſinger in *The Old Law*, 1653:

"*Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

"*Clown.* As long as ſhe tarried with her huſband ſhe was *Ellen*, but after ſhe came to Troy ſhe was *Nell* of Troy.

"*Cook.* Why did ſhe grow ſhorter when ſhe came to Troy?

"*Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the ſtory, when ſhe grew to be an ell, &c." MALONE.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. [3] Where France?

S. Dro.

3 S Ant. *Where France?*

S. Dro *In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her* hair.] All the other countries, mentioned in this deſcription, are in Dromio's replies ſatirically characterized: but here, as the editors have ordered it, no remark is made upon France; nor any reaſon given, why it ſhould be in her forehead: but only the kitchen-wench's high forehead is rallied, as puſhing back her *hair*. Thus all the modern editions; but the firſt folio reads—*making war againſt her* heir.———And I am very apt to think, this laſt is the true reading; and that an *equivoque*, as the French call it, a double meaning, is deſigned in the poet's alluſion: and therefore I have replaced it in the text. In 1589, Henry III. of France being ſtabb'd, and dying of his wound, was ſucceeded by Henry IV. of Navarre, whom he appointed his ſucceſſor: but whoſe claim the ſtates of France reſiſted, on account of his being a proteſtant, This, I take it, is what he means, by France making *war* againſt her *heir*. Now, as, in 1591, queen Elizabeth ſent over 4000 men, under the conduct of the earl of Eſſex, to the aſſiſtance of this Henry of Navarre; it ſeems to me very probable, that during this expedition being on foot, this comedy made its appearance. And it was the fineſt addreſs imaginable in the poet to throw ſuch an oblique ſneer at France, for oppoſing the ſucceſſion of that *heir*, whoſe claim his royal miſtreſs, the queen, had ſent over a force to eſtabliſh, and oblige them to acknowledge. THEOBALD.

With this correction and explication Dr. Warburton concurs, and ſir Thomas Hanmer thinks an equivocation intended, though he retains *hair* in the text. Yet ſurely they have all loſt the ſenſe by looking beyond it. Our authour, in my opinion, only ſports with an alluſion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his miſtreſs had the French diſeaſe. The ideas are rather too offenſive to be dilated. By a forehead *armed*, he means covered with incruſted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. An equivocal word muſt have ſenſes applicable to both the ſubjects to which it is applied. Both *forehead* and *France* might in ſome ſort make war againſt their *hair*, but how did the *forehead* make war againſt its *heir?* The ſenſe which I have given immediately occurred to me, and will, I believe, ariſe to every reader who is contented with the meaning that lies before him, without ſending out conjecture in ſearch of refinements. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare had not written any thing in 1591. In 1593, "the firſt heir of his invention" (if we may believe his own account of

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her hair.

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteneſs in them: but I gueſs, it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. Faith, I ſaw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, ſir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires, declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain; who ſent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballaſted [4] at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, ſir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, ſwore, I was aſſur'd to her [5]; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch: [6] And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i'the wheel.

it) was produced. See the Extracts from the Stationers' Books, at the end of the Prefaces, &c. Vol. I. of this edition. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *to be* ballaſted] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads only *ballaſt*, which may be right. Thus in *Hamlet:*

" ———— to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar." i. e. *hoiſted.* STEEVENS.

[5] —*aſſured* to her;] i. e. affianced to her. Thus in *K. John:*

" For ſo I did when I was firſt *aſſur'd.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *And, I think, if my breaſt had not beeen made of* faith, &c.] Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great ſhare of *faith:* however the Oxford editor thinks *a breaſt made of flint*, better ſecurity, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently, poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, 'till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me huſband, even my ſoul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair ſiſter,
Poſſeſs'd with ſuch a gentle ſovereign grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me traitor to myſelf:
But leſt myſelf be guilty of ſelf-wrong,
I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong.

Enter Angelo, with a chain.

Ang. Maſter Antipholis?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ant. I know it well, ſir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine [7]:
The chain unfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I ſhall do with this?

Ang. What pleaſe yourſelf, ſir; I have made it for you.

S. Ang. Made it for me, ſir! I beſpoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

[7] ——*at the Porpentine*;] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakſpeare's plays, the word *Porpentine* is uſed inſtead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was ſo pronounced at that time.

I have ſince obſerved the ſame ſpelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewiſe in p. 66 of Aſcham's Works by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle in the year's 1117, 1135. STEEVENS.

Go

Go home with it, and pleaſe your wife withal;
And ſoon at ſupper-time I'll viſit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, ſir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er ſee chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, ſir; fare you well.
[*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I ſhould think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is ſo vain,
That would refuſe ſo fair an offer'd chain.
I ſee, a man here needs not live by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meets ſuch golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio ſtay;
If any ſhip put out, then ſtrait away.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, ſince Pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perſia, and want gilders [8] for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even juſt the ſum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me [9] by Antipholis:
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,

[8] ——*want* gilders] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one ſhilling and ſix-pence, to two ſhillings. STEEVENS.

[9] *Is* growing *to me*——] i. e. accruing to me. STEEVENS.

I ſhall

I ſhall receive the money for the ſame:
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, and Dromio of Epheſus, as from the Courtezan's.

Offi. That labour you may ſave; ſee where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But ſoft, I ſee the goldſmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit Dromio.*

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you:
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldſmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would laſt too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, and chargeful faſhion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town:
Good ſignior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance, I will be there as ſoon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?

E. Ant.

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, leaſt I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, ſir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, ſir, I hope you have;
Or elſe you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, ſir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you uſe this dalliance, to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the Porpentine:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, ſir, diſpatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.

E. Ant. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath!
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me ſee it.

Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance:
Good ſir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I anſwer you! why ſhould I anſwer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour ſince.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.

Ang. You wrong me more, ſir, in denying it:
Conſider, how it ſtands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arreſt him at my ſuit.

Offi. I do.

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation :—
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ang. Here is thy fee; arreſt him officer;—
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Offi. I do arreſt you, ſir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, ſir, I ſhall have law in Epheſus,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe, from the bay.

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That ſtays but till her owner comes on board,
Then, ſir, ſhe bears away: our fraughtage, ſir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter, and yourſelf.
E. Ant. How now! a madman! why thou peeviſh, ſheep[9],
What ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me?
S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's-end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, ſir, for a bark.

[9]——*thou* peeviſh *ſheep,*] *Peeviſh* is *ſilly*. So in *Cymbeline*:
" Deſire my man's abode where I did leave him:
" He's ſtrange and *peeviſh*." See a note on act I. ſc. vii. STEEVENS.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſten with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee ſtrait;
Give her this key, and tell her in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkiſh tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats; let her ſend it;
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me: hie thee, ſlave; be gone:
On, officer, to priſon till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel[1] did claim me for her huſband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will,
For ſervants muſt their maſter's minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The houſe of Antipholis of Epheſus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or ſad, or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face[2]?

Luc.

[1] *Where* Dowſabel—] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Paſtorals:

He had, as antique ſtories tell,
"A daughter cleaped *Dowſabel*, &c." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to theſe meteors in the ſky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the ſhock. To this appearance he compares civil wars in another place:

"*Which, like the meteors of a troubled heav'n,*
"*All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,*
"*Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock*
"*And furious cloſe of civil butchery.*" WARBURTON.

The

Luc. Firſt he deny'd you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my ſpight.
Luc. Then ſwore he, that he was a ſtranger here.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beauty; then, my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?
Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and [3] ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind;
[4] Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.
Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?

The alluſion is more clearly explained by the following compariſon in the ſecond book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:

" As when to warn proud cities, war appears
" Wag'd in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
" To battle in the clouds, before each van
" Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
" Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
" From either end of heaven the welkin burns."

STEEVENS.

ſere,] that is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

[4] *Stigmatical in making*,——] That is, *marked* or *ſtigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

So in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598:

" It is a moſt dangerous and *ſtigmatical* humour."

Again, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1636:

" If you ſpy any man that hath a look,
" *Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's, &c." STEEVENS.

No

No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worſe:
[5] Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curſe.

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.

Luc. How, haſt thou loſt thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe than hell;
A devil in an everlaſting garment [6] hath him,
One, whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitileſs and rough [7];
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;

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There were fairies like *hobgoblins*, pitileſs and rough, and deſcribed as malevolent and miſchievous. JOHNSON.

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[8] A back-friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound [9] that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell [1].

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S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe [2].

Adr. What, is he arreſted? tell me, at whoſe ſuit?

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well;
But he's in a ſuit of buff, which 'reſted him, that I can tell:
Will you ſend him, miſtreſs, redemption, the money in the deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter.—This I wonder at,
[*Exit Luciana.*
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt!
Tell me, was he arreſted on a band [3]?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a ſtronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell: 'tis time, that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.

"They ſcorn thy *bell*, having better of their own." There was likewiſe a place of this name under the Exchequer-chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had paid the uttermoſt farthing. STEEVENS.

[2]——*on the caſe.*] An action upon the caſe, is a general action given for the redreſs of a wrong done any man without force, and not eſpecially provided for by law. GREY.

[3]——*was he arreſted on a* band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors reads *bond*. A bond, i. e. an obligatory writing to pay a ſum of money, was anciently ſpelt *band*. A *band* is likewiſe a *neckcloth*. On this circumſtance I believe the humour of the paſſage turns.

B. Jonſon, perſonifying the inſtruments of the law ſays:

"——Statute, and *band*, and wax ſhall go with me."

Again without perſonification:

"See here your mortgage, ſtatute, *band*, and wax."

Again, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:

"——— tye faſt your lands
"In ſtatute ſtaple, or theſe merchant's *band*."

STEEVENS.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.
S. Dro. O yes, If any hour meet a ſerjeant, a'turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?
S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If time be in debt[4], and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtrait;
And bring thy maſter home immediately.—
Come, ſiſter: I am preſs'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a taylor call'd me in his ſhop,

[4] *If* time *be in debt,*] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt. STEEVENS.

And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithall, took meaſure of my body.
Sure, theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for: [5] What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? What Adam doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam, that keeps the priſon: he that goes in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, ſir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, it is a plain caſe: he that went

[5]—*what have you got the picture old Adam new apparell'd?*] A ſhort word or two muſt have ſlipt out here, by ſome accident in copying, or at preſs; otherwiſe I have no conception of the meaning of the paſſage. The caſe is this. Dromio's maſter had been arreſted, and ſent his ſervant home for money to redeem him: he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholis, whom he miſtakes for his maſter, and ſeeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a ſurprize; *What have you got* rid *of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?* For ſo I have ventured to ſupply, by conjecture. But why is the officer call'd old Adam new apparell'd? The alluſion is to Adam in his ſtate of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of ſkins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the ſerjeants of the Counter were formerly clad in buff, or calves-ſkin, as the author humorouſly a little lower calls it. THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

Theſe jeſts on Adam's dreſs are common among our old writers. So in *King Edward* III. 1599:

" The regiſter of all varieties
" Since *leathern Adam* to this younger hour."

STEEVENS.

like

like a baſe-viol, in a caſe of leather; the man, ſir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, ſir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; [6] he that ſets up

[6] *he that ſets up his* reſt *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* MORRIS-*pike.*] *Sets up his reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortened their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which Froiſſart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſketteers always ſupported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. But what moſt wants animadverſion is the *morris-pike*, which is without meaning, impertinent to the ſenſe, and falſe in the alluſion; no pike being uſed amongſt the dancers ſo called, or at leaſt not fam'd for much execution. In a word, Shakſpeare wrote,

——*a* MAURICE-*pike.*

i. e. a pikeman of prince Maurice's army. He was the greateſt general of that age, and the conductor of the Low-country wars againſt Spain, under whom all the Engliſh gentry and nobility were bred to the ſervice. Being frequently overborne with numbers, he became famous for his fine retreats, in which a ſtand of pikes is of great ſervice. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unneceſſarily of the *reſt of a muſket*, by which he makes the hero of the ſpeech ſet up the *reſt* of a *muſket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *reſt* of a *pike* was a common term, and ſignified, I believe, the manner in which it was fixed to receive the ruſh of the enemy. A *morris-pike* was a pike uſed in a *morris* or a military dance, and with which great *exploits* were *done*, that is, great feats of dexterity were ſhewn. There is no need of change. JOHNSON.

A *morris-pike* is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon; and therefore Dr. Warburton's notion is deficient in firſt principles. "*Moreſpikes* (ſays Langly in his tranſlation of *Polydore Virgil*) were uſed firſt in the ſiege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Chriſtians from the Turks*, "the Engliſh mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes.*" FARMER.

up his reſt to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, ſir, the ſerjeant of the band: he, that brings any man to anſwer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, *God give you good reſt!*

S. Ant. Well, ſir, there reſt in your foolery. Is there
Any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, ſir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I;
And here we wander in illuſions;
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, maſter Antipholis.
I ſee, ſir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

S. Dro. Maſter, is this miſtreſs Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench;

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the ſiege of Capua, though Langley's tranſlation of him advances their antiquity ſo high. TOLLET.

So in Heywood's *K. Edward* IV. 1626:

"Of the French were beaten down
"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen, &c."

Again, in Hollinſhed, p. 816:

"——— they entered the gallies again with *morris pikes* and fought, &c." STEEVENS.

Morris pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and ſince, the Spaniſh pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's Legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

and

and therefore comes, that the wenches ſay, *God damn me*, that's as much as to ſay, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous, merry, ſir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, or beſpeak a long ſpoon[7].

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon, that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promiſed;
And I'll be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils
Ask but the pairing of one's nail, a ruſh,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Maſter, be wiſe; an' if you give it her,
The devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, ſir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope, you do not mean to cheat me ſo?

[7] ——if you do expect ſpoon-meat *or* beſpeak a long ſpoon.] *Or*, which modern editors have thrown out of the text, ſignifies, before. Of this uſe of the word many inſtances occur in ancient writers. So in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"He ſhall be murdered *or* the gueſts come in."

See a note on *K. John*, act IV. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

The author of the REMARKS, ſays, "the paſſage is wrong pointed, and the *or*, a miſtake for *and*:"

Cour. We'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do, expect ſpoon meat, *and* beſpeak a long ſpoon. EDITOR.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock: Miſtreſs, that you know. [*Exeunt. Ant. and Dro.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away: This courſe I fitteſt chooſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Street.

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, with a Jailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus:
I tell you, 'twill ſound harſhly in her ears.—

Enter Dromio of Epheſus with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.
How now, ſir? have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, ſir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, ſir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, ſir, I will welcome you. [*Beats Dromio.*

Offi. Good ſir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; raiſed with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtezan, with a ſchoolmaſter called Pinch[8]*, and others.*

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro.

[8] ——*a* ſchoolmaſter *called Pinch,*] Thus the old copy: in many country villages the pedagogue is ſtill a reputed conjurer. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*:

"I would

E. Dro. [9] Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats Dromio.*

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his extacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight;
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

" I would have ne'er a cunning ſchoole-maſter in England: mean a cunning man as a ſchoole-maſter; that is a *conjurour*, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] *Miſtreſs*, reſpice finem, *reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] Theſe words ſeem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchanan againſt the the lord of Liddington; which ends with theſe words, *Reſpice finem, reſpice funem.* But to what purpoſe, unleſs our author could ſhew that he could quibble as well in Engliſh, as the other in Latin, I confeſs I know not. As for *propheſying like the parrot*, this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, *Take heed, ſir, my parrot propheſies.* To this, Butler hints, where, ſpeaking of Ralpho's ſkill in augury, he ſays:

" *Could tell what ſubtleſt parrots mean,*
" *That ſpeak and think contrary clean;*
" *What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
" *When they cry* rope, *qud* walk, knave, walk."

WARBURTON.

So in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*:

" But come, *reſpice funem.*" STEEVENS.

E. Ent.

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?

Adr. Oh, huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? Thou villain, what ſay'ſt thou?

E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd, up and I ſhut out?

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.

E. Ant. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?

E. Dro. Certes[1], ſhe did; [2]the kitchen-veſtal ſcorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?

Pinch. It is no ſhame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.

Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.

[1] *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly.* See Vol. I. STEEVENS.

[2] *Kitchen-veſtal,*] Her charge being like that of the veſtal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, ſurely, maſter, not a rag of money.

E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker, bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter is poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And, gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;
But I confeſs, ſir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Diſſembling villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.

E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold me in this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor, thou,
I am thy priſoner; wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?

Offi. Maſters, let him go:
He is my priſoner and you ſhall not have him.

Pinch.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer [3]?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Offi. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good maſter doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe.—Oh, moſt unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh, moſt unhappy ſtrumpet [4]!
E. Dro. Maſter, I am here enter'd into bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me?
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good maſter; cry, the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence. Siſter, go you with me.
[*Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, Dromio, &c.*
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?
Offi. One Angelo, a goldſmith; Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: What is the ſum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your huſband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now)
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.—

[3] —*thou* peeviſh *officer?*] This is the ſecond time that in the courſe of this play, *peeviſh* has been uſed for *fooliſh*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——unhappy *ſtrumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here uſed in one of the ſenſes of *unlucky*; i. e. *miſchievous*. STEEVENS.

Come

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are looſe again.

Adr. And come with naked ſwords; let's call more help
To have them bound again.

Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis and Dromio.

S. Ant. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long, that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, ſtay here this night, they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpeak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me, I could find in may heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

Ang. I am ſorry, ſir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city ?
Ang. Of very reverent reputation, ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city ;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak ſoftly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo ; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he forſwore, moſt monſtrouſly, to have.
Good ſir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.—
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble ;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance, and oaths, ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly :
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend ;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day :
This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?
S. Ant. I think, I had ; I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, ſir ; and forſwore it too.
S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it ?
Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee :
Fye on thee, wretch ! 'tis pity, that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.
S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus :
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake ; he is mad ;—

Some

Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my houſe.

S. Dro. Run, maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe.
This is ſome priory;—In, or we are ſpoil'd

[*Exeunt to the priory.*

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am ſorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage,

Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? Hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?

Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, ſo I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modeſty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in aſſemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy [5] of our conference:

[5] *the* copy] i. e. the theme. We ſtill talk of ſetting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

In

In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad;
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems, his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions,
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd what doth enſue,
[6] But moody and dull melancholy,
[7] Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;

And

[6] *But moody and dull melancholy*, &c.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

" But rather *moody* mad."

Mr. Gray has imitated this paſſage, and alſo the lines in the text:

" And *moody madneſs* laughing wild
" Amid ſevereſt woe ——
" *Grim viſag'd comfortleſs deſpair*,
" And ſorrow's piercing dart. ——

" Lo! in the *vale of years* beneath
" A griſly *troop* are ſeen
" *The painful family of death*
" More hideous than their queen."

Ode on the Proſpect of Eton.

He ſeems to have had Pope's *Eſſay on Man* alſo in his thoughts:

" Hate, fear, and grief, the *family of pain*.

Again:

" The *fury-paſſions* from the blood began,
" And turn'd on man a fiercer ſavage, man."

So, Gray, ibid.

The *fury-paſſions* theſe ſhall tear." MALONE.

[7] *Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair*;] Shakſpeare could never make melancholy a *male* in this line, and a *female* in the next.

[8] And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcar'd thy huſband from the uſe of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude and wildly.—
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my houſe.

Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.

next. This was the fooliſh inſertion of the firſt editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as ſpurious. WARBURTON.

The defective metre of the ſecond line, is a plain proof that ſome diſſyllable word hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
But moodie [moping] *and dull melancholy,*
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair?
And at their heels a huge infectious troop. REVISAL.

It has been obſerved to me that *Mr. Capell* reads:

But moody and dull melancholy, kinſ—
woman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair;

but I hardly think he could be ſerious: as, though the Roman language may allow of ſuch transfers from the end of one verſe to the beginning of the next, the cuſtom is unknown to Engliſh poetry, unleſs it be of the burleſque kind: It is too like Homer Traveſty:

" ——— On this, Agam—
" memnon began to curſe and damn." STEEVENS.

Kinſman means no more than *near relation.* Many words are uſed by Shakſpeare with much greater latitude. REMARKS.

[8] *And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop*] I have no doubt that the emendation propoſed by Mr. Heath [" *their heels*"] is right. In the Engliſh manuſcripts of our author's time the pronouns were generally expreſſed by abbreviations. In this very play we have already met *their* for *her*, which has been rightly amended:

" Among my wife and *their* confederates——." Act IV. Sc. I.
MALONE.

Abb.

Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again [9]:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs,
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.
[*Exit Abbeſs.*
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my huſband from the abbeſs.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am ſure, the duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
[1] The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang.

[9] —*a* formal *man again:*] See P. 155. STEEVENS.

[1] *The place of* death *and ſorry execution,*] The firſt and ſecond folio read—"the place of *depth.*" Mr. Rowe made the change. MALONE.

—ſorry *execution,*] So in *Macbeth:*

"Of *ſorrieſt* fancies your companions making."

Ang. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend Syracuſan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he paſs the abbey.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed; with the Headſman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred duke, againſt the abbeſs!
Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it pleaſe your grace, Antipholis, my huſband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters [2],—this ill day

A moſt

Sorry, had anciently a ſtronger meaning than at preſent. Thus, in Chaucer's *Prologue to the Sompnoures Tale*, v. 7283, late edit.:

" This Frere whan he loked had his fill
" Upon the turments of this *ſory* place."

Again, in the *Knightes Tale*, where the temple of Mars is deſcribed:

" All full of chirking was that *ſory* place." STEEVENS.

[2] *Whom I made lord of me and all I had,*
At your *important* letters,———]
Important ſeems to be for *importunate.* JOHNSON.

So in one of Shakſpeare's Hiſtorical plays:

" ———great France
" My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied.

Again, in George Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:
" ——yet won by *importance* accepted his courteſie."

Shakſpeare, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of his own, ſeems from this paſſage to allude to a *court of wards* in Epheſus.

The

A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſperately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens
By ruſhing in their houſes, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take [3] order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant [4] and himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away: 'till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſu'd them;
And here the abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince, thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—

The *court of wards* was always conſidered as a grievous oppreſſion. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner:*

" ———theſe ryche men ben unkinde:
" Wydowes do curſe lordes and gentyllmen,
" For *they contrayne them to marry with their men,*
" Ye, wheder they wyll or no." STEEVENS.

[3] —*to take* order] i. e. to *take meaſures.* So in *Othello*, act V.
" Honeſt Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." STEEVENS.

[4] *And, with his mad attendant* AND *himſelf,*] We ſhould read:
———MAD *himſelf.* WARBURTON.
We might read:
" *And* here *his mad attendant and himſelf.* STEEVENS.

Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbeſs come to me;
I will determine this, before I ſtir.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf!
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row[3], and bound the doctor,
[4] Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My maſter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool[5]:
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

[3] *Beaten the maids* a-row] i. e. ſucceſſively one after another. So in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Tale*, v. 6836, late edit.:

"A thouſand time *a-row* he gan hire kiſſe."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire*;] Such a ludicrous circumſtance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but is rather out of place in an epic poem, amidſt all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

"*Obvius ambuſtum torrem Corinæus ab ara*
"*Corripit, et venienti Ebuſo, plagamque ferenti,*
"*Occupat os flammis: Illi ingens barba reluxit,*
"*Nidoremque ambuſta dedit.*" Virg. Æneis, lib. xii.

STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have ſeen this method of ſhaving in the life of Dion, p. 167, 4to. See North's tranſlation, in which ἄνθραμι may be tranſlated brands. S. W.

[5] *His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this alluſion I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was once the cuſtom to cut the hair of ideots or jeſters cloſe to their heads. There is a proverbial ſimile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been applied to either of theſe characters. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten ſhillings in one of king Alfred's eccleſiaſtical laws, if one opprobriouſly *ſhave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

Adr.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here;
And that is falſe, thou doſt report to us.
Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt, ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
[6]To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.
Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.
Adr. Ay me, it is my huſband! Witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious duke, oh, grant me juſtice!
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life; even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.
Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me dote,
I ſee my ſon Antipholis, and Dromio.
E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet prince, againſt that woman there.
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Even in the ſtrength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.
Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

[6] *To* SCORCH *your face,*——] We ſhould read SCOTCH, i. e. hack, cut. WARBURTON.

To *ſcorch* I believe is right. He would have puniſhed her as he had puniſhed the conjurer before. STEEVENS.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
Whilst she with harlots [7] feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befal my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

[7] ——*with harlots*] Antipholis did not suspect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats to impose on him and abuse him. Therefore, he says to her act IV. sc. iv:

——— are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast in my house to day?

By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers. *Harlot* was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbacchio says to Volpone:

"——— Out *harlot!*"

Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*

"———for the *harlot* king
"Is quite beyond mine arm.——"

Again, in the ancient mystery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512. *Herod* says to *Watkin:*

"Nay, *harlott*, abyde stylle with my knyghts I warne the."—

The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, 4 vol. 8vo. 1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v. 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's Translation of *Roy des ribaulx*. Chaucer uses the word more than once:

"A sturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
"That was hir hosts man, &c."

Sompnoures Tale, v. 7336.

Again, in the *Dyers' Play*, among the Chester Collection in the Museum, Antichrist says to the male characters on the stage;

"Out on ye *harlots*, whence come ye?" STEEVENS.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. My liege, I am adviſed[8] what I ſay;
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it, for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him: in the ſtreet I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not: for the which,
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey; and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By the way we met my wife, her ſiſter, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
Along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd ſharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home

[8] ——*I am adviſed*——] i. e. I am not going to ſpeak precipitately or raſhly, but on reflexion and conſideration.
STEEVENS.

There

There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey-walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heaven!
And this is falſe, you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:—
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying:—Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my liege, as I do ſee your grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange:—Go call the abbeſs hither;

I think

I think, you are all mated [9], or ſtark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*

Ægeon. Moſt mighty duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word;
Haply, I ſee a friend, will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely Syracuſan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, ſir, call'd Antipholis?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, ſir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ægeon. I am ſure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourſelves we do remember, ſir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, ſir?

Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours, with time's deformed [1] hand
Have written [2] ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

E. Ant.

[9] *mated,*] i. e. wild, fooliſh, from the Italian *matto.*
I think you are all *fools* or madmen. MALONE.

[1] ——— *deformed*] for *deforming.* STEEVENS

[2] *ſtrange defeatures*] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature.* The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeatures are *undoings, miſcarriages, misfortunes;* from *defaire,* Fr. So in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond,* 1599:

"The day before the night of my *defeature.* (i. e. undoing.)
"He greets me with a caſket richly wrought."

The ſenſe is, I am *deformed, undone,* by miſery. Misfortune has left its impreſſion on my face. STEEVENS.

I rather think *defeatures* mean here, as in another place in this play, *alteration of feature,* or *deformity.* So in our author's *Venus and Adonis.* 1593:

"——To

E. Ant. Neither.
Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, truſt me, ſir, nor I.
Ægeon. I am ſure, thou doſt.
E. Dro. I, ſir?
But I am ſure, I do not; and whatſoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo track'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face [3] of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
[4] All theſe old witneſſes, (I cannot err)

" ——To croſs the curious workmanſhip of Nature,
" To mingle beauty with infirmities,
" And pure perfection with *impure defeature*."

If we underſtand by *defeatures*, in this place, *miſcarriages*, or *misfortunes*, then we ſuppoſe Ægeon to ſay, " that careful hours, i. e. *misfortunes*, have written *misfortunes* in his face."
MALONE.

Defeatures are certainly neither more nor leſs than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor leſs than *merits*. Time ſays Ægeon hath placed *new and ſtrange features* in my face; i. e. given it quite a different appearance; no wonder therefore thou doſt not know me.
REMARKS.

[3] ——*this* grained *face*] i. e. furrow'd, like the *grain of wood*. So in *Coriolanus*:

"————my *grained* aſh." STEEVENS.

[4] *All theſe* OLD *witneſſes* (*I cannot err*) I believe ſhould be read:
All thoſe OLD *witneſſes cannot err*.
i. e. all theſe continue to teſtify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c.
WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the moſt poetical. The words *I cannot err*, ſhould be thrown into a parentheſis. By *old witneſſes* I believe he means *experienced, accuſtom'd ones*, which are therefore leſs likely to err. So in the *Tempeſt*:

" If theſe be *true ſpies* that I wear in my head, &c."
STEEVENS.

Tell me thou art my ſon Antipholis.
E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.
Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou knoweſt, we parted: but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.
E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo;
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſs, with Antipholis Syracuſan and Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to ſee him.*
Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.
Duke. One of theſe men is Genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe: which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who deciphers them?
S. Dro. I, ſir, am Dromio; command him away.
E. Dro. I, ſir, am Dromio; pray, let me ſtay.
S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?
S. Dro. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds,
And gain a huſband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man
That had'ſt a wife once call'd Æmilia.
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons?
Oh, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak,
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia!
Duke. Why, here begins this morning ſtory right:
Theſe two Antipholis's, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance,—

Beſides

Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea[5],—
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.

Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt.

E. Ant. No, ſir, not I; I came from Syracuſe.

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I gentle miſtreſs.

Adr. And are you not my huſband?

E. Ant. No, I ſay, nay to that.

S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet ſhe did call me ſo;
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I ſhall have leiſure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I ſee, and hear.

[5] *Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,*] This is one of Shakſpeare's overſights. The abbeſs has not ſo much as hinted at the ſhipwreck. Perhaps, indeed, this and the next ſpeech ſhould change places. STEEVENS.

That however would ſcarcely remove the difficulty: the *next* ſpeech is Ægeon's. Both it and the following one ſhould precede the duke's; or there is poſſibly a line loſt. REMARKS.

Ang. That is the chain, ſir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, ſir; I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, ſir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think I did, ſir, I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you money, ſir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
S. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe Errors are aroſe.
E. Ant. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father has his life.
Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes:
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's Error
Have ſuffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.—
[6]Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel

Of

[6] *Twenty-five years———*] In former editions:
Thirty-three *years.*
'Tis impoſſible the poet ſhould be ſo forgetful, as to deſign this number here: and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonſtration. The number, I preſume, was at firſt wrote in figures, and, perhaps, blindly; and thence the miſtake might ariſe. Ægeon, in the firſt ſcene of the firſt act, is preciſe as to the time his ſon left him, in queſt of his brother:

My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years became inquiſitive
After his brother, &c.

And how long it was from the ſon's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Epheſus, where Ægeon, miſtakenly, recognizes

Of you, my ſons; and till this preſent hour,
[7] My heavy burden not delivered:—
The duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt, and [8] go with me;
After ſo long a grief of ſuch nativity [9]!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt.*

recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as preciſely learn from another paſſage in the fifth act:

Æge. *But* ſeven *years ſince, in Syracuſa-bay,*
Thou knoweſt we parted;

ſo that theſe two numbers, put together, ſettle the date of their birth beyond diſpute. THEOBALD.

7 *My heavy burden* not *delivered:*] The old copy reads—"*are* delivered." I believe, the author wrote

My heavy burdens *are not* deliver'd.

Printers ſometimes omit words, but never inſert a new word not in the manuſcript, except where they miſtake one word for another.—The compoſitor's eye might have paſſed over the word *not*, but *are* could ſcarcely have been printed by miſtake inſtead of it. MALONE.

8 ——*and go with me*;] We ſhould read:

——*and* GAUDE *with me*;

i. e. rejoice, from the French, *gaudir*. WARBURTON.

The ſenſe is clear enough without the alteration. The Reviſal offers to read, more plauſibly, I think:

—— joy *with me.*

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may, however, be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1529:—"I have good cauſe to ſet the cocke on the hope, and make *gaudy* chere." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act III.

"Let's have one other *gaudy* night."

In the the novel of M. Alberto of Bologna, the author adviſeth gentlewomen "to beware how they contrive their holyday talke, by waſte wordes iſſuing forth their delicate mouths in carping, *gauding*, and jeſting at young gentlemen, and ſpeciallye old men, &c." Palace of Pleaſure, 1582. T. 1. fol 60. STEEVENS.

9 *After ſo long grief, ſuch nativity!*] We ſhould ſurely read:

After ſo long grief, ſuch feſtivity.

Nativity lying ſo near, and the termination being the ſame of both words, the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.

The old reading may be right. She has juſt ſaid, that to her, her ſons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

Manent

Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou imbark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, ſir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.
[*Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glaſs and not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I, ſir; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion:
How ſhall we try it?

S. Dro. We will draw
Cuts for the ſenior: till then lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another[9].
[*Exeunt.*

[9] In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than diſtinction of character; and our attention is leſs forcibly engaged, becauſe we can gueſs in great meaſure how the denouement will be brought about. Yet the poet ſeems unwilling to part with his ſubject, even in this laſt and unneceſſary ſcene, where the ſame miſtakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely loſt. STEEVENS.

MUCH ADO

ABOUT

NOTHING.

Perſons Repreſented.

Don Pedro, *Prince of* Arragon.
Leonato, *Governor of* Meſſina.
Don John, *Baſtard Brother to Don* Pedro.
Claudio, *a young Lord of* Florence, *Favourite to Don* Pedro.
Benedick, *a young Lord of* Padua, *favoured likewiſe by Don* Pedro.
Balthazar, *Servant to Don* Pedro.
Antonio, *Brother to* Leonato.
Borachio, *Confident to Don* John.
Conrade, *Friend to* Borachio.
Dogberry, Verges, } *two fooliſh Officers.*

Hero, *Daughter to* Leonato.
Beatrice, *Niece to* Leonato.
Margaret, Urſula, } *two Gentlewomen attending on* Hero.

A Friar, Meſſenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE, *Meſſina* in *Sicily.*

The ſtory is from Arioſto, Orl. Fur. b. v. POPE.

It is true, as Mr. Pope has obſerved, that ſomewhat reſembling the ſtory of this play is to be found in the fifth book of the Orlando Furioſo. In Spenſer's Faery Queen, b. ii. c. 4. as remote an original may be traced. A novel, however, of Belleforeſt, copied from another of Bandello, ſeems to have furniſhed Shakſpeare with his fable, as it approaches nearer in all its particulars to the play before us, than any other performance known to be extant. I have ſeen ſo many verſions from this once popular collection, that I entertain no doubt but that a great majority of the tales it comprehends, have made their appearance in an Engliſh dreſs. Of that particular ſtory which I have juſt mentioned, viz. the 18th hiſtory in the third volume, no tranſlation has hitherto been met with. STEEVENS.

MUCH

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato, Hero, and Beatrice, with a Meſſenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Meſſina.

Meſſ. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort[2], and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itſelf, when the atchiever brings home full numbers. I find here, that Don Pedro hath beſtowed much honour on a young Florentine, call'd Claudio.

[1] *Much ado about Nothing.*] *Innogen*, (the mother of Hero) in the oldeſt quarto that I have ſeen of this play, printed in 1600, is mentioned to enter in two ſeveral ſcenes. The ſucceeding editions have all continued her name in the Dramatis Perſonæ. But I have ventured to expunge it; there being no mention of her through the play, no one ſpeech addreſs'd to her, nor one ſyllable ſpoken by her. Neither is there any one paſſage, from which we have any reaſon to determine that Hero's mother was living. It ſeems, as if the poet had in his firſt plan deſign'd ſuch a character: which, on a ſurvey of it, he found would be ſuperfluous; and therefore he left it out. THEOBALD.

This play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Aug. 23, 1600. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *of any* ſort,] *Sort* is rank. So in Chapman's verſion of the 16th book of *Homer's Odyſſey*:

" A ſhip, and in her many a man of *ſort*." STEEVENS.

Meſſ. Much deſerv'd on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himſelf beyond the promiſe of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation, than you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Meſſina will be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even ſo much, that [3] joy could not ſhew itſelf modeſt enough, without a badge of bitterneſs.

Leon. Did he break out into tears.

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindneſs: There are no faces truer [4] than thoſe that are ſo waſh'd. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, [5] is ſignior Montanto return'd from the wars, or no?

[3] ——*joy could not ſhew itſelf* modeſt *enough, without a* badge *of bitterneſs.*] This is judiciouſly expreſs'd. Of all the tranſports of joy, that which is attended with tears is leaſt offenſive; becauſe, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that uſually attends another's happineſs. This he finely calls a *modeſt* joy, ſuch a one as did not inſult the obſerver by an indication of happineſs unmixed with pain. WARBURTON.

Such another expreſſion occurs in Chapman's verſion of the tenth book of the Odyſſey:

" ——————our eyes wore
" The ſame wet *badge* of weak humanity."

This is an idea which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been delighted to introduce. It occurs again in *Macbeth:*

" ——————*my plenteous joys*
" *Wanton in fullneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves*
" *In drops of ſorrow.*" STEEVENS.

[4] —— *no faces truer*] That is, none *honeſter*, none *more ſincere.* JOHNSON.

[5] —*is ſignior Montanto return'd*—] *Montante*, in Spaniſh, is a *huge two-handed ſword*, given, with much humour, to one, the ſpeaker would repreſent as a boaſter or bravado. WARBURTON.

Montanto was one of the ancient terms of the fencing-ſchool.

Meſſ. I know none of that name, lady; [6] there was none ſuch in the army of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aſk for, niece?

Hero. My couſin means ſignior Benedick of Padua.

Meſſ. O, he's return'd; and as pleaſant as ever he was.

Beat. [7] He ſet up his bills here in Meſſina, and challenged

So, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "—your punto, your reverſo, your ſtoccata, your imbrocata, your paſſada, your *montanto*, &c." Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*:

" ——thy reverſe, thy diſtance, thy *montant*."

STEEVENS.

[6] —*there was none ſuch in the army of any* ſort.] Not meaning there was none ſuch of *any order or degree whatever*, but that there was none ſuch of *any quality above the common*. WARBURTON.

[7] *He ſet up his bills*, &c.] In B. Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Shift ſays:

" This is rare, I have ſet up my *bills* without diſcovery."

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

" I have bought foils already, *ſet up bills*,
" Hung up my two-hand ſword, &c."

Again, in Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596:

" —*ſetting up bills* like a bearward or fencer, what fights we ſhall have, and what weapons ſhe will meet me at."

The following account of one of theſe challenges, taken from an ancient MS. of which ſome account is given in a note on the firſt act and firſt ſcene of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, may not be unacceptable to the inquiſitive reader. " Item a challenge playde before the King's majeſtie (Edward VI.) at Weſtminſter, by three maiſters, Willym Paſcall, Robert Greene, and W. Browne, at ſeven kynde of weapons. That is to ſaye, the axe, the pike, the rapier and target, the rapier and cloke, and with two ſwords, agaynſt all alyens and ſtrangers, being borne without the King's dominions, of what countrie ſo ever he or they were, geving them a warninge by theyr *bills ſet up* by the three maiſters, the ſpace of eight weeks before the ſayd challenge was playde; and it was holden four ſeverall Sundayes, one after another." It appears from the ſame work that all challenges " to any maiſter within the realme of Englande being an Engliſhe man," were againſt the ſtatutes of the " Noble ſcience of Defence."

Beatrice means, that Benedick publiſhed a general challenge, like a prize-fighter. STEEVENS.

challenged Cupid [8] at the flight: and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge ſubſcrib'd for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in theſe wars? But how many

[8] —*challenged Cupid at the flight:*] To challenge at the *flight*, was a challenge to ſhoot with an *arrow*. *Flight* means an arrow, as may be proved from the following lines in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca:*

" ——— *not the quick rack ſwifter;*
" *The virgin from the hated raviſher*
" *Not half ſo fearful: not a* flight *drawn home,*
" *A round ſtone from a ſling.* ———"

So, in *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſs*, 1617:

" We have tied our geldings to a tree, two *flight-ſhot* off."

Again, in Middleton's *Game of Cheſs*, 1625:

" Who, as they ſay, diſcharg'd it like a *flight*."

Again, in the *Entertainment at Cauſome Houſe*, &c. 1613:

" —it being from the park about two *flight-ſhots* in length."

But it is apparent from the following paſſage in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, b. viii. ſt. 15. that a *flight* was not uſed to ſignify an *arrow in general*, but ſome *particular* kind of arrow; I believe one of an unuſual length:

" ——— and aſſign'd
" The archers their *flight*-ſhafts to ſhoot away;
" Which th' adverſe ſide (with fleet and dimneſs blind,
" Miſtaken in the diſtance of the way)
" Anſwer with their *ſheaf-arrows*, that came ſhort
" Of their intended aim, and did no hurt."

Holinſhed makes the ſame diſtinction in his account of the ſame occurrence, and adds, that theſe *flights* were provided on purpoſe. Again, in Holinſhed, p. 649.—" He cauſed the ſoldiers to ſhoot their *flights* towards the lord Audlies company."

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that the length of a *flight-ſhot* ſeems aſcertained by a paſſage in Leland's Itinerary, 1769, vol. iv. p. 44. " The paſſage into it at ful ſe is a *flite-ſhot* over, as much as the Tamiſe is above the bridge."—It were eaſy to know the length of London-Bridge, and Stowe's Survey may inform the curious reader whether the river has been narrowed by embanking ſince the days of Leland.

The *bird-bolt* is a ſhort thick arrow without point, and ſpreading at the extremity ſo much, as to leave a flat ſurface, about the breadth of a ſhilling. Such are to this day in uſe to kill rooks with, and are ſhot from a croſs-bow. So, in Marſton's *What You Will*, 1607:

" ——— ignorance ſhould ſhoot
" His groſs-knobb'd *bird-bolt*. ——"

ny hath he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax ſignior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you[9], I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſervice, lady, in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent ſtomach.

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" ———— Cupid,
" Pox of his *bird-bolt!* Venus,
" Speak to thy boy to fetch his *arrow* back,
" Or ſtrike her with a *ſharp one!*" STEEVENS.

He challenged Cupid at the flight, *and my uncle's fool challenged him at the* bird bolt.] The flight was an arrow of a particular kind:—In the Harleian Catalogue of MSS. vol. i. n. 69. is " a challenge of the lady *Maiee's* ſervants to all comers, to be performed at *Greenwiche*—to ſhoot ſtandart arrow, or *flight*." I find the title-page of an old pamphlet ſtill more explicit. " A new *poſt*—a marke exceeding neceſſary for all mens arrows: whether the great man's *flight*, the gallant's *rover*, the wiſe man's *pricke-ſhaft*, the poor man's *but-ſhaft*, or the fool's *bird-bolt*."

FARMER.

The *flight*, which in the Latin of the middle ages was called *flecta*, was a fleet arrow with narrow feathers, uſually employed againſt rovers. See *Blount's Ancient Tenures*, 1679.

A *bolt* ſeems to have been a general term for an *arrow*. So, in Shirley's *Love's Cruelty*: " When the keepers are none of the wiſeſt, their *bolts* are ſooner ſhot."

There the *bolt* is ſuppoſed to be employed againſt deer-ſtealers. The word is ſtill uſed in the common proverb: *A fool's bolt* is *ſoon ſhot*.

That particular ſpecies of arrow which was employed in killing birds, appears to have been called a *bird*-bolt. MALONE.

An *arrow* employed in war was never termed a *bolt*. *Bolt* therefore could not have been a *general* term for an *arrow*.

STEEVENS.

[9] ———— *he'll be meet with you,*] This is a very common expreſſion in the midland counties, and ſignifies *he'll be your match, he'll be even with you.*

So in TEXNOΓAMIA, by B. Holiday, 1618:

" Go meet her, or elſe ſhe'll *be meet* with me."

STEEVENS.

Meſſ.

Meſſ. And a good ſoldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good ſoldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Meſſ. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; ſtuff'd with all honourable virtues[1].

Beat. It is ſo, indeed; he is no leſs than a ſtuff'd man[2]: but for the ſtuffing,—well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You muſt not, ſir, miſtake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt ſignior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there's a ſkirmiſh of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, four of his[3] five wits went halting off, and now

[1] Stuff'd *with all honourable virtues.*] *Stuff'd*, in this firſt inſtance, has no ridiculous meaning. Mr. Edwards obſerves that *Mede* in his *Diſcourſes on Scripture*, ſpeaking of Adam, ſays, "—he whom God had *ſtuffed* with ſo many excellent qualities." Edwards's MS.
Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*

"——— whom you know
"Of *ſtuff'd ſufficiency.*"

Un homme bien *etoffe*, ſignifies, in French, *a man in good circumſtances.* STEEVENS.

[2] —*he is no leſs than a* ſtuff'd *man: but for the* ſtuffing *well,—we are all mortal.*] Mr. Theobald plumed himſelf much on the pointing of this paſſage; which, by the way, he might learn from Davenant: but he ſays not a word, nor any one elſe that I know of, about the reaſon of this abruption. The truth is, Beatrice ſtarts an idea at the words *ſtuff'd man*; and prudently checks herſelf in the purſuit of it. A *ſtuff'd man* was one of the many cant phraſes for a *cuckold.* In *Lilly's Midas*, we have an inventory of *Motto's moveables.*—"Item, ſays Petulus, one paire of hornes in the bride-chamber on the *bed's head.* – The *beaſt's* head, obſerves Licio; for *Motto* is *ſtuff'd in the head*, and theſe are among *unmoveable goods.*" FARMER.

[3] ———*four of his five wits*——] In our author's time *wit* was the general term for intellectual powers. So, *Davies on the Soul:*

"Wit, *ſeeking truth from cauſe to cauſe aſcends,*
"*And never reſts till it the firſt attain;*
"Will, *ſeeking good, finds many middle ends,*
"*But never ſtays till it the laſt do gain.*"

And

now is the whole man govern'd with one: ſo that if he have [4] wit enough to keep himſelf warm, let him bear it for a difference between himſelf and his horſe; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reaſonable creature.—Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new ſworn brother.

Meſſ. Is it poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: [5] he wears his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block [6].

Meſſ. I ſee, lady, [7] the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat.

And, in another part:

" *But if a phrenzy do poſſeſs the brain,*
" *It ſo diſturbs and blots the form of things,*
" *As fantaſy proves altogether vain,*
" *And to the* wit *no true relation brings.*
" *Then doth the* wit, *admitting all for true,*
" *Build fond concluſions on thoſe idle grounds;*"——

The *wits* ſeem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five ſenſes, or the five inlets of ideas. JOHNSON.

[4] *wit enough to keep himſelf* WARM,] *Such a one has wit enough to keep himſelf warm*, is a proverbial expreſſion. So in the *Wiſe Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

" You are the wiſe woman, are you? and have *wit to keep yourſelf warm* enough, I warrant you." Again, in *Cynthia's Revels* by Ben Jonſon: "—your whole ſelf cannot but be perfectly wiſe; for your hands have *wit enough to keep themſelves warm:*" To bear any thing for a *difference*, is a term in heraldry. So, in *Hamlet*, Ophelia ſays:

" ——you may wear yours with a *difference.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*he wears his* faith——] Not religious profeſſion, but *profeſſion of friendſhip*; for the ſpeaker gives it as the reaſon of her aſking, *who was now his companion?* that *he had every month a new ſworn brother.* WARBURTON.

[6] ——*with the next* block] A *block* is the mould on which a hat is formed. So in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:*

" Of what faſhion is this knight's wit? of what *block?*"

See a note on *K. Lear*, act IV. ſc. vi.

The old writers ſometimes uſe the word *block* for the hat itſelf. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *the gentleman is not in your books.*] This is a phraſe uſed, I believe, by more than underſtand it. *To be in one's books*

is

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my ſtudy. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young

is to be in one's codicils *or* will, *to be among friends ſet down for legacies.* JOHNSON.

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the viſiting-books of the preſent age: ſo, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 2nd Part, 1630:

"I am ſure her name was in my *Table-Book* once."

Or, perhaps the alluſion is to matriculation at the univerſity. So, in *Ariſtippus*, or the *Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630:

"You muſt be matriculated, and have your name recorded in *Albo Academiæ.*"

Again,—"What have you enrolled him in *Albo?* Have you fully admitted him into the Society?—to be a member of the body academic?

Again, "And if I be not entred, and have my name admitted into ſome of their *books*, let, &c.

And yet I think the following paſſage in the *Maid's Revenge*, by Shirley, 1639, will ſufficiently ſupport my firſt ſuppoſition:

"Pox of your compliment, you were beſt not write in her *Table-Books.*"

It appears to have been anciently the cuſtom to *chronicle the ſmall beer* of every occurrence, whether literary or domeſtic, in theſe *Table-Books.*

So, in the play laſt quoted:

"Devolve itſelf!—that word is not in my *Table-Books.*"

Hamlet, likewiſe has,—"my *tables*, &c."

Again, in the *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

"———Campeius!—Babylon
"His name hath *in her Tables.*"

Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a Comedy, 1540.

"—We weyl haunſe thee, or ſet thy name into our *felowſhip boke*, with clappynge of handes, &c.

I know not exactly to what cuſtom this laſt quoted paſſage refers, unleſs to the *album:* for juſt after, the ſame expreſſion occurs again: that "—from henceforthe thou may'ſt have a place worthy for thee in our *whyte:* from hence thou may'ſt have thy name written in our *boke.*"

It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in the *Taming of a Shrew*, that this phraſe might have originated from the *Herald's Office*:

"A herald, Kate! oh, put me *in thy books!*"

After all, the following note in one of the Harleian MSS. No. 847, may be the beſt illuſtration:

"W.

[8]young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! He will hang upon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught than the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will coſt him a thouſand pounds ere he be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you good lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot January.

Meſſ. Don Pedro is approach'd.

"W. C. to Henry Fradſham, Gent. the owner of this book:
"Some write their fantaſies in verſe
"*In theire bookes* where they friendſhippe ſhewe,
"Wherein oft tymes they doe rehearſe
"The great good will that they do owe, &c. STEEVENS.

The gentleman is not in your books.] This phraſe has not been exactly interpreted. *To be in a man's books*, originally meant to be in the liſt of his *retainers*. Sir John Mandevile tells us, "alle the mynſtrelles that comen before the great Chan ben witholden with him, as of his houſhold, and entred in his *bookes*, as for his own men." FARMER.

This expreſſion, I make no doubt, took its riſe from the cuſtom mentioned by Dr. Farmer. That in all great families, the names of the ſervants of the houſehold were written in *books* kept for that purpoſe, appears from the following paſſage in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, a comedy, 1639: "See, maſter Treatwell, that his name be *enrolled* among my other *ſervants*—Let my *ſteward* receive ſuch notice from you."

A *ſervant* and a *lover* were in Cupid's Vocabulary, ſynonymous. Thus, in Marſton's *Malecontent*, 1604: "Is not Marſhal *Makeroom*, my *ſervant* in reverſion, a proper gentleman?"

Hence the phraſe—*to be in a perſon's books*—was applied equally to the *lover* and the *menial attendant*. MALONE.

[8] *young ſquarer*——] A *ſquarer* I take to be a cholerick, quarrelſome fellow, for in this ſenſe Shakſpeare uſes the word to *ſquare*. So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream* it is ſaid of Oberon and Titania, that *they never meet but they* ſquare. So the ſenſe may be, *Is there no* hot-blooded *youth that will keep him company through all his mad pranks?* JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to avoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my houſe in the likeneſs of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remain; but, when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſs takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your [9]charge too willingly.—I think, this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bene. Were you in doubt, ſir, that you aſk'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may gueſs by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herſelf:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If ſignior Leonato be her father, ſhe would not have his head on her ſhoulders for all Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder, that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What my dear lady Diſdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it poſſible, diſdain ſhould die, while ſhe hath ſuch meet food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick[1]? Courteſy itſelf muſt convert to diſdain, if you come in her preſence.

[9] *You embrace your charge*——] That is, your *burden*, your *incumbrance*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*ſuch food to feed it, as ſignior Benedick?*] A kindred thought occurs in *Coriolanus*, act II. ſc. i.

"Our very prieſts muſt become *mockers*, if they encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are." STEEVENS.

Bene.

Bene. Then is courteſy a turn-coat :—But it is certain, I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted : and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happineſs to women; they would elſe have been troubled with a pernicious ſuitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man ſwear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyſhip ſtill in that mind! ſo ſome gentleman or other ſhall 'ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratch'd face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, an' twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of yours.

Bene. I would, my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue; and ſo good a continuer: But keep your way o'God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſum of all: Leonato,—ſignior Claudio, and ſignior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we ſhall ſtay here at the leaſt a month; and he heartily prays, ſome occaſion may detain us longer: I dare ſwear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you ſwear, my lord, you ſhall not be forſworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you[2]: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace lead on?

[2] *I thank you*:] The poet has judiciouſly marked the gloomineſs of Don John's character, by making him averſe to the common forms of civility. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Pedro.

Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*

Claud. Benedick, didſt thou note the daughter of ſignior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is ſhe not a modeſt young lady?

Bene. Do you queſtion me, as an honeſt man ſhould do, for my ſimple true judgment? or would you have me ſpeak after my cuſtom, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, ſpeak in ſober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks ſhe is too low for a high praiſe, too brown for a fair praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe: only this commendation I can afford her; that were ſhe other than ſhe is, ſhe were unhandſome; and being no other but as ſhe is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'ſt, I am in ſport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy ſuch a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a caſe to put it into. But ſpeak you this with a ſad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is [3] a good hare-finder, and

[3] ——— *to tell us, Cupid is a good hare-finder,* &c.] I know not whether I conceive the jeſt here intended. Claudio hints his love of Hero. Benedick aſks whether he is ſerious, or whether he only means to jeſt, and tell them that *Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter.* A man praiſing a pretty lady in jeſt, may ſhew the quick ſight of Cupid, but what has it to do with the *carpentry* of Vulcan? Perhaps the thought lies no deeper than this, *Do you mean to tell us as new what we all know already?* JOHNSON.

I believe no more is meant by thoſe ludicrous expreſſions than this.——Do you mean, ſays Benedick, to amuſe us with improbable ſtories?

An ingenious correſpondent, whoſe ſignature is R. W. explains

and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key ſhall a man take you, to go in the ſong [4]?

Claud. In mine eye, ſhe is the ſweeteſt lady that I ever looked on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her couſin, an ſhe were not poſſeſs'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the firſt of May doth the laſt of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn huſband; have you?

Claud. I would ſcarce truſt myſelf, though I had ſworn the contrary, if Hero would by my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear [5] his cap with ſuſpicion? Shall I never ſee a bachelor of threeſcore again? Go to, i'faith; an thou wilt needs thruſt thy

plains the paſſage in the ſame ſenſe, but more amply. "Do you mean to tell us that love is not blind, and that fire will not conſume what is combuſtible?"——for both theſe propoſitions are implied in making Cupid *a good hare-finder*, and Vulcan (the God of fire) *a good carpenter*. In other words, *would you convince me, whoſe opinion on this head is well known, that you can be in love without being blind, and can play with the flame of beauty without being ſcorched.* STEEVENS.

I explain the paſſage thus: *Do you ſcoff and mock in telling us that Cupid, who is blind, is a good hare-finder, which requires a quick eye-ſight; and that Vulcan, a blackſmith, is a rare carpenter?* TOLLET.

——After ſuch attempts at decent illuſtration, I am afraid that he who wiſhes to know why Cupid is a good *hare-finder*, muſt diſcover it by the aſſiſtance of many quibbling alluſions of the ſame ſort, about *hair* and *hoar*, in Mercutio's ſong in the ſecond act of *Romeo and Juliet*. COLLINS.

[4] ——*to go in the ſong?*] i. e. to join with you in your ſong. —to ſtrike in with you in the ſong. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*wear his cap with ſuſpicion?*] That is, ſubject his head to the diſquiet of jealouſy. JOHNSON.

In the *Palace of Pleaſure*, p. 233, we have the following paſſage: "Al they that *weare hornes* be pardoned to weare their "*capps* upon their heads." HENDERSON.

neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and [6] figh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is return'd to ſeek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would conſtrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be ſecret as a dumb man, I would have you think ſo; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—mark, how ſhort his anſwer is:—With Hero, Leonato's ſhort daughter.

Claud. If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered [7].

Bene.

[6] ———*figh away Sundays.*] A proverbial expreſſion to ſignify that a man has no reſt at all; when Sunday, a day formerly of eaſe and diverſion, was paſſed ſo uncomfortably. WARBURTON.

I cannot find this *proverbial* expreſſion in any ancient book whatever. I am apt to believe that the learned commentator has miſtaken the drift of it, and that it moſt probably alludes to the ſtrict manner in which the ſabbath was obſerved by the *Puritans*, who uſually ſpent that day in *ſighs* and *gruntings*, and other hypocritical marks of devotion. STEEVENS.

[7] Claud. *If this were ſo, ſo were it uttered.*] This and the three next ſpeeches I do not well underſtand; there ſeems ſomething omitted relating to Hero's conſent, or to Claudio's marriage, elſe I know not what Claudio can wiſh *not to be otherwiſe*. The copies all read alike. Perhaps it may be better thus,

Claud. *If this were ſo, ſo were it.*

Bene. *Uttered like the old tale*, &c.

Claudio gives a ſullen anſwer, *if it is ſo, ſo it is*. Still there ſeems ſomething omitted which Claudio and Pedro concur in wiſhing. JOHNSON.

Claudio, evading at firſt a confeſſion of his paſſion, ſays; if I had really confided ſuch a ſecret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner. In his next ſpeech, he thinks proper to avow

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: it it not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo; but, indeed, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Claud. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You ſpeak this to fetch me in, my lord.

Pedro. By my troth, I ſpeak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I ſpeak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That ſhe is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how ſhe ſhould be loved, nor know how ſhe ſhould be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedro. Thou waſt ever an obſtinate heretick in the deſpight of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, [2] but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that ſhe brought me up, I likewiſe give her moſt humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead [3], or hang my bugle in an inviſible

avow his love; and when Benedick ſays, *God forbid it ſhould be ſo*, i. e. God forbid he ſhould even wiſh to marry her; Claudio replies—God forbid I ſhould not wiſh it. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *but in the force of his will.*] Alluding to the definition of a heretick in the ſchools. WARBURTON.

[3] ——— *but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead,*] That is, *I will wear a horn on my forehead which the huntſman may blow.* A *recheate* is the ſound by which dogs are called back. Shakſpeare had no mercy upon the poor cuckold, his *horn* is an inexhauſtible ſubject of merriment. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus:*

" ——— When you blow the death of your fox in the field or

inviſible baldrick[4], all women ſhall pardon me: Becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will do myſelf the right to truſt none; and the fine is, (for the which I may go the finer) I will live a bachelor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſs, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove, that ever I loſe more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-houſe for the ſign of blind Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou doſt fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument[5].

covert, then you muſt ſound three notes, with three winds; and *recheat*, mark you, ſir, upon the ſame three winds."

"Now, ſir, when you come to your ſtately gate, as you ſounded the *recheat* before, ſo now you muſt ſound the relief three times."

Again, in the *Book of Huntynge*, &c. bl. l. no date. "Blow the whole *rechate* with three wyndes, the firſt wynde one longe and ſix ſhorte. The ſeconde wynde two ſhorte and one longe. The thred wynde one longe and two ſhorte."

Among Bagford's Collections relative to Typography, in the Britiſh Muſeum, 1044, ii. c. is an engraved half ſheet, containing the ancient Hunting Notes of England, &c. Among theſe, I find, Single, Double, and Treble *Recheats*, Running *Recheat*, Warbling *Recheat*, another *Recheat* with the tongue very hard, another ſmoother *Recheat*, and another warbling *Recheat*. The muſical notes are affixed to them all. STEEVENS.

A *recheate* is a particular leſſon upon the horn, to call dogs back from the ſcent: from the old French word *recet*, which was uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *retraite*. HANMER.

[4] —— *hang my bugle in an inviſible baldrick*,] *Bugle*, i. e. bugle-horn hunting-horn. The meaning ſeems to be—or that I ſhould be compell'd to carry any horn that I muſt wiſh to remain inviſible, and that I ſhould be aſhamed to hang openly in my belt or baldrick.

It is ſtill ſaid of the mercenary cuckold, that he *carries his horns in his pockets*. STEEVENS.

[5] *notable argument.*] An eminent ſubject for ſatire. JOHNSON.

Bene.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat [6], and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd [7] Adam.

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall try:
In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke [8].

Bene. The ſavage bull may; but if ever the ſenſible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and ſet them in my forehead: and let me be vilely paint-

[6] *in a bottle like a cat,*] As to *the cat and bottle*, I can procure no better information than the following, which does not exactly ſuit with the text.

In ſome counties of England, a cat was formerly cloſed up with a quantity of ſoot in a wooden bottle, (ſuch as that in which ſhepherds carry their liquor) and was ſuſpended on a line. He who beat out the bottom as he ran under it, and was nimble enough to eſcape its contents, was regarded as the hero of this inhuman diverſion. STEEVENS.

[7] *and he that hits me, let him be clap'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd* Adam.] But why ſhould he therefore be call'd *Adam?* Perhaps, by a quotation or two we may be able to trace the poet's alluſion here. In *Law-Tricks*, or, *Who would have thought it*, (a comedy written by John Day, and printed in 1608) I find this ſpeech: *Adam Bell, a ſubſtantial outlaw, and a paſſing good* archer, *yet no tobacconiſt.* By this it appears, that Adam Bell at that time of day was of reputation for his ſkill at the bow. I find him again mentioned in a burleſque poem of ſir William Davenant's, called, *The long Vacation in London.* THEOBALD.

Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough, and William of Cloudeſly, were, ſays Dr. Percy, three noted outlaws, whoſe ſkill in Archery, rendered them formerly as famous in the North of England, as Robin Hood and his fellows were in the midland Counties. Their place of reſidence was in the foreſt of Englewood not far from Carliſle. At what time they lived does not appear. The author of the common ballads on *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood*, makes them contemporary with Robin Hood's father, in order to give him the honour of beating them. See *Reliques of ancient Poetry*, vol. i. p. 143, where the ballad on theſe outlaws is preſerved. STEEVENS.

[8] *In time the ſavage bull doth bear the yoke.*] This line is taken from the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, or *Hieronymo*, &c. 1605, which itſelf, with a ſlight variation, is taken from Watſon's Sonnets, 4to. b. l printed about 1580. See Note on the laſt Edition of Dodſley's Old Plays, vol. xii. p. 387. STEEVENS.

ed; and in ſuch great letters as they write, *Here is good horſe to hire*, let them ſignify under my ſign,—*Here you may ſee Benedick the marry'd man.*

Claud. If this ſhould ever happen, thou would'ſt be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, [9] if Cupid hath not ſpent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good ſignior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at ſupper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an embaſſage; and ſo I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God; from my houſe, (if I had it,)—

Pedro. The ſixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments [1], and the guards are but ſlightly baſted on neither: ere [2] you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience; and ſo I leave you. [*Exit, Claud.*

9 *if Cupid hath not ſpent all his quiver in Venice,*] All modern writers agree in repreſenting Venice in the ſame light as the ancients did Cyprus. And it is this character of the people that is here alluded to. WARBURTON.

1 —— guarded *with fragments,*] *Guards* were ornamental lace or borders. So in the *Merchant of Venice:*

" ——give him a livery
" More *guarded* than his fellows."

Again, in *Henry* IV. Part I.

" ——velvet *guards* and ſunday citizens." See P. 85.
STEEVENS.

2 *ere you flout old ends,* &c.] *Before you endeavour to diſtinguiſh yourſelf any more by antiquated alluſions, examine whether you can fairly claim them for your own.* This, I think is the meaning; or it may be underſtood in another ſenſe, *examine, if your ſarcaſms do not touch yourſelf.* JOHNSON.

The

Claud. My liege, your highneſs now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learn
Any hard leſſon that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any ſon, my lord?

Pedro. No child but Hero, ſhe's his only heir:
Doſt thou affect her Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a ſoldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taſk in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover preſently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou doſt love fair Hero, cheriſh it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou ſhalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'ſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Claud. How ſweetly do you miniſter to love,
That know love's grief by his complection!
But leſt my liking might too ſudden ſeem,
I would have ſalv'd it with a longer treatiſe.

The ridicule here is to the formal concluſions of Epiſtles dedicatory and Letters. Barnaby Googe thus ends his dedication to the firſt edition of Palengenius, 12mo. 1560; "And thus *committyng* your Ladiſhip with all yours to the *tuicion* of the "moſte mercifull *God* I ende. From Staple Inne at London, "the eighte and twenty of March." The practice had however become obſolete in Shakſpeare's time. In *A Poſte with a Packet of mad Letters*, by Nicholas Breton, 4to. 1607; I find a Letter ending in this manner, entitled, "A letter to laugh at "after the *old faſhion* of love to a Maide." EDITOR.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
[3] The faireſt grant is the neceſſity:
Look, what will ſerve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lov'ſt;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we ſhall have revelling to-night;
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her boſom I'll unclaſp my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the concluſion is, ſhe ſhall be thine:
In practice let us put it preſently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leo. How now, brother? Where is my couſin, your ſon? Hath he provided this muſick?

Ant. He is very buſy about it. But, brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event ſtamps them; but they have a good cover, they ſhow well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached alley[4] in my orchard, were thus overheard by a man of

[3] *The faireſt* grant *is the neceſſity:*] i. e. no one can have a better reaſon for granting a requeſt than the neceſſity of its being granted. WARBURTON.

Mr. Hayley with great acuteneſs propoſes to read,

The faireſt grant is *to* neceſſity. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*a* thick-pleached *alley*] *Thick-pleached* is thickly interwoven. In *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——with *pleached* arms, bending down
"His corrigible neck." STEEVENS.

mine;

mine: The prince diſcover'd to Claudio, that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this evening in a dance; and, if he found her accordant, he meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good ſharp fellow; I will ſend for him, and queſtion him yourſelf.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itſelf:—but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peradventure this be true: Go you, and tell her of it. [*Several Servants croſs the ſtage here.*] Couſin, [5] you know what you have to do.—O, I cry you mercy, friend; go you with me, and I will uſe your ſkill:—Good couſin, have a care this buſy time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Another Apartment in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter [4] *Don John and Conrade.*

Conr. What the good-jer, my lord [5]! why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

[5] *Couſin*, you know—[and afterwards, *good couſin* ——] Surely *brother* and *couſin* never could have had the ſame meaning: yet, as this paſſage ſtands at preſent, Leonato appears to addreſs himſelf to Antonio, (or as he is ſtyled in the firſt folio, *the old man*) his *brother*, whom he is made to call *couſin*.

It appears that ſeveral perſons, I ſuppoſe Leonato's *kinſmen*, are at this time croſſing the ſtage, to whom he here addreſſes himſelf. Accordingly, the old copy reads, not *couſin*, but——

"*Couſins* you know what you have to do."

You all know your ſeveral offices; take care to aſſiſt in making preparations at this buſy time for my new gueſts.

I would therefore read *couſins* in both places. MALONE.

[5] Don *John*] The folio has *Sir* John. MALONE.

[6] *What the* good-jer, *my lord!*] We ſhould read, *goujere*. STEEVENS.

John.

John. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds it, therefore the ſadneſs is without limit.

Conr. You ſhall hear reaſon.

John. And when I have heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

John. I wonder, that thou being, (as thou ſay'ſt thou art) born under Saturn, goeſt about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying miſchief. I cannot hide what I am[7]: I muſt be ſad when I have cauſe, and ſmile at no man's jeſts; eat when I have ſtomach, and wait for no man's leiſure; ſleep when I am drowſy, and tend on no man's buſineſs; laugh when I am merry, and [8] claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you muſt not make the full ſhow of this, till you may do it without controulment. You have of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf: it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your own harveſt.

[7] *I cannot hide what I am:*] This is one of our authour's natural touches. An envious and unſocial mind, too proud to give pleaſure, and too ſullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itſelf, under the plainneſs of ſimple honeſty, or the dignity of haughty independence. JOHNSON.

[8] claw *no man in his humour.*] To *claw* is to flatter. So *the pope's claw-backs*, in biſhop Jewel, are the pope's *flatterers*. The ſenſe is the ſame in the proverb, *Mulus mulum ſcabit*. JOHNSON.
So in *Albion's England*, 1597, p. 125.

The overweening of thy wits doth make thy foes to ſmile
Thy friends to weepe and *claw backs* thee with ſoothings to beguile.

Again in *Wylſon on Uſury*, 1571. p. 141.
" ——therefore I will *claw* him, and ſaye well might he fare,
" and godds bleſſing have he too. For the more hee ſpeaketh
" the better it itcheth, and maketh better for me. EDITOR."

John.

John. I had rather be a [8] canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be diſdain'd of all, than to faſhion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man, it muſt not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am truſted with a muzzle, and infranchiſed with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to ſing in my cage: If I had my mouth,

[8] *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his grace:*] A *canker* is the *canker* roſe, *dog-roſe*, *cynoſbatus*, or *hip*. The ſenſe is, I would rather live in obſcurity the wild life of nature, than owe dignity or eſtimation to my brother. He ſtill continues his wiſh of gloomy independence. But what is the meaning of the expreſſion, *a roſe in his grace?* if he was a *roſe* of himſelf, his brother's *grace* or *favour* could not degrade him. I once read thus, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe in his* garden; that is, I had rather be what nature makes me, however mean, than owe any exaltation or improvement to my brother's kindneſs or cultivation. But a leſs change will be ſufficient: I think it ſhould be read, *I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a roſe by his grace.* JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Love's Miſtreſs*, 1636:

"A roſe, a lily, a blew-bottle, and a *canker-flower.*"

Again, in Shakſpeare's 54th *Sonnet:*

"The *canker* blooms have full as deep a die
"As the perfumed tincture of the roſe."

I think no change is neceſſary. STEEVENS.

The former ſpeech, in my apprehenſion, ſhews clearly that the old copy is right. Conrade had ſaid: "He hath ta'en you new into his *grace*, where it is impoſſible that you ſhould take *root* but by the fair weather that you make yourſelf." To this Don John replies, with critical correctneſs: "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a *roſe* in his *grace.*" We meet a kindred expreſſion in *Macbeth:*

"——— Welcome hither:
"I have begun to *plant* thee, and will labour
"To make thee full of *growing.*"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"I'll *plant* Plantaganet, *root* him up who dares."

MALONE.

The author of THE REMARKS ſays, that the word *canker* ſhould rather ſeem to be uſed here as it is in various other places for the worm that preys upon flowers; a metamorphoſis ſuited to the malignancy of the ſpeaker's diſpoſition. See REMARKS, P. 30.

EDITOR.

I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and ſeek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no uſe of your diſcontent?

John. I make all uſe of it, for I uſe it only. Who comes here? what news Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great ſupper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertain'd by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it ſerve for any model to build miſchief on? What is he for a fool, that betroths himſelf to unquietneſs?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? the moſt exquiſite Claudio?

Bora. Even he!

John. A proper ſquire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How come you to know this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in ſad conference[9]: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince ſhould woo Hero for himſelf, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my diſpleaſure: that young ſtart-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can croſs him

[9] *in* ſad *conference:*] *Sad* in this, as in a former inſtance, ſignifies *ſerious*. STEEVENS.

any

any way, I bleſs myſelf every way: You are both ſure[1], and will aſſiſt me.

Conr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great ſupper; their cheer is the greater, that I am ſubdu'd: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leo. Was not count John here at ſupper?

Ant. I ſaw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after[2].

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made juſt in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and ſays nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldeſt ſon, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half ſignior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in ſignior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purſe, Such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

[1] ——*both* ſure,] i. e. to be depended on. STEEVENS.

[2] *heart-burn'd an hour after.*] The pain commonly called the *heart-burn*, proceeds from an *acid* humour in the ſtomach, and is therefore properly enough imputed to *tart* looks. JOHNSON.

Leon.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a huſband, if thou be'ſt ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith, ſhe's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more than curſt: I ſhall leſſen God's ſending that way: for it is ſaid, *God ſends a curſt cow ſhort horns*; but to a cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no horns.

Beat. Juſt, if he ſend me no huſband; for the which bleſſing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a huſband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in woollen[3].

Leon. You may light upon a huſband, that hath no beard.

Beat. What ſhould I do with him? dreſs him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is leſs than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me; and he that is leſs than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leo. Well then, go you into hell[4]?

Beat. No; but to the gate: and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and ſay, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:* ſo deliver I up

[3] *in* woollen.] Thus the modern editors. The old copies read ——in *the* woollen. STEEVENS.

[4] *Well then*, &c.] Of the two next ſpeeches Dr. Warburton ſays, *All this impious nonſenſe thrown to the bottom, is the players' and foiſted in without rhyme or reaſon.* He therefore puts them in the margin. They do not deſerve indeed ſo honourable a place, yet I am afraid they are too much in the manner of our authour, who is ſometimes trying to purchaſe merriment at too dear a rate. JOHNSON.

I have reſtored the lines omitted. STEEVENS.

my

my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he ſhews me where the bachelors ſit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, I truſt, you will be rul'd by your father. [*To Hero.*

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my couſin's duty to make a curtſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe you:*—but yet for all that, couſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make another curtſy, and ſay, *Father, as it pleaſe me.*

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a huſband.

Beat. Not till God make men of ſome other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-maſter'd with a piece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marle? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's ſons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a ſin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember, what I told you: if the prince do ſolicit you in that kind, you know your anſwer.

Beat. The fault will be in the muſick, couſin, if you be not woo'd in good time: if the prince be too [6] important, tell him, there is meaſure in every thing, and ſo dance out the anſwer. For hear me, Hero, Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a meaſure, and a cinque-pace: the firſt ſuit is hot and haſty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantaſtical; the wedding, mannerly modeſt, as a meaſure, full of ſtate and ancientry; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faſter and faſter, 'till he ſink into his grave.

Leon. Couſin, you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can ſee a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring; brother, make good room.

[6] *if the prince be too* important,] *Important* here, and in many other places, is *importunate.* See P. 244. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar;[7] *Don John, Borachio, Margaret, Urſula, and others maſk'd.*

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk ſoftly, and look ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, eſpecially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may ſay ſo, when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute ſhould be like the caſe!

Pedro. [8] My viſor is Philemon's roof; within the houſe is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your viſor ſhould be thatch'd.

[7] *Balthazar,*] The quarto and folio add—*or dumb John.* STEEVENS.

or dumb John.] Here is another proof that when the firſt copies of our author's plays were prepared for the preſs, the tranſcript was made out by the ear. If the MS. had lain before the tranſcriber, it is very unlikely that he ſhould have miſtaken *Don* for *dumb:* but, by an inarticulate ſpeaker, or inattentive hearer, they might eaſily be confounded. MALONE.

Don John's taciturnity has been already noticed. It ſeems therefore not improbable that the author himſelf might have occaſionally applied the epithet *dumb* to him. EDITOR.

[8] *My viſor is Philemon's roof, within the houſe is* love.] Hero ſays to Don Pedro, God forbid the lute ſhould be like the caſe! i. e. that your face ſhould be as homely and as coarſe as your maſk. Upon this, Don Pedro compares his viſor to Philemon's roof. 'Tis plain, the poet alludes to the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon from Ovid: and this old couple, as the Roman poet deſcribes it, liv'd in a thatch'd cottage:

" ——— *Stipulis & canna tecta paluſtri.*"

But why, *within this houſe is* love? Though this old pair lived in a cottage, this cottage received two ſtraggling Gods, (Jupiter and Mercury) under its roof. So, Don Pedro is a prince; and though his viſor is but ordinary, he would inſinuate to Hero, that he has ſomething *godlike* within: alluding either to his dignity or the qualities of his perſon and mind. THEOBALD.

Pedro. Speak low, if you ſpeak love [9].

Bene. Well, I would you did like me [1].

Marg. So would not I, for your own ſake; for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I ſay my prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better; the hearers may cry amen [2].

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my ſight when the dance is done!—Anſwer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is anſwer'd.

Urſ. I know you well enough; you are ſignior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. I know you by the wagling of your head.

9 Pedro. *Speak low*, &c.] This ſpeech, which is given to Pedro, ſhould be given to Margaret. REVISAL.

1 Balth. *Well I would you did like me.*] This and the two following little ſpeeches, which I have placed to Balthazar, are in all the printed copies given to Benedick. But, 'tis clear, the dialogue here ought to be betwixt Balthazar and Margaret: Benedick, a little lower, converſes with Beatrice: and ſo every man talks with his woman once round. THEOBALD.

2 *amen.*] I do not concur with Theobald in his arbitrary diſpoſition of theſe ſpeeches. Balthazar is called in the old copies *dumb John*, as I have already obſerved; and therefore it ſhould ſeem, that he was meant to ſpeak but little. When Benedick ſays, *the hearers may cry, amen*, we muſt ſuppoſe that he leaves Margaret and goes in ſearch of ſome other ſport. Margaret utters a wiſh for a good partner. Balthazar, who is repreſented as a man of the feweſt words, repeats Benedick's *Amen*, and leads her off, deſiring, as he ſays in the following ſhort ſpeech, to put himſelf to no greater expence of breath. STEEVENS.

This whole note is, I apprehend, founded on a miſtake; *or*, in the ſtage-direction in the old copy, at the beginning of this ſcene, was, I believe, an accidental repetition; and, *dumb*, I ſuſpect, was written inſtead of *Don*, through the miſtake of the tranſcriber, whoſe ear deceived him.

I think it extremely probable, that the regulation propoſed by Theobald, and the author of *the Reviſal*, is right. MALONE.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urſ. You could never do him ſo ill-will, unleſs you were the very man: Here's his dry hand[3] up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urſ. Come, come; do you think, I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itſelf? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*[4];—Well, this was ſignior Benedick that ſaid ſo.

Bene.

[3] ——*his* dry *hand.*] A *dry* hand was anciently regarded as the ſign of a cold conſtitution. To this Maria, in *Twelfth-Night*, alludes: Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

[4] *Hundred merry Tales*;] The book, to which Shakſpeare alludes, was an old tranſlation of *Les cent Nouvelles Nouvelles.* The original was publiſhed at Paris, in the black letter, before the year 1500, and is ſaid to have been written by ſome of the royal family of France. Ames mentions a tranſlation of it prior to the time of Shakſpeare.

In the *London Chaunticleres*, 1659, this work, among others, is cry'd for ſale by a ballad-man. "The Seven Wiſe Men of Gotham; a *Hundred Merry Tales*; Scoggin's Jeſts, &c."
Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——— the Almanacs,
"The *Hundred Novels*, and the Books of Cookery."

Of this collection there are frequent entries in the regiſter of the Stationers' Company. The firſt I met with was in Jan. 1581. STEEVENS.

This Book was certainly printed before the year 1575, and in much repute, as appears from the mention of it in Langham's Letter. Again, in *The Engliſh Courtier and the Cuntrey Gentleman*, Bl. l. 1586. Sign H. 4. "——wee want not alſo pleaſant mad "headed knaves that bee properly learned and well reade in diverſe "pleaſant bookes and good authors. As Sir Guy of Warwicke, "the Foure Sonnes of Amon, the Ship of Fooles, the Budget of "Demaundes,

Bene. What's he.

Beat. I am ſure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he ever make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jeſter: a very dull fool; only his gift is in deviſing impoſſible ſlanders[5]; none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy[6]; for he both pleaſeth men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure, he is in the fleet; I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a compariſon or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, ſtrikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing ſav'd, for the fool will eat no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the leaders.

[*Muſick within.*

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

Manent John, Borachio, and Claudio.

John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about

" Demaundes, *the Hundredth merry Tales*, the Booke of Ryddles, " and many other excellent writers both witty and pleaſaunt." It has been ſuggeſted to me that there is no other reaſon than the word *hundred* to ſuppoſe this book a tranſlation of the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*. EDITOR.

[5] *his gift is in deviſing* impoſſible *ſlanders:*] We ſhould read *impaſſible*, i. e. ſlanders ſo ill invented, that they will paſs upon no body. WARBURTON.

Impoſſible ſlanders are, I ſuppoſe, ſuch ſlanders as, from their abſurdity and impoſſibility, bring their own confutation with them. JOHNSON.

[6] *his villainy*;] By which ſhe means his malice and impiety. By his impious jeſts, ſhe inſinuates, he *pleaſed* libertines; and by his *deviſing ſlanders* of them, he angered them. WARBURTON.

it: The ladies follow her, and but one viſor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing [6].

John. Are you not ſignior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, diſſuade him from her, ſhe is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him ſwear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he ſwore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bora.*

Claud. Thus anſwer I in name of Benedick,
But hear theſe ill news with the ears of Claudio.—
'Tis certain ſo:—the prince wooes for himſelf.
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, [7] all hearts in love uſe their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itſelf,
And truſt no agent: for beauty is a witch [8],
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I miſtruſted not: Farewell therefore, Hero!

[6] ——*his* bearing.] i. e. his carriage, his demeanour. So in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"How I may formally in perſon *bear* me." STEEVENS.

[7] Therefore, &c.] *Let*, which is found in the next line, is underſtood here. MALONE.

[8] ——*beauty is a witch,*
Againſt whoſe charms faith melteth into blood.]

i. e. as wax when oppoſed to the fire kindled by a witch, no longer preſerves the figure of the perſon whom it was deſigned to repreſent, but flows into a ſhapeleſs lump; ſo fidelity, when confronted with beauty, diſſolves into our ruling paſſion, and is loſt there like a drop of water in the ſea. STEEVENS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the ſame.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own buſineſs, count. What faſhion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an uſurer's chain[9]? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's ſcarf? You muſt wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wiſh him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's ſpoken like an honeſt drover; ſo they ſell bullocks. But did you think, the prince would have ſerv'd you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you ſtrike like the blind man; 'twas the boy that ſtole your meat, and you'll beat the poſt.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into ſedges.——But, that my lady Beatrice ſhould know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha? it may be, I go under that title, becauſe I am merry.—Yea; but ſo; I am apt to do myſelf wrong: I am not ſo reputed: [1] it is the baſe, though bitter diſpo-

[9] *uſurer's chain?*] *Chains* of gold, of conſiderable value, were in our author's time, uſually worn by wealthy citizens and others in the ſame manner they now are on publick occaſions, by the aldermen of London. See *The Puritan, or Widow of Watling-Street*, act iii. ſc. iii *Albumazar*, act i. ſc. vii. and other pieces. EDITOR.

Uſury ſeems about this time to have been a common topic of invective. I have three or four dialogues, paſquils, and diſcourſes on the ſubject, printed before the year 1600. From every one of theſe it appears, that the merchants were the chief uſurers of the age. STEEVENS.

[1] *it is the baſe*, though *bitter*, *diſpoſition of Beatrice, who puts the world into her perſon,*] That is, *It is the diſpoſition of Beatrice,*

diſpoſition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her perſon, and ſo gives me out. Well, I'll be reveng'd as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now, ſignior, where's the count? Did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have play'd the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren [2]; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady [3]; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forſaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a ſchool-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's neſt, ſhews it his companion, and he ſteals it.

Pedro.

who takes upon her to perſonate the world, and therefore repreſents the world as ſaying what ſhe only ſays herſelf.

Baſe, though bitter. I do not underſtand how *baſe* and *bitter* are inconſiſtent, or why what is *bitter* ſhould not be *baſe*. I believe, we may ſafely read, *It is the baſe*, the *bitter* diſpoſition. JOHNSON.

The *baſe* though *bitter*, may mean the *ill-natur'd* though *witty*. STEEVENS.

[2] *as melancholy as a lodge in a warren*;] A parallel thought occurs in the firſt chapter of Iſaiah, where the prophet, deſcribing the deſolation of Judah, ſays: "The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a *lodge* in a garden of cucumbers, &c." I am informed, that near Aleppo, theſe lonely buildings are ſtill made uſe of, it being neceſſary, that the fields where water-melons, cucumbers, &c. are raiſed, ſhould be regularly watched. I learn from Tho. Newton's *Herball to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587, that "ſo ſoone as the cucumbers, &c. be gathered, theſe lodges are abandoned of the watchmen and keepers, and no more frequented." From theſe forſaken buildings, it ſhould ſeem, the prophet takes his compariſon. STEEVENS.

[3] *of this young lady*;] Benedick ſpeaks of Hero as if ſhe were on the ſtage. Perhaps, both ſhe and Leonato, were meant to make their entrance with Don Pedro. When Beatrice enters, ſhe is ſpoken of as coming in with only Claudio. STEEVENS.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt a tranſgreſſion? The tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiſs, the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himſelf; and the rod he might have beſtow'd on you, who, as I take it, have ſtol'n his bird's neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying, by my faith, you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman, that danc'd with her, told her, ſhe is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, ſhe miſus'd me paſt the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have anſwer'd her; my very viſor began to aſſume life and ſcold with her: She told me, not thinking I had been myſelf, that I was the prince's jeſter; and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jeſt upon jeſt, with [4] ſuch impoſſible conveyance, upon me, that I ſtood like a man at a mark, with a whole army ſhooting at me: She ſpeaks poniards, and every word

[4] *ſuch* impoſſible *conveyance,*] Dr. Warburton reads *impaſſable:* Sir Tho. Hanmer *impetuous*, and Dr. Johnſon *importable*, which, ſays he, is uſed by Spenſer, in a ſenſe very congruous to this paſſage for *inſupportable, or not to be ſuſtained.* Alſo by the laſt tranſlators of the Apocrypha, and therefore ſuch a word as Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have written. EDITOR.

Importable is very often uſed by Lidgate in his Prologue to the tranſlation of *The Tragedies gathered by Ihon Bochas*, &c. as well as by Holinſhed.

Impoſſible may be licentiouſly uſed for *unaccountable.* Beatrice has already ſaid, that Benedick invents *impoſſible* ſlanders. So, in the *Fair Maid of the Inn*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"You would look for ſome moſt *impoſſible* antick."

Again, in *The Roman Actor*, by Maſſinger:

"——to loſe
"Ourſelves, by building on *impoſſible* hopes."

STEEVENS.

word ſtabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtar. I would not marry her, though ſhe were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he tranſgreſs'd: ſhe would have made Hercules have turn'd ſpit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you ſhall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God ſome ſcholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while ſhe is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a ſanctuary; and people ſin upon purpoſe, becauſe they would go thither: ſo, indeed, all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato, and Hero.

Pedro. Look, here ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any ſervice to the world's end? I will go on the ſlighteſt errand now to the Antipodes, that you can deviſe to ſend me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the fartheſt inch of Aſia; bring you the length of Preſter John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard [6]; do you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to deſire your good company.

I believe the meaning is——*with a rapidity equal to that of* jugglers, *who appear to perform* impoſſibilities.

Conveyance was the common term in our author's time for *ſlight of hand.* MALONE.

[6] *bring you the length of Preſter John's foot: fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard:*] i. e. I will undertake the hardeſt taſk, rather than have any converſation with lady Beatrice. Alluding to the difficulty of acceſs to either of thoſe monarchs, but more particularly to the former.

So Cartwright, in his comedy call'd *The Siege, or Love's Convert*, 1641:

"——bid me take the Parthian king by the beard: or draw an eye-tooth from the jaw royal of the Perſian monarch."

STEEVENS.

Bene.

Bene. O God, ſir, here's a diſh I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue[7].

Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have loſt the heart of ſignior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him uſe for it, a double heart for a ſingle one: marry, once before he won it of me with falſe dice, therefore your grace may well ſay, I have loſt it.

Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you ſent me to ſeek.

Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad, my lord.

Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither ſad, nor ſick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange[8], and ſomething of that jealous complexion[9].

Pedro. I'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be ſworn, if he be ſo, his conceit is falſe. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace ſay Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much.—

[7] ——my *lady Tongue.*] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio reads —— *this* lady tongue. STEEVENS.

[8] *civil* as an *orange.*] This conceit occurs likewiſe in *Naſh's four Letters confuted*, 1592. "For the order of my life it is as *civil* as an *orange*." STEEVENS.

[9] *of* that *jealous complexion.*] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio reads, *of* a *jealous complexion.* STEEVENS.

Lady

Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myſelf for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, couſin; or, if you cannot, ſtop his mouth with a kiſs, and let him not ſpeak neither.

Pedro. In faith lady you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy ſide of care:—My couſin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And ſo ſhe doth, couſin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—[1] Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd; I may ſit in a corner, and cry, heigh ho! for a huſband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent huſbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, lady!

Beat. No, my lord, unleſs I might have another for working days; your grace is too coſtly to wear every day:—But, I beſeech your grace, pardon me: I was born to ſpeak all mirth, and no matter.

Pedro. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry beſt becomes you; for, out of queſtion, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat.

[1] *Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am ſun-burn'd;*] What is it, *to go to the world?* perhaps, to enter by marriage into a ſettled ſtate; but why is the unmarry'd lady *ſun-burnt?* I believe we ſhould read, *Thus goes every one to the* wood *but I, and I am ſun-burnt.* Thus does every one but I find a ſhelter, and I am left expoſed to wind and *ſun. The neareſt way to the* wood, is a phraſe for the readieſt means to any end. It is ſaid of a woman, who accepts a worſe match than thoſe which ſhe had refuſed, that ſhe has paſſed through the *wood*, and at laſt taken a crooked ſtick. But conjectural criticiſm has always ſomething to abate its confidence. Shakſpeare, in *All's well that End's well*, uſes the phraſe,

Beat. No, ſure, my lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a ſtar danc'd, and under that I was born.—Couſins, God give you joy.

Leon. Niece, will you look to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit Beatrice.*

Pedro. By my troth, a pleaſant-ſpirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: ſhe is never ſad, but when ſhe ſleeps; and not ever ſad then; for I have heard my daughter ſay, [2] ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs, and wak'd herſelf with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a huſband.

Leon. O, by no means; ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuit.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week marry'd, they would talk themſelves mad.

Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear ſon, which is hence a juſt ſeven-night; and a time too brief too, to have all things anſwer my mind.

to go to the world, for *marriage*. So that my emendation depends only on the oppoſition of *wood* to *ſun-burnt*. JOHNSON.

I am *ſun-burnt* may mean, I have loſt my beauty, and am conſequently no longer ſuch an object as can tempt a man to marry. STEEVENS.

[2] *ſhe hath often dream'd of unhappineſs,*] So all the editions; but Mr. Theobaldalters it to, *an happineſs*, having no conception that *unhappineſs* meant any thing but misfortune, and that, he thinks, ſhe could not laugh at. He had never heard that it ſignified a wild, wanton, unlucky trick. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their comedy of the *Maid of the Mill:*

" ——*My* dreams *are like my thoughts, honeſt and innocent:*
" *Yours are* unhappy." WARBURTON.

Pedro. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing; but, I warrant thee, Claudio, the time ſhall not go dully by us; I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is [1] to bring ſignior Benedick, and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it coſt me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modeſt office, my lord, to help my couſin to a good huſband.

Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefulleſt huſband that I know: thus far I can praiſe him; he

[1] *to bring ſignior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other.*] *A mountain of affection with one another* is a ſtrange expreſſion, yet I know not well how to change it. Perhaps it was originally written, *to bring Benedick and Beatrice into a* mooting *of affection*; to bring them not to any more *mootings* of contention, but to a *mooting* or converſation of love. This reading is confirmed by the prepoſition *with*; *a mountain with each other*, or *affection with each other*, cannot be uſed, but *a mooting with each other* is proper and regular. JOHNSON.

Uncommon as the word propoſed by Dr. Johnſon may appear, it is uſed in ſeveral of the old plays. So in *Glapthorne's Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" ——————one who never
" Had *mooted* in the hall, or ſeen the revels
" Kept in the houſe at Chriſtmas."

Again, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" It is a plain caſe whereon I *mooted* in our temple."

Again, "—at a *mooting* in our temple." Ibid.

And yet all that I believe is meant by a *mountain of affection* is, *a great deal of affection.*

In one of *Stanyhurſt's* poems, is the following phraſe to denote a large quantity of love:

" *Lumps* of love promiſt, nothing perform'd, &c."

Again,

he is of a noble ſtrain[2], and of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honeſty. I will teach you how to humour your couſin, that ſhe ſhall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will ſo practiſe on Benedick, that, in deſpight of his quick wit and his queaſy ſtomach, he ſhall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory ſhall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is ſo; the count Claudio ſhall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can croſs it.

John. Any bar, any croſs, any impediment will be medicinable to me: I am ſick in diſpleaſure to him; and whatſoever comes athwart his affection, ranges

Again, in the *Renegado*, by Maſſinger:

"————'tis but parting with
"A *mountain* of vexation."

Thus in *K. Hen.* VIII. "a *ſea* of glory." In *Hamlet*, "a *ſea* of troubles." Again, in Howel's *Hiſt. of Venice*: "though they ſee *mountains* of miſeries heaped on one's back." Again in Bacon's *Hiſt. of K. Hen.* VII. "Perkin ſought to corrupt the ſervants to the lieutenant of the tower by *mountains* of promiſes." Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*: "—the *mountain* of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me." Little can be inferr'd from Shakſpeare's offence againſt grammar.

Mr. Malone obſerves, that, "Shakſpeare has many phraſes equally harſh. He who would hazard ſuch expreſſions as *a ſtorm of fortunes*, a *vale of years*, and *a tempeſt of provocation*, would not ſcruple to write *a mountain of affection*." STEEVENS.

[2] a noble *ſtrain*,] i. e. deſcent, lineage. So, in the *Fairy Queen*, B. iv. C. viii. S. 33:

"Sprung from the auncient ſtocke of prince's *ſtraine*."

Again, B. v. C. 9. S. 32:

"Sate goodly temperaunce in garments clene,
"And ſacred reverence yborne of heavenly *ſtrene*."

EDITOR.

evenly

evenly with mine. How canſt thou croſs this marriage?

Bora. Not honeſtly, my lord; but ſo covertly that no diſhoneſty ſhall appear in me.

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordſhip, a year ſince, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poiſon of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother; ſpare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renown'd Claudio, (whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated ſtale, ſuch a one as Hero.

John. What proof ſhall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to miſuſe the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other iſſue?

John. Only to deſpite them, I will endeavour any thing.

[3] *Bora.* Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don

[3] Bora. *Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone; tell them that you know Hero loves me;— Offer them inſtances, which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood than to ſee* me *at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me* Claudio; *and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding.*] Thus the whole ſtream of the editions from the firſt quarto downwards. I am obliged here to give a ſhort account of the plot depending, that the emendation I have made may appear the more clear and unqueſtionable. The buſineſs ſtands thus: Claudio, a favourite of the Arragon prince, is, by

Don Pedro, and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know, Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match; and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,—that you have diſcover'd thus. They will ſcarcely believe this without trial: offer them inſtances; which ſhall bear no leſs likelihood, than to ſee me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret

by his interceſſions with her father, to be married to fair Hero; Don John, natural brother of the prince, and a hater of Claudio, is in his ſpleen zealous to diſappoint the match. Borachio, a raſcally dependant on Don John, offers his aſſiſtance, and engages to break off the marriage by this ſtratagem. "Tell the prince and Claudio (ſays he) that Hero is in love with *me*; they won't believe it: offer them proofs, as, that they ſhall ſee me converſe with her in her chamber-window. I am in the good graces of her waiting-woman, Margaret; and I'll prevail with Margaret, at a dead hour of night, to perſonate her miſtreſs Hero; do you then bring the prince and Claudio to overhear our diſcourſe; and they ſhall have the torment to hear *me* addreſs Margaret by the name of Hero; and her ſay ſweet things to me by the name of Claudio."——This is the ſubſtance of Borachio's device to make Hero ſuſpected of diſloyalty, and to break off her match with Claudio. But, in the name of common ſenſe, could it diſpleaſe Claudio, to hear his miſtreſs making uſe of *his* name tenderly? If he ſaw another man with her, and heard her call him Claudio, he might reaſonably think her betrayed, but not have the ſame reaſon to accuſe her of diſloyalty. Beſides, how could her naming Claudio, make the prince and Claudio believe that ſhe lov'd Borachio, as he deſires Don John to inſinuate to them that ſhe did? The circumſtances weighed, there is no doubt but the paſſage ought to be reformed, as I have ſettled in the text—*hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me* Borachio. THEOBALD.

I am not convinced that this exchange is neceſſary. *Claudio* would naturally reſent the circumſtance of hearing another called by his own name; becauſe, in that caſe, baſeneſs of treachery would appear to be aggravated by wantonneſs of inſult; and, at the ſame time he would imagine the perſon ſo diſtinguiſhed to be *Borachio*, becauſe *Don John* was previouſly to have informed both him and *Don Pedro*, that *Borachio* was the favoured lover. STEEVENS.

term

term me Claudio; and bring them to ſee this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the mean time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that Hero ſhall be abſent; and there ſhall appear ſuch ſeeming truth of Hero's diſloyalty, that jealouſy ſhall be call'd aſſurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducats.

Bora. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

John. I will preſently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Leonato's Orchard.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, ſir.

Bene. I know that;—but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*]—I do much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his own ſcorn, by falling in love: And ſuch a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no muſick with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walk'd ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armour; and now will he lye ten nights awake, carving the faſhion

of a new doublet[4]. He was wont to ſpeak plain, and to the purpoſe, like an honeſt man, and a ſoldier; and now is he turn'd orthographer[5]; his words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes. May I be ſo converted, and ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be ſworn, but love may transform me to an oyſter; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyſter of me, he ſhall never make me ſuch a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wiſe; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace. Rich ſhe ſhall be, that's certain; wiſe, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good diſcourſe, an excellent muſician, and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe God[6]. Ha! the prince and monſieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [*Withdraws.*

Enter

[4] ——*carving the faſhion of a new doublet.*] This folly, ſo conſpicuous in the gallants of former ages, is laughed at by all our comic writers. So in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "—We are almoſt as fantaſtic as the Engliſh gentleman that is painted naked, with a pair of ſheers in his hand, as not being reſolved after what faſhion to have his coat cut." STEEVENS.

The Engliſh gentleman in the above extract alludes to a plate in Borde's Introduction. In Barnaby Riche's *Faults and nothing but Faults*, 4to. circa 1606, p. 6, we have the following account of a *Faſhionmonger*: "——here comes firſt the Faſhionmonger "that ſpends his time in the contemplation of ſutes. Alas! good "gentleman there is ſomething amiſſe with him. I perceive it by "his ſad and heavie countenance: for my life his Tailer and he "are at ſome ſquare about the making of his new ſute, he hath "cut it after the old ſtampe of ſome ſtale faſhion that is at the "leaſt of a whole fortnight's ſtanding." EDITOR.

[5] ——*orthographer.*] The old copies read—*orthography.* STEEVENS.

[6] —*and her hair ſhall be of what colour it pleaſe*, &c.] Perhaps *Benedick* alludes to a faſhion, very common in the time of Shakſpeare, that of *dying the hair.*

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio, and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, ſhall we hear this muſick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How ſtill the evening is,
As huſh'd on purpoſe to grace harmony!

Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himſelf?

Claud. O very well, my lord: the muſick ended,
We'll fit the kid-fox[7] with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that ſong again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not ſo bad a voice
To ſlander muſick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witneſs ſtill of excellency,
To put a ſtrange face on his own perfection:—
I pray thee ſing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talk of wooing, I will ſing:

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1595, ſpeaking of the attires of women's heads, ſays: "*If any have haire of her owne naturall growing, which is not faire ynough, then will they* die *it in divers collours.* STEEVENS.

7 Pedro. *See where Benedick hath hid himſelf?*
Claudio. *Very well, my lord: the muſick ended, we'll fit the* kid-fox *with a penny-worth.*] i. e. we will be even with the fox now diſcovered. So the word *kid*, or *kidde*, ſignifies in Chaucer:

"The ſoothfaſtneſs that now is hid,
"Without coverture ſhall be *kid*
"When I undoen have this dreming."
Romaunt of the Roſe, 2171, &c.

"Perceiv'd or ſhew'd.
"He *kidde* anon his bone was not broken."
Troilus and Creſſeide, lib. i. 208.

"With that anon ſterte out daungere,
"Out of the place where he was hidde;
"His malice in his cheere was *kidde*."
Romaunt of the Roſe, 2130.
GREY.

It is not impoſſible but that Shakſpeare choſe on this occaſion to employ an antiquated word; and yet if any future editor ſhould chuſe to read—*hid* fox, he may obſerve that Hamlet has ſaid—"*Hide* fox and all after." STEEVENS.

A *kid fox* ſeems to be no more than a *young fox* or *cub*.
REMARKS.

Since

Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he wooes;
Yet will he ſwear, he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come:
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks;
Note, notes, forſooth, and noting!

Bene. Now, *Divine air!* now is his ſoul raviſh'd!—Is it not ſtrange, that ſheeps guts ſhould hale ſouls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in ſea, and one on ſhore;
To one thing conſtant never:
Then ſigh not ſo,
But let them go,
And be you blith and bonny;
Converting all your ſounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no mo
Of dumps ſo dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leavy.
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Pedro. By my troth, a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger, my lord.

Pedro. Ha? no; no, faith; thou ſing'ſt well enough for a ſhift.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] An he had been a dog, that ſhould have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no miſchief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

Pedro. Yea, marry;—Doſt thou hear Balthazar? I pray thee get us ſome excellent muſick; for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The beſt I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*

Pedro. Do ſo: farewel. Come hither, Leonato; What was it you told me of to-day, that your niece Beatrice was in love with ſignior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay;—Stalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits[8]. [*Aſide to Pedero.*] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but moſt wonderful, that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on ſignior Benedick, whom ſhe hath in all outward behaviours ſeem'd ever to abhor.

[8] —*Stalk on, ſtalk on, the fowl ſits.*] This is an alluſion to the *ſtalking-horſe*; a horſe either real or factitious, by which the fowler anciently ſhelter'd himſelf from the ſight of the game. So, in the *Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:

"Lye there thou happy warranted caſe
"Of any villain. Thou haſt been my *ſtalking-horſe*
"Now theſe ten months."

Again, in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"One underneath his *horſe* to get a ſhoot doth *ſtalk*."

Again, in his *Muſes Elyſium*:

"Then underneath my horſe, I *ſtalk* my game to ſtrike." STEEVENS.

Again, in *New Shreds of the Old Snare*, by John Gee, quarto, p. 23:

"——Methinks I behold the cunning fowler, ſuch as I have knowne in the fenne countries and els-where, that doe ſhoot at woodcockes, ſnipes, and wilde fowle by ſneaking behind a painted cloth which they carrey before them, having pictured in it the *ſhape of a horſe*; which while the ſilly fowle gazeth on is knockt downe with hale ſhot, and ſo put in the fowler's budget." EDITOR.

Bene. Is't poſſible? Sits the wind in that corner? [*Aſide.*

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, [9] but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection:—it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be, ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! counterfeit! There never was counterfeit of paſſion came ſo near the life of paſſion, as ſhe diſcovers it.

9 *but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection, it is paſt the* infinite *of thought.*] It is impoſſible to make ſenſe and grammar of this ſpeech. And the reaſon is, that the two beginnings of two different ſentences are jumbled together and made one. For—*but that ſhe loves him with an enraged affection* is only part of a ſentence which ſhould conclude thus,—*is moſt certain.* But a new idea ſtriking the ſpeaker, he leaves this ſentence unfiniſhed, and turns to another,—*It is paſt the infinite of thought,*—which is likewiſe left unfiniſhed; for it ſhould conclude thus—*to ſay how great that affection is.* Theſe broken disjointed ſentences are uſual in converſation. However there is one word wrong, which yet perplexes the ſenſe, and that is *infinite.* Human thought cannot ſurely be called *infinite* with any kind of figurative propriety. I ſuppoſe the true reading was *definite.* This makes the paſſage intelligible. *It is paſt the* definite *of thought*—i. e. it *cannot be defined* or conceived how great that affection is. Shakſpeare uſes the word again in the ſame ſenſe in *Cymebline:*

"*For ideots, in this caſe of favour, would*
"*Be wiſely* definite. ——"

i. e. could tell how to pronounce or determine in the caſe.

WARBURTON.

Here are difficulties raiſed only to ſhew how eaſily they can be removed. The plain ſenſe is, *I know not what to think* otherwiſe, *but that ſhe loves him with* an enraged *affection: It* (this affection) is paſt the infinite of thought. Here are no abrupt ſtops, or imperfect ſentences. *Infinite* may well enough ſtand; it is uſed by more careful writers for *indefinite:* and the ſpeaker only means, that *thought,* though in itſelf *unbounded,* cannot reach or eſtimate the degree of her paſſion. JOHNSON.

The meaning I think is——*but with what an enraged affection ſhe loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.*

MALONE.

Pedro. Why, what effects of paſſion ſhews ſhe?

Claud. Bait the hook well; this fiſh will bite. [*Aſide.*

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will ſit you,—You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her ſpirit had been invincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leon. I would have ſworn it had my lord; eſpecially againſt Benedick.

Bene. [*Aſide.*] I ſhould think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeaks it: knavery cannot, ſure, hide himſelf in ſuch reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection; hold it up. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Hath ſhe made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and ſwears ſhe never will; that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; ſo your daughter ſays: *Shall I,* ſays ſhe, *that have ſo oft encounter'd him with ſcorn, write to him that I love him.*

Leon. [1] This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to

[1] *This ſays ſhe now when ſhe is beginning to write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night, and there ſhe'll ſit in her ſmock, till ſhe have have writ a ſheet of paper*] Shakſpeare has more than once availed himſelf of ſuch incidents as occured to him from hiſtory, &c. to compliment the princes before whom his pieces were performed. A ſtriking inſtance of flattery to James occurs in Macbeth; perhaps the paſſage here quoted was not leſs grateful to Elizabeth, as it apparently alludes to an extraordinary trait in one of the letters pretended to have been written by the hated Mary to Bothwell.

"I am *nakit* *, and ganging to ſleep, and zit I ceaſe not to ſcribble all this paper, in ſo meikle as reſt is thairof." *That is,* I am naked, and going to ſleep, and yet I ceaſe not to ſcribble to the end of my paper, much as remains of it unwritten.

HENLEY.

* write

write to him: for ſhe'll be up twenty times a night; and there ſhe will ſit in her ſmock, 'till ſhe have writ a ſheet of paper:—my daughter tells me all.

Claud. Now you talk of a ſheet of paper, I remember a pretty jeſt your daughter told us of.

Leon. Oh,—When ſhe had writ it, and was reading it over, ſhe found Benedick and Beatrice between the ſheet?—

Claud. That.

Leon. [2] O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand half-pence; rail'd at herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write to one that ſhe knew would flout her: *I meaſure him*, ſays ſhe, *by my own ſpirit; for I ſhould flout him, if he writ to me; yea, though I love him, I ſhould.*

Claud. Then down upon her knees ſhe falls, weeps, ſobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curſes;—*O ſweet Benedick! God give me patience!*

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter ſays ſo: and the ecſtacy hath ſo much overborne her, that my daughter is ſometimes afraid ſhe will do deſperate outrage to herſelf; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poor lady worſe.

Pedro. An he ſhould, it were an alms to hang him: She's an excellent ſweet lady; and out of all ſuſpicion, ſhe is virtuous.

Claud. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wiſdom and blood combating

[2] *O, ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand* half-pence.] A *farthing* and perhaps a *half-penny*, was uſed to ſignify any ſmall particle or diviſion. So, in the character of the *Prioreſs* in *Chaucer*:

"That in hire cuppe was no *ferthing* ſene
"Of greſe, whan ſhe dronken haddle hire draught."
Prol. to the Cant. Tales, late edit. v. 135. STEEVENS.

in ſo tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory. I am ſorry for her, as I have juſt cauſe, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would, ſhe had beſtow'd this dotage on me; I would have daff'd [3] all other reſpects, and made her half myſelf: I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good think you?

Claud. Hero thinks ſurely, ſhe will die: for ſhe ſays, ſhe will die if he love her not; and ſhe will die ere ſhe make her love known; and ſhe will die if he woo her, rather than ſhe will bate one breath of her accuſtom'd croſſneſs.

Pedro. She doth well: if ſhe ſhould make tender of her love, 'tis very poſſible, he'll ſcorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible ſpirit [4].

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happineſs.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wiſe.

Pedro. He doth, indeed, ſhew ſome ſparks that are like wit.

[3] ——*have* daff'd——] To *daff* is the ſame as to *doff*, to *do off*, to put aſide. So in *Macbeth*:

" ——————to *doff* their dire diſtreſſes." STEEVENS.

[4] *contemptible ſpirit.*] That is, a temper inclined to ſcorn and contempt. It has been before remarked, that our author uſes his verbal adjective with great licence. There is therefore no need of changing the word with ſir T. Hanmer to *contemptuous.* JOHNSON.

In the *argument* to *Darius*, a tragedy, by lord Sterline, 1603, it is ſaid, that Darius wrote to *Alexander* " in a proud and *contemptible* manner." In this place *contemptible* certainly means *contemptuous.*

Again, Drayton, in the 24th Song of his *Polyolbion*, ſpeaking in praiſe of a hermit, ſays, that he,

" The mad tumultuous world *contemptibly* forſook,
" And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook."

STEEVENS.

Leon.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As Hector, I aſſure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may ſee he is wiſe; for either he avoids them with great diſcretion, or undertakes them with a chriſtian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he muſt neceſſarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And ſo will he do; for the man doth fear God, howſoever it ſeems not in him, by ſome large jeſts he will make. Well, I am ſorry for your niece: Shall we go ſeek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counſel.

Leon. Nay, that's impoſſible; ſhe may wear her heart out firſt.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wiſh he could modeſtly examine himſelf, to ſee how much he is unworthy to have ſo good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote upon her upon this, I will never truſt my expectation. [*Aſide.*

Pedro. Let there be the ſame net ſpread for her, and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewomen carry. The ſport will be, when they hold an opinion of one another's dotage, and no ſuch matter; that's the ſcene that I would ſee, which will be merely a dumb ſhow. Let us ſend her to call him to dinner. [*Aſide*] [*Exeunt.*

Benedick advances from the Arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick: The conference was ſadly borne[5].—They have the truth of this from

[5] *was ſadly borne.*] i. e. was ſeriouſly carried on. See vol. i. p. 151. STEEVENS.

Hero,

Hero. They ſeem to pity the lady; it ſeems, her affections have the full bent. Love me! why, it muſt be requited. I hear how I am cenſured: they ſay, I will bear myſelf proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than give any ſign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I muſt not ſeem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They ſay, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth I can bear them witneſs: and virtuous; 'tis ſo, I cannot reprove it: and wiſe—but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have ſome odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, becauſe I have rail'd ſo long againſt marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid, I would die a batchelor, I did not think I ſhould live till I were marry'd.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, ſhe's a fair lady: I do ſpy ſome marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my will, I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage?

Beat. Yea, juſt as much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal:—You have no ſtomach, ſignior; fare you well. [*Exit.*

Bene. Ha! *Againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner*—there's a double meaning in that. *I took*

took no more pains for thoſe thanks, than you take pains to thank me—that's as much as to ſay, Any pains that I take for you is as eaſy as thanks:—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Orchard.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Urſula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour;
There ſhalt thou find my couſin Beatrice
Propoſing with the Prince and Claudio[5]:
Whiſper her ear, and tell her, I and Urſula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her; ſay, that thou overheard'ſt us;
And bid her ſteal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-ſuckles, ripen'd by the ſun,
Forbid the ſun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Againſt that power that bred it:—there will ſhe hide her
To liſten our propoſe[6]: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, preſently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Urſula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk muſt only be of Benedick:

[5] *Propoſing* with the prince and Claudio.] *Propoſing* is converſing, from the French word—*propos*, diſcourſe, talk. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*our* propoſe.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—our *purpoſe*. *Propoſe* is right. See the preceding note. STEEVENS.

When

When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praiſe him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee muſt be, how Benedick
Is ſick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-ſay. Now begin.

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Cloſe by the ground, to hear our conference.
Urſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden oars the ſilver ſtream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture:
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.
Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear loſe nothing
Of the falſe ſweet bait that we lay for it.—
[*They advance to the bower.*
No, truly, Urſula, ſhe is too diſdainful;
I know, her ſpirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock[7].
Urſ. But are you ſure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice ſo entirely?
Hero. So ſays the prince, and my new-trothed lord?
Urſ. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

[7] —— *as haggards of the rock.*] *Turbervile*, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, tells us, that "the *haggard* doth come from foreign parts a ſtranger and a paſſenger;" and *Latham*, who wrote after him, ſays, that "ſhe keeps in ſubjection the moſt part of all the fowl that fly, inſomuch, that the taſſel gentle, her natural and chiefeſt companion, dares not come near that coaſt where ſhe uſeth, nor ſit by the place where ſhe ſtandeth. Such is the greatneſs of her ſpirit, *ſhe will not admit of any ſociety*, until ſuch a time as nature worketh, &c." So, in *The tragical Hiſtory of Didaco and Violenta*, 1576:

"Perchaunce ſhe's not of *haggard*'s kind
"Nor heart ſo hard to bend, &c." STEEVENS.

Hero.

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I perſuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wiſh him [8] wreſtle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urſ. Why did you ſo? Doth not the gentleman
Deſerve as full, as fortunate a bed [9],
As ever Beatrice ſhall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deſerve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder ſtuff than that of Beatrice:
Diſdain and ſcorn ride ſparkling in her eyes,
[1] Miſpriſing what they look on; and her wit
Values itſelf ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeems weak: ſhe cannot love,
Nor take no ſhape nor project of affection,
She is ſo ſelf-endeared.

Urſ. Sure, I think ſo;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why, you ſpeak truth: I never yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward [2]: if fair-fac'd,
She'd

[8] To *wiſh* him] i. e. *recommend* or *deſire*.
So in *The Honeſt Whore*, 1604.

Go *wiſh* the ſurgeon to have great reſpect

The hog hath loſt his pearl, 1614.

But lady mine, that ſhall be, your father, hath *wiſh'd* me to appoint the day with you. EDITOR.

[9] —— *as* full, &c.] A *full* bed means a *rich* wife. So in *Othello*:

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe? &c." STEEVENS.

[1] *Miſpriſing*——] Deſpiſing, contemning. JOHNSON.
To *miſprize* is to *undervalue*, or take in a wrong light. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſpell him backward.*] Alluding to the practice of witches in uttering prayers.
The following paſſages containing a ſimilar train of thought, are from Lilly's *Anatomy of Wit*, 1581.

"If

She'd ſwear, the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter;
[3] If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
[4] If low, an agat very vilely cut:

If

" If one be hard in conceiving, they pronounce him a dowlte: if given to ſtudie, they proclaim him a dunce: if merry, a jeſter: if ſad, a ſaint: if full of words, a ſot: if without ſpeech, a cypher: if one argue with him boldly, then is he impudent: if coldly, an innocent: if there be reaſoning of divinitie, they cry, Quæ ſupra nos, nihil ad nos: if of humanitie, ſententias loquitur carnifex."

Again, p. 44. b. "——if he be cleanly, they [women] term him proude: if meene in apparel, a ſloven: if tall, a lungis: if ſhort, a dwarfe: if bold, blunt: if ſhame faſt, a cowarde, &c. p. 55. If ſhe be well ſet, then call her a boſſe: if ſlender, a haſill twig: if nut brown, black as a coal: if well colour'd, a painted wall: if ſhe be pleaſant, then is ſhe wanton: if ſullen, a clowne: if honeſt, then is ſhe coye." STEEVENS.

[3] *If* black, *why*, *Nature*, *drawing of an* antick,
Made a foul blot: ——————]

The *antick* was a buffoon character in the old Engliſh farces, with a *blacked face*, and a *patch-work habit*. What I would obſerve from hence is, that the name of *antick* or *antique*, given to this character, ſhews that the people had ſome traditional ideas of its being borrowed from the *ancient mimes*, who are thus deſcribed by Apuleius, " *Mimi centunculo, fuligine faciem obducti.*"

WARBURTON.

[4] *If low, an* agat *very vilely cut:*] But why an *agat*, if low? For what likeneſs between a *little man* and an *agat?* The ancients, indeed, uſed this ſtone to cut upon; but very exquiſitely. I make no queſtion but the poet wrote:

—— —— *an* aglet *very vilely cut:*

An *aglet* was the tag of thoſe points, formerly ſo much in faſhion. Theſe tags were either of gold, ſilver, or braſs, according to the quality of the wearer; and were commonly in the ſhape of little images; or at leaſt had a head cut at the extremity. The French call them, *aigullettes*. Mezeray, ſpeaking of Henry IIId's ſorrow for the death of the princeſs of Conti, ſays, "*—portant meme ſur les* aiguillettes *des petites tetes de mort.*" And as a *tall* man is before compared to a *lance ill-headed*; ſo, by the ſame figure, a *little man* is very aptly liken'd to an *aglet ill-cut*. WARBURTON.

The old reading is, I believe, the true one. *Vilely cut* does not mean aukwardly worked by a tool into ſhape, but groteſquely veined by nature as it grew. To this circumſtance, I ſuppoſe, *Drayton* alludes in his *Muſes Elizium:*

" With

If ſpeaking, why, a vane blown with all winds [5];
If ſilent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns ſhe every man the wrong ſide out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which ſimpleneſs and merit purchaſeth.

Urſ. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be ſo odd, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her ſo? If I ſhould ſpeak,
She'd mock me into air; O, ſhe would laugh me
Out of myſelf, preſs me to death with wit [6].
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Conſume away in ſighs, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;

" With th' *agate*, very oft that is
" *Cut ſtrangely* in the quarry;
" As nature meant to ſhew in this
" How ſhe herſelf can vary."

Pliny mentions that the ſhapes of various beings are to be diſcovered in *agates*; and Mr. Addiſon has very elegantly compared Shakſpeare, who was born with all the ſeeds of poetry, to the *agate* in the ring of Pyrrhus, which, as Pliny tells us, had the figure of Apollo and the nine Muſes in the veins of it, produced by the ſpontaneous hand of nature, without any help from art. STEEVENS.

[5] This compariſon might have been borrowed from an ancient b. l. ballad entitled *A Compariſon of the Life of Man.*

I may compare a *man* againe
Even like unto a *twining vane*
That changeth even as doth the wind
Indeed ſo is man's fickle mind.

STEEVENS.

[6] —*preſs me to death*—] The alluſion is to an ancient puniſhment of our law, called *peine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on thoſe perſons, who, being indicted, refuſed to plead. In conſequence of their ſilence, they were preſſed to death by an heavy weight laid upon their ſtomach. This puniſhment the good ſenſe and humanity of the legiſlature have within theſe few years aboliſhed. MALONE.

Which

Which is as bad as die with tickling[7].

Urſ. Yet tell her of it; hear what ſhe will ſay.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counſel him to fight againſt his paſſion:
And, truly, I'll deviſe ſome honeſt ſlanders
To ſtain my couſin with; One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoiſon liking.

Urſ. O, do not do your couſin ſuch a wrong.
She cannot be ſo much without true judgment,
(Having ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priz'd to have) as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urſ. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; ſignior Benedick,
For ſhape, for bearing,[8] argument, and valour,
Goes foremoſt in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urſ. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.—
When are you marry'd, madam?

Hero. Why, every day; to-morrow: Come, go in,
I'll ſhew thee ſome attires; and have thy counſel,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to-morrow.

Urſ. [9] She's lim'd I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

7 *Which is as bad as die with* tickling.] The author meant that *tickling* ſhould be pronounced as a triſyllable, *tickeling*. So, in Spenſer, B. ii. Canto 12.

" The while ſweet Zephirus loud *whiſteled*
" His treble, a ſtrange kind of harmony;
" Which Gayon's ſenſes ſoftly *tickeled*, &c."

MALONE.

8 ——*argument*——] This word ſeems here to ſignify *diſcourſe*, or, the *powers* of reaſoning. JOHNSON.

9 *She's lim'd*,——] She is enſnared and entangled as a ſparrow with *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:

" Which ſweet conceits are *lim'd* with fly deceits."

The folio reads——She's *ta'en*. STEEVENS.

Hero.

Hero. If it prove ſo, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, ſome with traps.
[*Exeunt.*

Beatrice advancing.

Beat. [1]What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorn ſo much?
Contempt, farewel! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lives behind the back of ſuch.
And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee;
Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand [2];
If thou doſt love, my kindneſs ſhall incite thee
To bind our loves up in a holy band:
For others ſay, thou doſt deſerve; and I
Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

Pedro. I do but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchſafe me.

[1] *What fire is in mine ears?*——] Alluding to a proverbial ſaying of the common people, that their ears burn, when others are talking of them. WARBURTON.

The opinion from whence this proverbial ſaying is derived, is of great antiquity, being thus mentioned by Pliny: "Moreover "is not this an opinion generally received, That when our *ears* "*do glow and tingle*, ſome there be that in our abſence doe talke "of us." *Philemon Holland's tranſlation.* B. 28. P. 297, and *Brown's Vulgar Errors.* EDITOR.

[2] *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;*] This image is taken from falconry. She had been charged with being as wild as *haggards of the rock*; ſhe therefore ſays, that *wild* as her *heart* is, ſhe will *tame* it *to the hand.* JOHNSON.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage[3], as to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for, from the crown of his head to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-ſtring, and the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him[4]: he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue ſpeaks[5].

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So ſay I; methinks, you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

Pedro. Hang him, truant; there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love: if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

3 *Nay, that would be as great a ſoil in the new gloſs of your marriage, as* to ſhew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" As is the night before ſome feſtival,
" To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
" And may not wear them." STEEVENS.

4 *the little hangman dare not ſhoot at him:*] This character of Cupid came from the *Arcadia* of ſir Philip Sidney:

" Millions of yeares this old drivell Cupid lives;
" While ſtill more wretch, more wicked he doth prove:
" Till now at length that Jove him office gives,
" (At Juno's ſuite who much did Argus love)
" In this our world a *hangman* for to be
" Of all thoſe fooles that will have all they ſee."
B. ii. ch. 14. FARMER.

5 ——*as a bell and his tongue is the clapper;* &c.] A covert alluſion to the old proverb:

" As the fool thinketh
" So the bell clinketh." STEEVENS.

Pedro.

Pedro. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, Every one can maſter a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet ſay I, he is in love.

Pedro. [6] There is no appearance of fancy in him, unleſs it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes; as to be a Dutch man to-day; a French man to-morrow; or in the ſhape of two countries at once; as a German from the waiſt downward, all ſlops[7]; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet: Unleſs he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with ſome woman, there is no believing old ſigns: he bruſhes his hat o' mornings: What ſhould that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man ſeen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been ſeen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already ſtuff'd tennis-balls[8].

Leon.

[6] *There is no appearance of* fancy, &c.] Here is a play upon the word *fancy*, which Shakſpeare uſes for *love* as well as for *humour*, *caprice*, or *affectation*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*all* ſlops.] *Slops* are large looſe *breeches* or *trowſers*, worn only by ſailors at preſent. They are mentioned by Jonſon, in his Alchymiſt:

" ———ſix great *ſlops*
" Bigger than three *Dutch boys*.

Again, *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611.

" ———three pounds in gold
" Theſe *ſlops* contain. STEEVENS.

Hence evidently the term *ſlop ſeller*, for the venders of ready made cloaths. NICHOLS.

[8] —*and the old ornament of his cheek hath already* ſtuff'd tennis-balls.] So, in *A wonderful, ſtrange, and miraculous aſtrological Prognoſtication for this Year of our Lord* 1591; written by Naſhe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey: " —they may ſell their haire by the pound to *ſtuffe tennice balles*." STEEVENS.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loſs of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himſelf with civet: Can you ſmell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to ſay the ſweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greateſt note of it, is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to waſh his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himſelf? for the which, I hear what they ſay of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jeſting ſpirit; which is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now govern'd by ſtops.

Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She ſhall be buried with her face upwards[9].

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach.—Old ſignior, walk aſide with me; I have ſtudied eight or

Again, *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611.

Thy *beard* ſhall ſerve to *ſtuff* thoſe *balls* by which I get me heat at Tenice.

Gentle Craft, 1600.

He ſhave it off, and *ſtuffe* tenice balles with it. HENDERSON.

9 *She ſhall be buried with her* face *upwards.*] Thus the whole ſet of editions: but what is there any way particular in this? Are not all men and women buried ſo? Sure, the poet means, in oppoſition to the general rule, and by way of diſtinction, with her *heels* upwards, or *face* downwards. I have choſen the firſt reading, becauſe I find it the expreſſion in vogue in our author's time. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which appears to me very ſpecious, is rejected by Dr. Warburton. The meaning ſeems to be, that ſhe who acted upon principles contrary to others, ſhould be buried with the ſame contrariety. JOHNSON.

Theobald's

or nine wiſe words to ſpeak to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

Theobald's conjecture may, however, be ſupported by a paſſage in *The Wild Gooſe Chace* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— love cannot ſtarve me;
" For if I die o'th' firſt fit, I am unhappy,
" And worthy to be *buried with my heels upwards.*"

Dr. Johnſon's explanation may likewiſe be countenanced by a paſſage in an old black letter book, without date, intitled, *A merye Jeſt of a Man that was called* HOWLEGLAS, &c. " How *Howleglas* was buried." " Thus as *Howleglas* was deade, than they brought him to be buryed. And as they would have put the coffyn into the pytte with 11 cordes, the corde at the fete brake, ſo that the fote of the coffyn fell into the botome of the pyt, and the coffyn ſtood bolt upryght in the middes of the grave. Then deſired the people that ſtode about the grave that tyme, to let the coffyn to ſtand bolt upryght. For in his lyfe tyme he was a very marvelous man &c. and ſhall be buryed as marvailouſly; and in this maner they left *Howleglas*, &c."

That this book was once popular, may be inferr'd from *Ben Jonſon*'s frequent alluſions to it. So, in his *Poetaſter:*

" What do you laugh, *Owleglas?*"

Again, in the *Fortunate Iſles*, a Maſque:

" ——What do you think of *Owlglas*
" Inſtead of him?"—And again, in the *Sad Shepherd.* This hiſtory was originally written in Dutch. The hero is there call'd *Uyle-ſpegel.* Under this title he is likewiſe introduced by *Ben Jonſon* in his *Alchymiſt*, and the *Maſque* and Paſtoral already quoted. *Menage* ſpeaks of *Uleſpeigle* as a man famous for *tromperies ingenieuſes*; adds that his Life was tranſlated into French, and quotes the title-page of it. I have another copy publiſhed *A Troyes*, in 1714, the title of which differs from that ſet down by *Menage.*

I think Shakſpeare could hardly allude to a circumſtance mentioned by Pliny the Naturaliſt, "—that the dead corps of a man floteth upon the water with the face *upward*, but contrary-wiſe women ſwimme *groveling*, &c." Holland's Tranſlation, p. 165.

The paſſage, indeed, may mean only—*She ſhall be buried in her lover's arms.* So in *The Winter's Tale.*

" *Flo.* What? like a corſe?
" *Per.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
" Not like a corſe:—or if,—not to be *buried,*
" *But quick and in my arms.*" STEEVENS.

Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even ſo; Hero and Margaret have by this time play'd their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another, when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My lord and brother, God ſave you.

Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leiſure ſerv'd, I would ſpeak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it pleaſe you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would ſpeak of, concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordſhip to be marry'd to-morrow? [*To Claudio.*

Pedro. You know, he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, diſcover it.

John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifeſt: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart hath holp to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely, ſuit ill ſpent, and labour ill-beſtow'd!

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhorten'd, (for ſhe hath been too long a talking of) the lady is diſloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

John. Even ſhe; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero [5].

Claud.

[5] *Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.*] Dryden has tranſ-

Claud. Diſloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſs; I could ſay, ſhe were worſe; think you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you ſhall ſee her chamber-window enter'd; even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Pedro. I will not think it.—

John. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſs not that you know: if you will follow me, I will ſhew you enough; and when you have ſeen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I ſee any thing to-night why I ſhould not marry her; to-morrow, in the congregation, where I ſhould wed, there will I ſhame her.

Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to diſgrace her.

John. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes: bear it coldly but till midnight, and let the iſſue ſhew itſelf.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchief ſtrangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So you will ſay, when you have ſeen the ſequel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The Street.

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the Watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pity but they ſhould ſuffer ſalvation, body and ſoul.

tranſplanted this ſarcaſm into his *All for Love:*

"Your Cleopatra; Dolabella's Cleopatra; every man's Cleopatra." STEEVENS.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould have any allegiance in them, being choſen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge[6], neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. Firſt, who think you the moſt deſartleſs man to be conſtable?

1 *Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, ſir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath bleſs'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 *Watch.* Both which, maſter conſtable,——

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your anſwer. Well, for your favour, ſir, why, give God thanks, and make no boaſt of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of ſuch vanity. You are thought here to be the moſt ſenſeleſs and fit man for the conſtable of the watch; therefore bear you the lanthorn: This is your charge; you ſhall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man ſtand, in the prince's name.

2 *Watch.* How if he will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and preſently call the reſt of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's ſubjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but

[6] *Well, give them their charge,*] To *charge* his fellows, ſeems to have been a regular part of the duty of the conſtable of the Watch. So, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639: "My watch is ſet—*charge given*—and all at peace." Again, in *The Inſatiate Counteſs*, by Marſton, 1603: "Come on, my hearts; we are the city's ſecurity—I'll give you your *charge*. MALONE.

but the prince's ſubjects:—You ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is moſt tolerable and not to be endur'd.

2 *Watch.* We will rather ſleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you ſpeak like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman; for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only, have a care that your bills be not ſtolen [7]:—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houſes, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch.* How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are ſober; if they make you not then the better anſwer, you may ſay, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch.* Well ſir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may ſuſpect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for ſuch kind of men, the leſs you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honeſty.

2 *Watch.* If we know him to be a thief, ſhall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him ſhew himſelf what he is, and ſteal out of your company.

Verg. You have always been call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honeſty in him.

Verg.

[7] *bills be not ſtolen:*] A *bill* is ſtill carried by the watchmen at Litchfield. It was the old weapon of Engliſh infantry, which, ſays Temple, *gave the moſt ghaſtly and deplorable wounds.* It may be called *ſecuris falcata.* JOHNSON.

Theſe

Ferg. [9] If you hear a child cry in the night, you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

2 *Watch.*

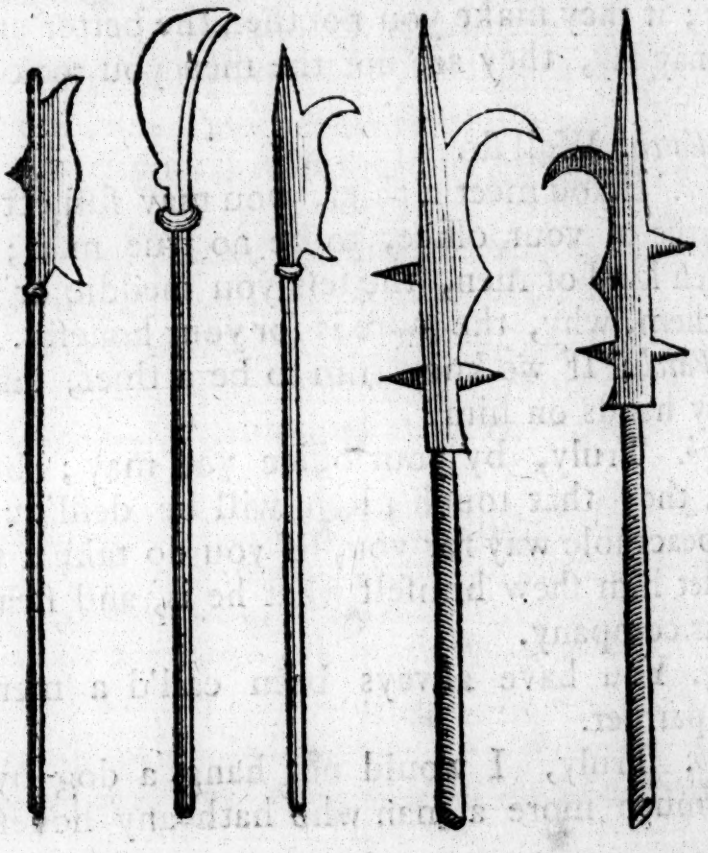
Theſe weapons are mentioned in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" ——— Well ſaid, neighbours;
" You're chatting wiſely o'er your *bills* and lanthorns,
" As becomes watchmen of diſcretion."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" ——— the watch
" Are coming towr'd our houſe with glaives and *bills*."

The following are examples of ancient *bills*.



STEEVENS.

[9] *If you hear a child cry*, &c.] It it not impoſſible but that part of this ſcene was intended as a burleſque on *The Statute of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe, in 1595. Among theſe I find the following:

22. " No man ſhall blowe any horne in the night, within this cittie, or whiſtle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under the paine of impriſonment.

2 *Watch.* How if the nurſe be aſleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never anſwer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, conſtable, are to preſent the prince's own perſon; if you meet the prince in the night, you may ſtay him.

Verg. Nay by'rlady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five ſhillings to one on't, with any man that knows the ſtatues, he may ſtay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verg. By'rlady, I think, it be ſo.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, maſters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counſels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

23. "No man ſhall uſe to goe with viſoures, or diſguiſed by night, under the like paine of impriſonment.

24. "Made that night-walkers, and eviſdropers, like puniſhment.

25. "No hammar-man, as a ſmith, a pewterer, a founder, and all artificers making great ſound, ſhall not worke after the houre of nyne at night, &c."

30. "No man ſhall after the hour of nyne at night, keepe any rule, whereby any ſuch ſuddaine out-cry be made in the ſtill of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or ſervant, or ſinging, or revyling in his houſe, to the diſturbaunce of his neighbours, under payne of iii s. iiii d. &c &c."

Ben Jonſon, however appears to have ridiculed this ſcene in the Induction to his *Bartholomew-Fair*.

"And then a ſubſtantial *watch* to have ſtole in upon 'em, and taken them away with *miſtaking words*, as the faſhion is in the ſtage practice." STEEVENS.

2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch.* Well, maſters, we hear our charge: let us go ſit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honeſt neighbours: I pray you, watch about ſignior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beſeech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, ſtir not. [*Aſide.*

Bora. Conrade, I ſay!

Conr. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Maſs, and my elbow itch'd; I thought, there would a ſcab follow?

Conr. I will owe thee an anſwer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee cloſe then under this pent-houſe, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [*Aſide.*] Some treaſon, maſters; yet ſtand cloſe.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thouſand ducats.

Conr. Is it poſſible that any villainy ſhould be ſo dear?

Bora. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aſk, if it were poſſible [1] any villainy ſhould be ſo rich: for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That ſhews, [2] thou art unconfirm'd: Thou

[1] *any* villainy *ſhould be ſo rich:*] The ſenſe abſolutely requires us to read, *villain.* WARBURTON.

The old reading may ſtand. STEEVENS.

[2] *thou art unconfirm'd:*] i. e. unpractiſed in the ways of the world. WARBURTON.

knoweſt, that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the faſhion.

Conr. Yes, the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bora. Tuſh! I may as well ſay, the fool's the fool. But ſee'ſt thou not, what a deformed thief this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief theſe ſeven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didſt thou not hear ſomebody?

Conr. No; 'twas the vane on the houſe.

Bora. Seeſt thou not, I ſay, what a deformed thief this faſhion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five and thirty? ſometime, faſhioning them like Pharoah's ſoldiers in the reechy [3] painting; ſometime, like god Bel's prieſts in the old church window; [4] ſometime, like the

[3] ——reechy *painting*;] is painting ſtain'd by ſmoke. So, in *Hans Beer Pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618:

"————he look'd ſo *reechily*

"Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof."

from Recan, Anglo-Saxon, to *reek*, *fumare*. STEEVENS.

[4] *ſometime, like the ſhaven Hercules*, &c.] By the *ſhaven Herculus* is meant *Sampſon*, the uſual ſubject of old tapeſtry. In this ridicule on the faſhion, the poet has not unartfully given a ſtroke at the barbarous workmanſhip of the common tapeſtry hangings, then ſo much in uſe. The ſame kind of raillery Cervantes has employed on the like occaſion, when he brings his knight and 'ſquire to an inn, where they found the ſtory of Dido and Æneas repreſented in bad tapeſtry. On Sancho's ſeeing the tears fall from the eyes of the forſaken queen as big as walnuts, he hopes that when their atchievements became the general ſubject for theſe ſorts of works, that fortune will ſend them a better artiſt.—What authoriſed the poet to give this name to Sampſon was the folly of certain Chriſtian mythologiſts, who pretend that the Grecian Hercules was the Jewiſh Sampſon. The retinue of our author is to be commended: The ſober audience of that time would have been offended with the mention of a venerable name on ſo light an occaſion.

the ſhaven Hercules in the [5] ſmirch'd worm-eaten tapeſtry, where his cod-piece ſeems as maſſy as his club?

Conr. All this I ſee; and ſee, that the faſhion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyſelf giddy with the faſhion too, that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bora. Not ſo neither: but know, that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; ſhe leans me out at her miſtreſs's chamber-window, bids me a thouſand times good night.—I tell this tale vilely:—I ſhould firſt tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my maſter: planted and placed, and poſſeſſed by my maſter Don John, ſaw a-far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Contr. And thought they, Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my maſter knew ſhe was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which firſt poſſeſs'd them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any ſlander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; ſwore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there,

ſion. Shakſpeare is indeed ſometimes licentious in theſe matters: But to do him juſtice, he generally ſeems to have a ſenſe of religion, and to be under its influence. What Pedro ſays of Benedick, in this comedy, may be well enough applied to him, *The man doth fear God, however it ſeems not to be in him by ſome large jeſts he will make.* WARBURTON.

I believe that Shakſpeare knew nothing of theſe Chriſtian mythologiſts, and by *the ſhaven Hercules* meant only *Hercules when ſhaved to make him look like a woman*, while he remained in the ſervice of Omphale, his Lydian miſtreſs. Had *the ſhaven Hercules* been meant to repreſent Sampſon, he would probably have been equipped with a *jaw-bone* inſtead of a *club*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſmirch'd*] *Smirch'd* is ſoiled, obſcured. So, in *As you Like It*, act I. ſc. iii:

"And with a kind of umber *ſmirch* my face." STEEVENS.

before

before the whole congregation, ſhame her with what he ſaw o'er night, and ſend her home again without a huſband.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, ſtand.

2 *Watch.* Call up the right maſter conſtable: We have here recovered the moſt dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock [6].

Conr. Maſters, maſters [7].—

2. *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters,—

1 *Watch.* Never ſpeak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of theſe men's bills.

Conr. A commodity in queſtion, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you. [*Exeunt.*

[6] ——*wears a lock.*] So in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1600:

"He whoſe thin fire dwells in a ſmoky roofe,
"Muſt take tobacco, and muſt wear *a lock.*"

See Dr. Warburton's Note, act V. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[7] Conr. *Maſters, maſters,* &c.] In former copies:

Conr. *Maſters.*

2 Watch. *You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.*

Conr. *Maſters never ſpeak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.*

The regulation which I have made in this laſt ſpeech, though againſt the authority of all the printed copies, I flatter myſelf, carries its proof with it. Conrade and Borachio are not deſigned to talk abſurd nonſenſe. It is evident therefore, that Conrade is attempting his own juſtification; but is interrupted in it by the impertinence of the men in office. THEOBALD.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

An Apartment in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Urſula.

Hero. Good Urſula, wake my couſin Beatrice, and deſire her to riſe.

Urſ. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urſ. Well. [*Exit Urſula.*

Marg. Troth, I think, your other [8] rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not ſo good; and I warrant, your couſin will ſay ſo.

Hero. My couſin's a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion, i'faith. I ſaw the ducheſs of Milan's gown, that they praiſe ſo.

[8] *rabato*] A neckband; a ruff. *Rabat*, French. HANMER.

Rabato, an ornament for the neck, a collar-band or kind of ruff. Fr. *Rabat*, Menage. ſaith it comes from *rabattre* to put back, becauſe it was at firſt nothing but the collar of the ſhirt or ſhift turn'd back towards the ſhoulders. HAWKINS.

This article of dreſs is frequently mentioned by our ancient comic writers.

So, in the comedy of *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"Broke broad jeſts upon her narrow heel,
"Pok'd her *rabatos*, and ſurvey'd her *ſteel*."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:—"He would perſuade me that love was a *rabato*, and his reaſon was, that a *rabato* was worn out with pinning, &c."

Again, in Decker's *Untruſſing the Humourous Poet:* What a miſerable thing it is to be a noble bride! There's ſuch delays in riſing, in fitting gowns, in pinning *rebatoes*, in *poaking*, &c."

The firſt and laſt of theſe paſſages will likewiſe ſerve for an additional explanation of the *poking-ſticks of ſteel*, mentioned by Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale*. STEEVENS.

Hero.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they ſay.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in reſpect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and lac'd with ſilver; ſet with pearls, down ſleeves, ſide ſleeves, and ſkirts round, underborne with a bluiſh tinſel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier ſoon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what lady? of ſpeaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me ſay, ſaving your reverence,—*a huſband*: an bad thinking do not wreſt true ſpeaking, I'll offend no body: Is there any harm in—*the heavier for a huſband?* None, I think, an it be the right huſband, and the right wife; otherwiſe 'tis light, and not heavy: aſk my lady Beatrice elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, ſweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you ſpeak in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into [9] *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you ſing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then if your

[9] *Light o'love*;] This tune is mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinſmen*. The gaoler's daughter, ſpeaking of a horſe, ſays:

"He gallops to the tune of *Light o'love*."

your huſband have ſtables enough, you'll look he ſhall lack no [1] barns.

Marg. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt five o'clock, couſin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth I am exceeding ill:— [2] hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horſe, or a huſband?

Beat. [3] For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg.

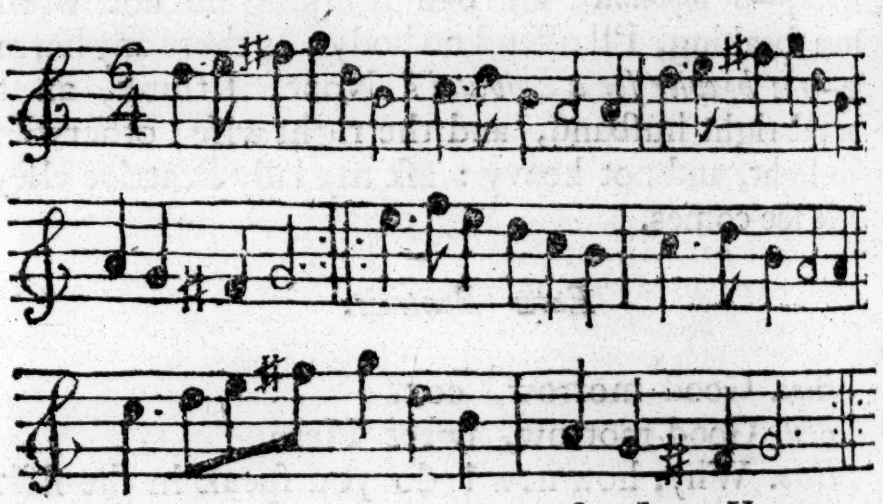
It is mentioned again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light o 'love.*"

And in the *Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher.

STEEVENS.

Light o' love.] This is the name of an old dance tune which has occurred already in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* I have lately recovered it from an ancient MS, and it is as follows.



SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

[1] *no barns.*] A quibble between *barns,* repoſitories of corn, and *bairns,* the old word for children. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Winter's Tale:* "Mercy on us, a *barn!* a very pretty *barn!*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——— ——— hey ho!

Marg. For *a hawk, a horſe, or* a huſband?] "*Heigh ho for a huſband,* or the willing maid's wants made known," is the title of an old ballad in the Pepyſian Collection, in Magdalen College, Cambridge. MALONE.

[3] *For the letter that begins them all, H.*] This is a poor jeſt, ſomewhat obſcured, and not worth the trouble of elucidation.

Mar-

Marg. Well, and you be not [4] turn'd Turk, there's no more ſailing by the ſtar.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God ſend every one their heart's deſire!

Hero. Theſe gloves the count ſent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuff'd couſin, I cannot ſmell.

Marg. A maid, and ſtuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profeſs'd apprehenſion?

Marg. Ever ſince you left it; Doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeen enough, you ſhould wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am ſick.

Marg. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'ſt her with a thiſtle.

Margaret aſks Beatrice for what ſhe cries, *hey ho*; Beatrice anſwers, for an *H*, that is for an *ache* or *pain*. JOHNSON.

Heywood, among his Epigrams, publiſhed in 1566, has one on the letter H.

" H is worſe among letters in the croſs-row:
" For if thou find him either in thine elbow,
" In thine arm, or leg, in any degree;
" In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee;
" Into what place ſoever H may pike him,
" Wherever thou find *ache* thou ſhalt not like him."

STEEVENS.

[4] *turn'd Turk,*] i. e. taken captive by love, and turned a renegado to his religion. WARBURTON.

This interpretation is ſomewhat far-fetched, yet, perhaps, it is right. JOHNSON.

Hamlet uſes the ſame expreſſion, and talks of his *fortune's turning Turk*. *To turn Turk* was a common phraſe for a change of condition or opinion. So, in *The Honeſt Whore*, by Decker, 1616:

" If you *turn Turk* again," &c. STEEVENS.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have [4] ſome moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thiſtle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not ſuch a fool to think what I liſt; nor I liſt not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out o'thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was ſuch another, and now is he become a man: he ſwore he would never marry; and yet now, in deſpight of his heart, [5] he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but, methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a falſe gallop.

Re-enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, ſignior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

[4] *ſome moral*] That is, ſome ſecret meaning, like the *moral* of a fable. JOHNSON.

A *moral* is the ſame as a *morality*, one of the earlieſt kinds of our dramatic performances. So, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621: "—It was I that penned the *Moral of Man's Wit*, the *Dialogue of Dives*, &c."

"The people make no eſtimation
"Of *morals*, teaching education."

A player, on this occaſion, is the ſpeaker, and theſe performances were full of double meanings and conceits. Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "—bee it paſtoral or comedy, *moral* or tragedy.—" STEEVENS.

[5] *he eats his meat without grudging:*] I do not ſee how this is a proof of Benedick's change of mind. It would afford more proof of amorouſneſs to ſay, *he eats* not *his meat without grudging*; but it is impoſſible to fix the meaning of proverbial expreſſions: perhaps, *to eat meat without grudging*, was the ſame as, *to do as others do*, and the meaning is, *he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithſtanding his boaſts, like other mortals, to have a wife.* JOHNSON.

Hero.

Hero. Help to dreſs me, good coz, good Meg, good Urſula. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Apartment in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato, with Dogberry and Verges.

Leon. What would you with me, honeſt neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, ſir, I would have ſome confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you ſee, 'tis a buſy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, ſir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, ſir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, ſir, ſpeaks a little of the matter: an old man, ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as, God help, I would deſire they were; but, in faith, honeſt, as the ſkin between his brows [6].

Verg. Yes, I thank God, [7] I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.

[6] ——*honeſt as the ſkin between his brows.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

So in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575:

"I am as true, I would thou knew, as *ſkin betwene thy brows.*"

Again, in *Cartwright's Ordinary*, A. v. Sc. 2.

"I am as *honeſt as the ſkin that is between thy brows.*"

EDITOR.

[7] *I am as honeſt as any man living, that is an old man, and no honeſter than I.*] There is much humour, and extreme good ſenſe under the covering of this blundering expreſſion. It is a ſly inſinuation, that length of years, and the being much *hacknied in the ways of men*, as Shakſpeare expreſſes it, take off the gloſs of virtue, and bring much defilement on the manners. For, as a great wit ſays, *Youth is the ſeaſon of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in England is the greateſt.*

WARBURTON.

Much of this is true, but I believe Shakſpeare did not intend to beſtow all this reflection on the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

Dogb. Compariſons are odorous:.*palabras*[8], neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſs on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worſhip, as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to ſay.

Verg. Marry, ſir, our watch to-night, excepting your worſhip's preſence, hath ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Meſſina.

Dogb. A good old man, ſir; he will be talking; as they ſay, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to ſee[9]!—Well ſaid, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man[1]; an two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behind[2]:—

An

[8] ——*palabras*——] So, in the *Taming the Shrew*, the Tinker ſays, *pocas pallabras*, i. e. few words. A ſcrap of Spaniſh, which might once have been current among the vulgar. STEEVENS.

[9] *It is a world to ſee!*] i. e. it is wonderful to ſee. So, in *All for Money*, an old morality, 1594: "*It is a world to ſee* how greedy they be of money." The ſame phraſe often occurs, with the ſame meaning, in Holinſhed. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*well*, God's a good man;] So, in the old Morality or Interlude of *Luſty Juventus*, 1561:

"He wyl ſay, that *God is a good Man*,
"He can make him no better, and ſay the beſt he can."

Again, in *A mery Geſte of Robin Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"For God is hold *a right wiſe man*,
"And ſo is his dame," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *an two men ride*, &c.] This is not out of place, or without meaning. Dogberry, in his vanity of ſuperiour parts, apologizing for his neighbour, obſerves, that *of two men on an horſe, one muſt ride*

An honeſt ſoul, i'faith, ſir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread: but, God is to be worſhipp'd; all men are not alike; alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too ſhort of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I muſt leave you.

Dogb. One word, ſir; our watch have, indeed, comprehended two aſpicious perſons, and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination yourſelf, and bring it me; I am now in great haſte, as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It ſhall be ſuffigance.

Leon. Drink ſome wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, they ſtay for you to give your daughter to her huſband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[*Exit Leonato.*

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examination theſe men.

Verg. And we muſt do it wiſely.

Dogb. We will ſpare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*touching his forehead*] ſhall drive ſome of them to a *non-com:* only get the learned writer to ſet down our excommunication, and meet me at the jail. [*Exeunt.*

ride behind. The *firſt* place of rank or underſtanding can belong but to *one*, and that happy *one* ought not to deſpiſe his inferiour. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare might have caught this idea from the common ſeal of the Knights Templars; the device of which was *two riding upon one horſe.* An engraving of the ſeal is preſerved at the end of Matt. Paris Hiſt. Ang. 1640. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you ſhall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conjoined, I charge you, on your ſouls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his anſwer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do! what
Men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then [2] ſome be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar:—Father, by your leave;
Will you with free and unconſtrained ſoul
Give me this maid your daughter?

[2] *ſome be of laughing,*] This is a quotation from the *Accidence.* JOHNSON.

Leon.

Leon. As freely, ſon, as God did give her me.
Claud. And what have I to give you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift?
Pedro. Nothing, unleſs you render her again.
Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulneſs.—
There, Leonato, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;
She's but the ſign and ſemblance of her honour:—
Behold, how like a maid ſhe bluſhes here;
O, what authority and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſin cover itſelf withal!
Comes not that blood, as modeſt evidence,
To witneſs ſimple virtue? Would you not ſwear,
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maid,
By theſe exterior ſhews? But ſhe is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed[3]:
Her bluſh is guiltineſs, not modeſty.
Leon. What do you mean, my lord?
Claud. Not to be marry'd, not knit my ſoul
To an approved wanton.
Leon. Dear my lord,
If you in your own proof,
Have vanquiſh'd the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity,——
Claud. I know what you would ſay; If I have known her,
You'll ſay ſhe did embrace me as a huſband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſin:
No, Leonato,

[3] ——*luxurious bed:*] That is, *laſcivious*. *Luxury* is the confeſſor's term for unlawful pleaſures of the ſex. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Lear:*
"To't *luxury*, pell mell, for I lack ſoldiers."
STEEVENS.
Again, in *Life and Death of Edward II.* P. 129.
"*Luxurious* Queene this is thy foule deſire." EDITOR.

I never

I never tempted her with word too large [5];
But, as a brother to a ſiſter, ſhew'd
Baſhful ſincerity and comely love.

Hero. And ſeem'd I ever otherwiſe to you?

Claud. Out on thy ſeeming! I will write againſt it [6]:
You ſeem to me as Dian in her orb;
As chaſte as is the bud [7] ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, or thoſe pamper'd animals
That rage in ſavage ſenſuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth ſpeak ſo wide?

Leon. Sweet prince why ſpeak not you?

Pedro. What ſhould I ſpeak?
I ſtand diſhonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common ſtale.

Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or do I but dream?

John. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, ſtand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is ſo; But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one queſtion to your daughter;
And, by that fatherly and kindly power [8]
That you have in her, bid her anſwer truly.

[5] ——— *word too large*;] So he uſes *large jeſts* in this play, for *licentious, not reſtrained within due bounds.* JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *I will* write *againſt it*.]
So, in *Cymbeline*, Poſthumus ſpeaking of women, ſays,
"I'll *write againſt them*,
"Deteſt them, curſe them." STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *chaſte as the bud* ———] Before the air has taſted its ſweetneſs. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*kindly power*] That is, *natural power*. *Kind* is *nature*. JOHNSON.

Leon.

Leon. I charge thee do ſo, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how I am beſet!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any juſt reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itſelf can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yeſternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid anſwer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,
I am ſorry, you muſt hear; Upon mine honour,
Myſelf, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did ſee her, hear her, at that hour laſt night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
Who hath, indeed, moſt like a liberal villain [9],
Confeſs'd the vile encounters they have had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
John. Fie, fie! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be ſpoke of;
There is not chaſtity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am ſorry for thy much miſgovernment.

[9] ——*liberal villain,*] *Liberal* here, as in many places of theſe plays, means, *frank beyond honeſty* or *decency*. *Free of tongue*. Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily reads, *illiberal*. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605:
" But Vallinger, moſt like a *liberal* villain
" Did give her ſcandalous ignoble terms."
Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:
" And give allowance to your *liberal* jeſts
" Upon his perſon." STEEVENS.

This ſenſe of the word *liberal* is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. John Taylor, in his *Suite concerning Players*, complains of the " many aſperſions very *liberally*, unmannerly, and ingratefully beſtowed upon him." FARMER.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadſt thou been[1]
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counſels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, moſt foul, moſt fair! farewel,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-lids ſhall conjecture[2] hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never ſhall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?[3]

Beat. Why, how now, couſin, wherefore ſink you down? [*Hero ſwoons.*

John. Come, let us go: theſe things, come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle! ſignior Benedick!—friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the faireſt cover for her ſhame,
That may be wiſh'd for.

Beat. How now, couſin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Doſt thou look up?

Friar. Yea; Wherefore ſhould ſhe not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing
Cry ſhame upon her? Could ſhe here deny

[1] ——*What a Hero hadſt thou been*] I am afraid here is intended a poor conceit upon the word *Hero*. JOHNSON.

[2] *conjecture,*] Conjecture is here uſed for ſuſpicion. MALONE.

[3] *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*]
"A thouſand daggers, all in honeſt hands!
"And have not I a friend to ſtick one here?"
Venice Preſerv'd. STEEVENS.

The

The ſtory that is printed in her blood [4]?—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For did I think, thou would'ſt not quickly die,
Thought I, thy ſpirits were ſtronger than thy ſhames,
Myſelf would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame [5]?
O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?
Why ever waſt thou lovely in my eyes?

4 *The ſtory that is printed in her blood?*] That is, *the ſtory which her bluſhes diſcover to be true.* JOHNSON.

5 ——*Griev'd I, I had* but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?
I've one too much *by thee!* ——]

The meaning of the ſecond line, according to the preſent reading is this, *Chid I at frugal nature that ſhe ſent me a girl and not a boy?* But this is not what he chid nature for; if he himſelf may be believed, it was becauſe ſhe had given him *but one:* and in that he owns he did fooliſhly, for he now finds he had one *too much.* He called her *frugal*, therefore, in giving him but one child. (For to call her ſo, becauſe ſhe choſe to ſend a girl rather than a boy, would be ridiculous.) So that we muſt certainly read:

Chid I for this at frugal nature's 'fraine?

i. e. *refraine*, or *keeping back her further favours, ſtopping her hand, as we ſay, when ſhe had given him one.* But the Oxford editor has, in his uſual way, improved this amendment by ſuſtituting *hand* for '*fraine.* WARBURTON.

Though *frame* be not the word which appears to a reader of the preſent time moſt proper to exhibit the poet's ſentiment, yet it may as well be uſed to ſhew that he had *one child*, and *no more*, as that he had a *girl*, not a *boy*, and as it may eaſily ſignify *the ſyſtem of things*, or *univerſal ſcheme*, the whole order of beings is comprehended, there ariſes no difficulty from it which requires to be removed by ſo violent an effort as the introduction of a new word offenſively mutilated. JOHNSON.

Frame is contrivance, order, diſpoſition of things. So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1603:

"And therefore ſeek to ſet each thing in *frame.*"

Again, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, p. 555: "—there was no man that ſtudied to bring the unrulie to *frame.*"

Again, in Daniel's *Verſes on Montaigne:*

"——extracts of men,
"Though in a troubled *frame* confuſedly ſet."

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

Whoſe ſpirits toil in *frame* of villanies. STEEVENS,

Why had I not, with charitable hand,
Took up a beggar's iſſue at my gates;
Who ſmeared thus, and mir'd with infamy,
I might have ſaid, *No part of it is mine,*
This ſhame derives itſelf from unknown loins?
But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on[6]; mine ſo much,
That I myſelf was to myſelf not mine,
Valuing of her; why, ſhe—O, ſhe, is fallen
Into a pit of ink! that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her clean again;
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon give
To her foul tainted fleſh!

Bene. Sir, ſir, be patient:
For my part, I am ſo attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to ſay.

Beat. O, on my ſoul, my couſin is bely'd!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow laſt night?

Beat. No, truly not; although, until laſt night,
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O that is ſtronger made,
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?
Who lov'd her ſo, that, ſpeaking of her foulneſs,
Waſh'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die?

Friar. Hear me a little;
For I have only been ſilent ſo long,

[6] *But mine*, and *mine I lov'd*, and *mine I prais'd*,
And *mine that I was proud on*;———]
The ſenſe requires that we ſhould read, *as* in theſe three places. The reaſoning of the ſpeaker ſtands thus,—*Had this been my adopted child, her ſhame would not have rebounded on me. But this child was mine*, as *mine I lov'd her, praiſed her, was proud of her: conſequently, as I claimed the glory, I muſt needs be ſubject to the ſhame*, &c. WARBURTON.

Even of this ſmall alteration there is no need. The ſpeaker utters his emotion abruptly, But *mine, and mine* that *I lov'd*, &c. by an ellipſis frequent, perhaps too frequent, both in verſe and proſe. JOHNSON.

And

And given way unto this courſe of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions
To ſtart into her face; a thouſand innocent ſhames
In angel whitneſs bear away thoſe bluſhes:
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that theſe princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth;—Call me a fool;
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſervation,
Which with experimental ſeal doth warrant
The tenour of my book; truſt not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this ſweet lady lie not guiltleſs here
Under ſome biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou ſeeſt, that all the grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe will not add to her damnation
A ſin of perjury: ſhe not denies it:
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to cover with excuſe
That, which appears in proper nakedneſs?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of[7]?

Hero. They know, that do accuſe me; I know none:
If I know more of any man alive,
Than that which maiden modeſty doth warrant,

[7] Friar. *What man is he you are accus'd of?*] The friar had juſt before boaſted his great ſkill in fiſhing out the truth. And, indeed, he appears by this queſtion to be no fool. He was by, all the while at the accuſation, and heard no names mentioned. Why then ſhould he aſk her what man ſhe was accuſed of? But in this lay the ſubtilty of his examination. For, had Hero been guilty, it was very probable that in that hurry and confuſion of ſpirits, into which the terrible inſult of her lover had thrown her, ſhe would never have obſerved that the man's name was not mentioned; and ſo, on this queſtion, have betrayed herſelf by naming the perſon ſhe was conſcious of an affair with. The friar obſerved this, and ſo concluded, that were ſhe guilty, ſhe would probably fall into the trap he laid for her.——I only take notice of this to ſhew how admirably well Shakſpeare knew how to ſuſtain his characters. WARBURTON.

Let

Let all my ſins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour [8];
And if their wiſdoms be miſled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not; If they ſpeak but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age ſo eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made ſuch havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall find, awak'd in ſuch a kind,
Both ſtrength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.

Friar. Pauſe a while,
And let my counſel ſway you in this caſe.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead [9];

Let

[8] ——bent *of honour*;] *Bent* is uſed by our author for the utmoſt degree of any paſſion, or mental quality. In this play before, Benedick ſays of Beatrice, *her affection has its full bent.* The expreſſion is derived from archery; the bow has its *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be. JOHNSON.

[9] *Your daughter here the princes left for dead*;] In former copies
Your daughter here the princeſs (*left for dead*;
But how comes Hero to ſtart up a princeſs here? We have no intimation of her father being a prince; and this is the firſt and only time ſhe is complimented with this dignity. The remotion of a ſingle letter, and of the parentheſis, will bring her to her own rank, and the place to its true meaning:

Your

Let her a while be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning [8] oſtentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What ſhall become of this? What will this do?

Friar. Marry, this, well carry'd, ſhall on her behalf
Change ſlander to remorſe; that is ſome good:
But not for that, dream I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Upon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd and excus'd,
Of every hearer: For it ſo falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why, then we rack the value [9]; then we find
The virtue, that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whiles it was ours:—So will it fare with Claudio:
When he ſhall hear ſhe dy'd upon his words,
The idea of her life ſhall ſweetly creep
Into his ſtudy of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life

Your daughter here the princes *left for dead*:
i. e. Don Pedro, prince of Arragon; and his baſtard brother, who is likewiſe called a prince. THEOBALD.

[8] ——*oſtentation:*] Show, appearance. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*we rack the value;*——] i. e. We exaggerate the value. The alluſion is to *rack-rents*. The ſame kind of thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"What our contempts do often hurl from us,
"We wiſh it ours again." STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in the *Widow's Tears* by Chapman, 1612, ſtrengthens Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"One joint of him I loſt, was much more worth
"Than the *rackt* value of thy entire body." MALONE.

Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoul,
Than when ſhe liv'd indeed :—then ſhall he mourn,
(If ever love had intereſt in his liver)
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her ;
No, though he thought his accuſation true.
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſs
Will faſhion the event in better ſhape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy :
And, if it ſort not well, you may conceal her,
(As beſts befit her wounded reputation)
In ſome recluſive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the Friar adviſe you:
And though, you know, my inwardneſs and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As ſecretly, and juſtly, as your ſoul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me [1].

Friar. 'Tis well conſented ; preſently away ;
For to ſtrange ſores ſtrangely they ſtrain the cure.—
Come, lady, die to live : this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd ; have patience, and endure. [*Exeunt.*

[1] *The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.*] This is one of our author's obſervations upon life. Men overpowered with diſtreſs, eagerly liſten to the firſt offers of relief, cloſe with every ſcheme, and believe every promiſe. He that has no longer any confidence in himſelf, is glad to repoſe his truſt in any other that will undertake to guide him. JOHNSON.

Manent

Manent Benedick and Beatrice[2].

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You have no reaſon, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair couſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah! how much might the man deſerve of me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A very even way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world ſo well as you; Is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not: It were as poſſible for me to ſay, I love nothing ſo well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confeſs nothing, nor I deny nothing:—I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword, Beatrice, thou lov'ſt me.

Beat. Do not ſwear by it and eat it.

[2] *Manent Benedick and Beatrice.*] The poet, in my opinion, has ſhewn a great deal of addreſs in this ſcene. Beatrice here engages her lover to revenge the injury done her couſin Hero: and without this very natural incident, conſidering the character of Beatrice, and that the ſtory of her paſſion for Benedick was all a fable, ſhe could never have been eaſily or naturally brought to confeſs ſhe loved him, notwithſtanding all the foregoing preparation. And yet, on this confeſſion, in this very place, depended the whole ſucceſs of the plot upon her and Benedick. For had ſhe not owned her love here, they muſt have ſoon found out the trick, and then the deſign of bringing them together had been defeated; and ſhe would never have owned a paſſion ſhe had been only tricked into, had not her deſire of revenging her couſin's wrong made her drop her capricious humour at once. WARBURTON.

Bene. I will ſwear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that ſays, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſauce that can be devis'd to it: I proteſt I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have ſtaid me in a happy hour; I was about to proteſt, I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, ſweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here [3];—There is no love in you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain [4], that hath ſlander'd, ſcorn'd, diſhonour'd my kinſwoman?—O, that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands; and then with publick accuſation, uncover'd ſlander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice.

[3] *I am gone, though I am here:*] i. e. I am out of your mind already, though I remain here in perſon before you. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *in the* height *a villain,*] So in *Hen.* VIII:

"He's traitor to the *height.*"

"*In præcipiti* vitium ſtetit." STEEVENS.

Beat.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window? a proper ſaying!

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero! ſhe is wrong'd, ſhe is ſlander'd, ſhe is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties[5]! Surely, a princely teſtimony, a goodly count-comfect[6]; a ſweet gallant, ſurely! O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into courteſies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too[7]: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lye, and ſwears it:—I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice: By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Uſe it for my love ſome other way than ſwearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your ſoul, the count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I have a thought, or a ſoul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him; I will kiſs your hand, and ſo leave you: By this hand, Claudio ſhall render me a dear account: As you hear of me, ſo think of me. Go comfort your couſin: I muſt ſay, ſhe is dead; and ſo farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

[5] ——*and* counties!] *County* was the ancient general term for a *nobleman*. See a note on the *County* Paris in *Romeo and Juliet*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*a goodly* count-comfect;] i. e. a ſpecious nobleman made out of ſugar. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too*;] Mr. Heath would read *tongues*, but he miſtakes the conſtruction of the ſentence, which is—not only men but trim ones, are turned into tongue, i. . not only *common* but *clever* men, &c. STEEVENS.

SCENE II[1].

A Priſon.

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk and Sexton in gowns.

Dogb. Is our whole diſſembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a ſtool and a cuſhion for the ſexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before maſter conſtable.

Dogb. Yea, Marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

[1] *Scene II.* The perſons, throughout this ſcene, have been ſtrangely confounded in the modern editions. The firſt error has been the introduction of a *Town-Clerk*, who is, indeed, mentioned in the ſtage-direction, prefixed to this ſcene in the old editions, (*Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Town-Clerke in gownes,*) but no where elſe; nor is there a ſingle ſpeech aſcribed to him in thoſe editions. The part, which he might reaſonably have been expected to take upon this occaſion, is performed by *the Sexton*; who aſſiſts at, or rather directs, the examinations; ſets them down in writing, and reports them to Leonato. It is probable, therefore, I think, that *the Sexton* has been ſtyled *the Town-Clerk*, in the ſtage-direction above mentioned, from his doing the duty of ſuch an officer. But the editors, having brought *both Sexton and Town-clerk* upon the ſtage, were unwilling, as it ſeems, that the latter ſhould be a mute perſonage; and therefore they have put into his mouth *almoſt all the abſurdities* which the poet certainly intended for his ignorant *conſtable*. To rectify this confuſion, little more is neceſſary than to go back to the old editions, remembering that the names of *Kempe* and *Cowley*, two celebrated actors of the time, are put in this ſcene, for the names of the perſons repreſented; viz. *Kempe* for *Dogberry*, and *Cowley* for *Verges*. TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation, which is undoubtedly juſt; but have left Mr. Theobald's notes as I found them. STEEVENS.

Bora.

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down — Borachio. — Yours, ſirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, ſir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—maſter gentleman Conrade.—Maſters, do you ſerve God?

Both. Yea, ſir, we hope[9].

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they ſerve God:—and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains!—Maſters, it is proved already that you are little better than falſe knaves, and it will go near to be thought ſo ſhortly; How anſwer you for yourſelves?

Conr. Marry, ſir, we ſay, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I aſſure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, ſirrah; a word in your ear, ſir; I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaves.

Bora. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, ſtand aſide.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale[1]: Have you writ down—that they are none.

Sexton.

[9] Both. *Yea, ſir, we hope.*

To. Cl. *Write down—that they hope they ſerve God: and write God firſt; for God defend but God ſhould go before ſuch villains!*——] This ſhort paſſage, which is truly humorous and in character, I have added from the old quarto. Beſides, it ſupplies a defect: for without it, the Town-Clerk aſks a queſtion of the priſoners, and goes on without ſtaying for any anſwer to it.

THEOBALD.

The omiſſion of this paſſage ſince the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the ſtat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. the ſacred name being jeſtingly uſed four times in one line. BLACKSTONE.

[1] *'Fore God, they are both in a tale:*] This is an admirable ſtroke of humour: *Dogberry* ſays of the priſoners that they are falſe knaves, and from that denial of the charge, which one in his wits could not be ſuppoſed to make, he infers a communion of counſels, and records it in the examination as an evidence of their guilt. SIR J. HAWKINS.

Sexton. Maſter conſtable, you go not the way to examine; you muſt call the watch that are their accuſers.

[1] *Dogb.* Yea, marry, that's the efteſt way:—Let the watch come forth:—Maſters, I charge you in the prince's name accuſe theſe men.

Enter Watchmen.

1 *Watch.* This man ſaid, ſir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Maſter conſtable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had receiv'd a thouſand ducats of Don John, for accuſing the lady Hero wrongfully.

If the learned annotator will amend his comment by omitting the word *guilt*, and inſerting the word *innocence*, it will (except as to the ſuppoſed inference of a communication of counſels, which ſhould likewiſe be omitted or corrected) be a juſt and pertinent remark. REMARKS.

[1] To. Cl. *Yea, marry, that's the* eaſieſt *way: Let the watch come forth:*] This *eaſieſt*, is a ſophiſtication of our modern editors, who were at a loſs to make out the corrupted reading of the old copies. The quarto in 1600, and the firſt and ſecond editions in folio, all concur in reading; *Yea, marry, that's the* efteſt *way*, &c. A letter happened to ſlip out at preſs in the firſt edition; and 'twas too hard a taſk for the ſubſequent editors to put it in, or gueſs at the word under this accidental depravation. There is no doubt but the author wrote, as I have reſtor'd the text; *Yea, marry, that's the* defteſt *way*, &c. i. e. the *readieſt*, moſt *commodious* way. The word is pure Saxon. Dearlice, *debite*, *congrue*, duely, fitly, Gedæthe, *opportune*, *commode*, fitly, conveniently, ſeaſonably, in good time, commodiouſly. Vide Spelman's Saxon Gloſſ. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald might have recollected the word *deftly* in *Macbeth*:

"Thyſelf and office *deftly* ſhow."

Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, deſign'd Dogberry to corrupt this word as well as many others. STEEVENS.

Dogb.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the maſs, that it is.

Sexton. What elſe, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to diſgrace Hero before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, maſters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning ſecretly ſtolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this, ſuddenly dy'd.—Maſter conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and ſhew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in hand[2].

Conr.

[2] Sexton. *Let them be in the hands of coxcomb.*] So the editions. Mr. Theobald gives the words to Conrade, and ſays, *But why the Sexton ſhould be ſo pert upon his brother officers, there ſeems no reaſon from any ſuperior qualifications in him; or any ſuſpicion he ſhews of knowing their ignorance.* This is ſtrange. The Sexton throughout ſhews as good ſenſe in their examination as any judge upon the bench could do. And as to *his ſuſpicion of their ignorance*, he tells the Town-Clerk, *That he goes not the way to examine.* The meanneſs of his name hindered our editor from ſeeing the goodneſs of his ſenſe. But this Sexton was an eccleſiaſtic of one of the inferior orders called the *ſacriſtan*, and not a *brother officer*, as the editor calls him. I ſuppoſe the book from whence the poet took his ſubject, was ſome old Engliſh novel tranſlated from the Italian, where the word *ſagriſtano* was rendered *ſexton*. As in Fairfax's *Godfrey of Boulogne:*

" *When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,*
" *Up roſe the* Sexton *of that place prophane.*"

The paſſage then in queſtion is to be read thus:

Sexton. *Let them be in hand.* [Exit.
Conr. *Off, coxcomb!*

Dogberry would have them pinion'd. The Sexton ſays, it was ſufficient if they were kept in ſafe cuſtody, and then goes out.

When

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the ſexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:——Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an aſs, you are an aſs.

Dogb. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? Doſt thou not ſuſpect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an aſs!—but, maſters, remember, that I am an aſs; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an aſs:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as ſhall be proved upon thee by good witneſs: I am a wiſe fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, an houſholder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of fleſh as any is in Meſſina; and one that knows the law, go to;

When one of the watchmen comes up to bind them, Conrade ſays, *Off, coxcomb!* as he ſays afterwards to the conſtable, *Away! you are an aſs.*—But the editor adds, *The old quarto gave me the firſt umbrage for placing it to Conrade.* What theſe words mean I don't know: but I ſuſpect the old quarto divides the paſſage as I have done. WARBURTON.

Theobald has fairly given the reading of the quarto.

Dr. Warburton's aſſertion, as to the dignity of a *ſexton* or *ſacriſtan*, may be ſupported by the following paſſage in Stanyhurſt's *Verſion of the fourth Book of the Æneid*, where he calls the Maſſylian prieſteſs:

" ——— in ſoil Maſſyla begotten,
" *Sexten* of Heſperides ſinagog." STEEVENS.

Let them be in hand.] I had conjectured that theſe words ſhould be given to *Verges*, and read thus: " Let them bind their *hands*." I am ſtill of opinion that the paſſage belongs to *Verges*; but, for the true reading of it, I ſhould wiſh to adopt a much neater emendation, which has ſince been ſuggeſted to me in converſation by Mr. Steevens. *Let them be in band.* Shakſpeare, as he obſerved to me, commonly uſes *band* for *bond*. TYRWHITT.

It is plain that they were *bound* from a ſubſequent ſpeech of Pedro: " Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus *bound* to your anſwer?" STEEVENS.

There is nothing in the old quarto different in this ſcene from the common copies, except that the names of two actors, *Kempe* and *Cowley*, are placed at the beginning of the ſpeeches, inſtead of the proper words. JOHNSON.

and

and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had loſſes; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handſome about him:—Bring him away O, that I had been writ down—an aſs!— [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourſelf;
And 'tis not wiſdom, thus to ſecond grief
Againſt yourſelf.

Leon. I pray thee, ceaſe thy counſel;
Which falls into mine ears as profitleſs
As water in a ſieve: give not me counſel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs do ſuit with mine,
Bring me a father, that ſo lov'd his child,
Whoſe joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him ſpeak of patience;
Meaſure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it anſwer every ſtrain for ſtrain;
As thus for thus, and ſuch a grief for ſuch,
In every lineament, branch, ſhape, and form:
If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard[3];

And,

[3] *If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard;*
And hallow, wag, *cry hem, when he ſhould groan:*]
Mr. Rowe is the firſt authority that I can find for this reading. But what is the intention, or how can we expound it? "If a man will *halloo*, and *whoop*, and *fidget*, and *wriggle about*, to ſhew a pleaſure when he ſhould groan," &c. This does not give much *decorum* to the ſentiment. The old quarto, and the firſt and ſecond folio editions, all read:

And ſorrow, wagge, *cry hem*, &c.

We

And, ſorrow wag! cry; hem, when he ſhould groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With

We don't, indeed, get much by this reading; though, I flatter myſelf, by a ſlight alteration it has led me to the true one,

And ſorrow wage; *cry, hem! when he ſhould groan*:

i. e. If ſuch a one will *combat with, ſtrive againſt* ſorrow, &c. Nor is this word infrequent with our author in theſe ſignifications.

THEOBALD.

Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, for *wag* read *waive*, which is, I ſuppoſe, the ſame as, *put aſide*, or *ſhift off*. None of theſe conjectures ſatisfy me, nor perhaps any other reader. I cannot but think the true meaning nearer than it is imagined. I point thus:

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And, ſorrow wag! cry; hem, when he ſhould groan;

That is, *If he will ſmile, and cry* ſorrow be gone, *and hem inſtead of groaning*. The order in which *and* and *cry* are placed, is harſh, and this harſhneſs made the ſenſe miſtaken. Range the words in the common order, and my reading will be free from all difficulty:

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
Cry, ſorrow, wag! and hem when he ſhould groan.

JOHNSON.

I think we might read:

"And ſorrow *gagge*; cry hem, when he ſhould groan;—But, leaving this conjecture to ſhift for itſelf, I will ſay a few words upon the phraſe, *cry hem*. It is uſed again by our author, in the *Firſt Part of Henry* IV. act II. ſcene vii.—"They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they *cry hem*, and bid you play it off."—In both places, *to cry hem*, ſeems to ſignify the ſame as *to cry courage*; in which ſenſe the interjection *hem* was ſometimes alſo uſed by the Latins.

As Shakſpeare uſes a ſimilar phraſe, *to cry aim*, in nearly the ſame ſenſe, I was once led to imagine that this might have been only a corruption of *to cry hem*; but having ſince conſidered the numerous inſtances, which Mr. Steevens has produced in illuſtration of the phraſe *cry aim*, *Merry Wives of Windſor*, act II. ſc. iii. I am clearly of opinion, that the two phraſes, though often of the ſame import, are of quite diſtinct and independent originals. TYRWHITT.

If ſuch a one will ſmile &c.] What militates ſtrongly againſt Dr. Johnſon's pointing, and conſequently againſt his interpretation, is, that in theſe plays, the words *cry* and *hem* are generally found joined together. So, in *As You Like It*:

"If I could *cry hem* and have him———."

Again,

With candle-waſters[4]; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.

But

Again, in *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV.* act II. ſc. iv. and in many other places.

A very ſlight alteration of the text, will, I apprehend, make perfect ſenſe:

If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard;
In ſorrow wag; cry hem, when he ſhould groan;

And and *in* haſtily or indiſtinctly pronounced might eaſily have been confounded, ſuppoſing (what there is great reaſon to believe) that theſe plays were copied for the preſs by the ear.

By this reading a clear ſenſe is given, and the latter part of the line is a paraphraſe on the former.

To cry hem was, as appears from the paſſage cited by Mr. Tyrwhitt, a mark of feſtivity. So alſo from *Love's Cruelty*, a tragedy by Shirley, 1640:

" Cannot he *laugh* and *hem* and kiſs his bride,
" But he muſt ſend me word?"

Again, in *The Second Part of Henry IV:*

" We have heard the bells chime at midnight——That we have, that we have;—our watch-word was, *hem*, boys."

On the other hand, *to cry woe* was uſed to denote grief. Thus, in the *Winter's Tale:*

" ——but the laſt, O Lords,
" When I have ſaid, *cry woe.*"

With reſpect to the word *wag*, the uſing it as a verb, in the ſenſe of *to play the wag*, is entirely in Shakſpeare's manner. There is ſcarcely one of his plays in which we do not find ſubſtantives uſed as verbs. Thus we meet——to teſtimony, to boy, to couch, to grave, to bench, to voice, to paper, to page, to dram, to ſtage, to fever, to fool, to palate, to mountebank, to god, to virgin, to paſſion, to monſter, to hiſtory, to fable, to wall, to period, to ſpaniel, to ſtranger, &c. &c. MALONE.

I think our author would hardly have uſed *wag*, a verb in the ſenſe recommended, leſt his preſent ſentiment ſhould have been liable to miſapprehenſion, he having employed the ſame verb, with its common ſignification, in many other places. STEEVENS.

Here is a manifeſt corruption. The tenour of the context is undoubtedly this: " If a man in ſuch melancholy circumſtances will ſmile, ſtroke his beard with great complacency, and in the very depth of affliction cheerfully cry *hem* when he ſhould groan," &c. I, therefore, with the leaſt departure from the old copies, and in entire conformity to the acknowledged and obvious ſenſe of the paſſage, venture to correct thus:

If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And *ſorrowing* cry hem, when he ſhould groan,

Sorrowing

But there is no ſuch man: For, brother, men
Can counſel, and give comfort to that grief
Which

Sorrowing, to ſay no more, was a participle extremely common in our author's age. Rowe's emendation of this place is equally without meaning and without authority. *Sorrowing* was here, perhaps, originally written *Sorrowinge*, according to the old manner of ſpelling; which brings the correction I have propoſed ſtill nearer to the letters of the text in early editions. WARTON.

To cry, *care away!* was once an expreſſion of triumph. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1529: "I may nowe ſay, *Care awaye!*" Again, ibid. "Nowe grievous *ſorrowe and care away!*" *Sorrow wagge!* may be ſuch another phraſe of exultation.

What will be ſaid of the conceit I ſhall now offer, I know not; let it, however take its chance. We might read:

If ſuch a one will ſmile, and ſtroke his beard,
And, *ſorry wag!* cry hem! when he ſhould groan.—

i. e. *unfeeling humouriſt! to employ a note of feſtivity, when his ſighs ought to expreſs concern.* Both the words I would introduce, are uſed by Shakſpeare. Falſtaff calls the prince, *ſweet wag!* and the epithet *ſorry* is applied, even at this time, to denote any moderate deviation from propriety or morality; as, for inſtance, a *ſorry fellow*. *Othello*, ſpeaks of a ſalt and *ſorry* rheum. The prince, in the *Firſt Part of K. Henry* IV. act II. ſc. iv. ſays: "—they *cry, hem!* and bid you play it off." This ſufficiently proves the exclamation to have been of a comic turn. STEEVENS.

That all the conjectures on this difficult paſſage may be collected together, I ſhall add that of the author of THE REMARKS, who propoſes to read:

And, *ſorrow waggery*, hem, when he ſhould groan,

i. e. ſorrow becoming waggery; or, converting ſorrow into waggery, hem. I believe this will be at leaſt as unſatisfactory as any of the preceding, and I confeſs that none of them bring conviction to my mind. Againſt ſuch as depend on an alteration of the text, I acknowledge myſelf prejudiced, being convinced, from a review of the conjectures of former criticks, on paſſages once as little underſtood as the preſent, but now clearly eſtabliſhed, without varying from the old copies, that innovations are ſeldom neceſſary. An explanation, I think, is only wanted, and the following is offered with much diffidence. I would read:

And *ſorrow wag*; *cry hem!* when he ſhould groan,

i. e. ſorrow wag (*diſmiſs, ſhake off*,) cry hem! *(uſe a note of feſtivity)* when he ſhould groan. The difficulty ſeems to be only in the word *wag*, which may without much violence, be preſumed to be uſed in the ſenſe I have affixed to it, by a writer of ſuch licence as our author. That it had not a ludicrous meaning formerly, may be

Which they themſelves not feel; but, taſting it,
Their counſel turns to paſſion, which before
Would give preceptial medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſs in a ſilken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words:
No, no; 'tis all men's office to ſpeak patience
To thoſe that wring under the load of ſorrow;
But no man's virtue, nor ſufficiency,
To be ſo moral, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelf: therefore give me no counſel;

proved from its frequent occurrence in the tranſlation of the ſcriptures. See particularly St. Matthew, ch. xxvii. ver. 39. and other places might be pointed out. I take this opportunity to obſerve, that the various and diſcordant opinions about this paſſage, ſhould teach both the preſent and future race of commentators, to be leſs dogmatical than we frequently find them on a ſubject wherein there is ſo little certainty as that of conjectural criticiſm.

EDITOR.

4 ——*make misfortune drunk*
With candle-waſters.]

This may mean, either waſh away his ſorrow among thoſe who ſit up all night to drink, and in that ſenſe may be ſtyled *waſters of candles*; or overpower his misfortunes by ſwallowing flapdragons in his glaſs, which are deſcribed by Falſtaff as made of *candles' ends*. STEEVENS.

This is a very difficult paſſage, and hath not, I think, been ſatisfactorily cleared up. The explanation I ſhall offer, will give, I believe, as little ſatisfaction; but I will, however, venture it. *Candle-waſters* is a term of contempt for ſcholars: thus Jonſon, in *Cynthia's Revels*, act III. ſc. ii. "ſpoiled by a whoreſon bookworm, a *candle-waſter*." In the *Antiquary*, act III. is a like term of ridicule: "He ſhould more catch your delicate court-ear, than all your head-ſcratchers, thumb-biters, *lamp-waſters* of them all." The ſenſe then, which I would aſſign to Shakſpeare, is this: "If ſuch a one will patch grief with proverbs—caſe or cover the wounds of his grief with proverbial ſayings—make misfortune drunk with *candle-waſters*—ſtupify misfortune, or render himſelf inſenſible to the ſtrokes of it, by the converſation or lucubrations of ſcholars; the production of the lamp, but not fitted to human nature. *Patch*, in the ſenſe of mending a defect or breach, occurs in Hamlet, act V. ſc. i.

"O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
"Should *patch* a wall, to expel the winter's flaw."

WHALLEY.

My

My griefs cry louder than advertiſement[5].

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be fleſh and blood;
For there was never yet philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
However they have writ the ſtyle of gods[6],
And made a piſh at chance and ſufferance[7].

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourſelf;
Make thoſe, that do offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon: nay, I will do ſo:
My ſoul doth tell me, Hero is bely'd;
And that ſhall Claudio know, ſo ſhall the prince,
And all of them, that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, haſtily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

Pedro. We have ſome haſte, Leonato.

[5] ——*than advertiſement.*] That is, than *admonition*, than *moral inſtruction*. JOHNSON.

[6] *However they have writ* the ſtyle of gods,] This alludes to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wiſe men. Sapiens *ille cum* Diis *ex pare vivit*. Senec. Ep. 59. *Jupiter quo antecedit virum bonum? diutius bonus eſt.* Sapiens *nihilo ſe minoris æſtimat.*— Deus *non vincit* ſapientem *felicitate*. Ep. 73. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare might have uſed this expreſſion, without any acquaintance with the hyperboles of ſtoiciſm. By the *ſtyle of gods*, he meant an exalted language; ſuch as we may ſuppoſe would be written by beings ſuperior to human calamities, and therefore regarding them with neglect and coldneſs.

Beaumont and Fletcher have the ſame expreſſion in the firſt of their *Four Plays in One*:

" Athens doth make women philoſophers,
" And ſure their children chat *the talk of gods.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] *And made a piſh at* chance and ſufferance.] Alludes to their famous *apathy*. WARBURTON.

The old copies read *puſh*. Mr. Pope, I believe made the change. MALONE.

Leon. Some haſte, my lord?—well, fare you well, my lord:—
Are you ſo haſty now?—well, all is one.
Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.
Ant. If he could right himſelf with quarrelling,
Some of us would lye low.
Claud. Who wrongs him?
Leon. Marry, thou doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou!
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy ſword,
I fear thee not.
Claud. Marry, beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould give your age ſuch cauſe of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to my ſword.
Leon. Tuſh, tuſh, man, never fleer and jeſt at me;
I ſpeak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;
And, with grey hairs, and bruiſe of many days,
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man.
I ſay, thou haſt bely'd mine innocent child,
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lyes bury'd with her anceſtors:
O, in a tomb where ſcandal never ſlept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy!
Claud. My villainy?
Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine I ſay.
Pedro. You ſay not right, old man.
Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Deſpight his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of luſtyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. [8] Canſt thou ſo daffe me? Thou haſt kill'd my child;
If thou kill'ſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Ant. He ſhall kill two of us, and men indeed [9]:
But that's no matter; let him kill one firſt;—
Win me and wear me,—let him anſwer me:—
Come, follow me, boy; come, ſir boy, follow me;
Sir, boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourſelf: God knows, I lov'd my niece;

[8] *Canſt thou ſo* daffe *me?*———] This is a country word, Mr. Pope tells us, ſignifying, *daunt*. It may be ſo; but that is not the expoſition here: To *daffe* and *doffe* are ſynonymous terms, that mean, to *put off:* which is the very ſenſe required here, and what Leonato would reply upon Claudio's ſaying, he would have nothing to do with him. THEOBALD.

Theobald has well interpreted the word. Shakſpeare uſes it more than once:

"The nimble footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
"And his comrades that *daff'd* the world aſide."

Again, "—I would have *daff'd* other reſpects," &c.

Again, in the *Lover's Complaint:*

"There my white ſtole of chaſtity I *daff'd*."

It is perhaps of Scottiſh origin, as I find it in *Ane verie excellent and delectabill Treatiſe intitulit* PHILOTUS, &c. Edinburgh, 1603:

"Their *daffing* does us ſo confound." STEVEENS.

[9] Ant. *He ſhall kill two of us,* &c.] This *brother Anthony* is the trueſt picture imaginable of human nature. He had aſſumed the character of a ſage to comfort his brother, o'erwhelmed with grief for his only daughter's affront and diſhonour; and had ſeverely reproved him for not commanding his paſſion better on ſo trying an occaſion. Yet, immediately after this, no ſooner does he begin to ſuſpect that his *age* and *valour* are ſlighted, but he falls into the moſt intemperate fit of rage himſelf: and all he can do or ſay is not of power to pacify him. This is copying nature with a penetration and exactneſs of judgment peculiar to Shakſpeare. As to the expreſſion, too, of his paſſion, nothing can be more highly painted. WARBURTON.

And ſhe is dead, ſlander'd to death by villains;
That dare as well anſwer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue:
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milkſops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony,—

Ant. Hold you content; What, man? I know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmoſt ſcruple:
Scambling [1], out-facing, faſhion-mong'ring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and ſlander,
Go antickly, and ſhow outward hideouſneſs,
And ſpeak off half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they durſt,
And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—

Ant. Come 'tis no matter;
Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not [2] wake your patience.

[1] *Scambling*]—i. e. *ſcrambling*. The word is more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. See Dr. Percy's note on the firſt ſpeech of the play of *K. Henry* V. and likewiſe the Scots proverb "It is well ken'd your father's ſon was never a *ſcambler*." A *ſcambler* in its literal ſenſe, is one who goes about among his friends to get a dinner, by the Iriſh call'd a *coſherer*. STEEVENS.

[2]——*we will not* wake *your patience.*] This conveys a ſentiment that the ſpeaker would by no means have implied. That the patience of the two old men was not exerciſed, but aſleep, which upbraids them for inſenſibility under their wrong. Shakſpeare muſt have wrote:

——*we will not* wrack——

i. e. deſtroy your patience by tantalizing you. WARBURTON.

This emendation is very ſpecious, and perhaps is right; yet the preſent reading may admit a congruous meaning with leſs difficulty than many other of Shakſpeare's expreſſions.

The old men have been both very angry and outrageous; the prince tells them that he and Claudio *will not* wake *their patience*; will not any longer force them to *endure* the preſence of thoſe whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot reſiſt. JOHNSON.

My heart is ſorry for your daughter's death;
But on my honour, ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Come, brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And ſhall,
Or ſome of us will ſmart for it.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, ſee,
Here comes the man we went to ſeek.

Claud. Now, ſignior!
What news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome ſignior:
You are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What think'ſt thou? had we fought, I doubt, we ſhould have been too young for them.

Bene. In a falſe quarrel there is no true valour. I came to ſeek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to ſeek thee; for we are high-proof melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away: Wilt thou uſe thy wit?

Bene. It is in my ſcabbard; Shall I draw it?

Pedro. Doſt thou wear thy wit by thy ſide?

Claud. Never any did ſo, though very many have been beſide their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minſtrels; draw, to pleaſure us.

Pedro. As I am an honeſt man, he looks pale:—Art thou ſick or angry?

Claud.

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I ſhall meet your wit in the career, if you charge it againſt me:—I pray you, chuſe another ſubject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another ſtaff; this laſt was broke croſs[3].

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle[4].

Bene. Shall I ſpeak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bleſs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jeſt not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when

[3] *Nay, then give him another ſtaff*, &c.] An alluſion to *tilting*. See note, *As You Like It*, act iii. ſc. 4. WARBURTON.

[4] *to turn his girdle.*] We have a proverbial ſpeech, *If he be angry, let him turn the buckle of his girdle.* But I do not know its original or meaning. JOHNSON.

A correſponding expreſſion is uſed to this day in Ireland.—*If he be angry, let him tie up his brogues.* Neither proverb, I believe, has any other meaning than this: If he is in a bad humour, let him employ himſelf till he is in a better.

Dr. Farmer furniſhes me with an inſtance of this proverbial expreſſion as uſed by Claudio, from Winwood's Memorials, fol. edit. 1725. vol. i. p. 453. See letter from *Winwood* to *Cecyll*, from Paris, 1602, about an affront he received there from *an Engliſhman*." "I ſaid what I ſpake was not to make *him* angry. He replied, if I were angry, *I might turn the buckle of my girdle* behind me." So likewiſe Cowley *On the Government of Oliver Cromwell.* "—The next month he ſwears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does ſo in his princely way of threatening, bidding them, "*turne the buckles of their girdles* behind them." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Knavery in all Trades, or the Coffee Houſe*, 1664. Sign. E. "Nay if the gentleman be angry, let him turn *the buckles of his girdle behind him.*"

A writer in the *Gentleman's Mag.* 1783. ſays, large belts were worn with the buckle before, but in wreſtling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adverſary a fair graſp at the belt; therefore turning the buckle behind was a challenge. EDITOR.

you dare:—Do me right, or I will proteſt your cowardice. You have kill'd a ſweet lady, and her death ſhall fall heavy on you:—Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, ſo I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feaſt? a feaſt?

Claud. I'faith, I thank him; he hath [5] bid me to a calves-head and a capon; the which if I do not carve moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too [6]?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes eaſily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee, how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit; *True*, ſays ſhe, *a fine little one*; *No*, ſaid I, *a great wit*; *Right*, ſaid ſhe, *a great groſs one*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *a good wit*; *Juſt*, ſays ſhe, *it hurts no body*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *the gentleman is wiſe*; *Certain*, ſaid ſhe, *a* [7] *wiſe gentleman*; *Nay*, ſaid I, *he hath the tongues*; *That I believe*, ſaid ſhe, *for he ſwore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forſwore on Tueſday morning*; *there's a double tongue, there's two tongues.* Thus did ſhe, an hour together, tranſ-ſhape thy particular virtues; yet, at laſt, ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propereſt man in Italy.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid, ſhe car'd not.

[5] *bid,*] i. e. invited. So, in *Titus Andronicus.* act i. ſc. 2.
"I am not *bid* to wait upon this bride."——
EDITOR.

[6] —*Shall I not find a* woodcock *too?*] A woodcock was a proverbial term for a fooliſh fellow. So in *the London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605: "*Woodcock* o' my ſide!" The ſame words alſo occur in *Law Tricks*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608.
MALONE.

[7] *a wiſe gentleman:*] This jeſt depending on the colloquial uſe of words is now obſcure; perhaps we ſhould read, *a wiſe gentleman*, or *a man wiſe enough to be a coward.* Perhaps *wiſe gentleman* was in that age uſed ironically, and always ſtood for *ſilly fellow.*
JOHNSON.

Pedro. Yea, that ſhe did; but yet, for all that, an if ſhe did not hate him deadly, ſhe would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God ſaw him when he was hid in the garden.*

Pedro. But when ſhall we ſet the ſavage bull's horns on the ſenſible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man?*

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your goſſip-like humour: you break jeſts as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courteſies I thank you; I muſt diſcontinue your company: your brother, the baſtard, is fled from Meſſina; you have, among you, kill'd a ſweet and innocent lady: For my lord lack-beard there, he and I ſhall meet; and till then, peace be with him!

[*Exit Benedick.*

Pedro. He is in earneſt.

Claud. In moſt profoud earneſt; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Moſt ſincerely.

Pedro. [8] What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to ſuch a man.

[8] *What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hoſe, and leaves off his wit!*] It was eſteemed a mark of levity and want of becoming gravity, at that time, *to go in the doublet and hoſe, and leave off the cloak*, to which this well-turned *expreſſion* alludes. The *thought* is, that love makes a man as ridiculous, and expoſes him as naked as being in the doublet and hoſe without a cloak.

WARBURTON.

Pedro. [9] But, ſoft you, let be; pluck up my heart, and be ſad: Did he not ſay, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, ſir; if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more reaſons in her balance; nay, an you be a curſing hypocrite once, you muſt be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one.

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord!

Pedro. Officers, what offence have theſe men done?

Dogb. Marry, ſir, they have committed falſe report; moreover they have ſpoken untruths; ſecondarily, they are ſlanders; ſixth and laſtly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verify'd unjuſt things: and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. Firſt, I aſk thee what they have done; thirdly, I aſk thee what's their offence; ſixth and laſtly, why are they committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reaſon'd, and in his own diviſion; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well ſuited [1].

Pedro. Whom have you offended, maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer? this learned conſta-

9 *But ſoft you; let be.*] The firſt folio reads:

But ſoft you; let *me* be; pluck, &c.

We might read: But ſoft you; *let me pluck*——

Since I wrote the above, I find that the ſecond folio reads:

But ſoft you let *me ſee*; pluck up, &c.

which is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

Let be, is the true reading. It means, *let things remain as they are.* I have heard the phraſe uſed by Dr. Johnſon himſelf. STEEVENS.

So, in *Henry* VIII. act i. ſ. 1.

"——and they were ratify'd,
"As he cry'd, Thus, *let be.*"

Again, *Winter's Tale*, act v. ſc. 3. Leonato ſays, "*Let be, let be.*" EDITOR.

1 *one meaning well ſuited.*] That is, *one meaning is put into many different dreſſes*; the prince having aſked the ſame queſtion in four modes of ſpeech. JOHNSON.

ble

ble is too cunning to be underſtood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine anſwer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wiſdoms could not diſcover, theſe ſhallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confeſſing to this man, how Don John your brother incens'd me to ſlander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and ſaw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you diſgrac'd her, when you ſhould marry her: my villainy they have upon record; which I had rather ſeal with my death, than repeat over to my ſhame: the lady is dead upon mine and my maſter's falſe accuſation; and briefly, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this ſpeech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poiſon, whiles he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother ſet thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—
And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare ſemblance that I lov'd it firſt.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our Sexton hath reform'd ſignior Leonato of the matter: And maſters, do not forget to ſpecify, when time and place ſhall ſerve, that I am an aſs.

Verg. Here, here comes maſter ſignior Leonato, and the Sexton too.

Re-enter Leonato, and Antonio, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me ſee his eyes;
That when I note another man like him,

I may

I may avoid him: Which of theſe is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the ſlave, that with thy breath haſt kill'd
Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not ſo villain; thou bely'ſt thyſelf;
Hear ſtand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeak: Chuſe your revenge yourſelf;
Impoſe me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my ſin: yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Pedro. By my ſoul, nor I;
And yet to ſatisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impoſſible; but, I pray you both,
Poſſeſs the people in Meſſina here
How innocent ſhe dy'd: and, if your love
Can labour aught in ſad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And ſing it to her bones; ſing it to night:
To-morrow morning come you to my houſe;
And ſince you could not be my ſon-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copy of my child that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heir to both of us[8];

[8] *And ſhe alone is heir to both of us*;] Shakſpeare ſeems to have forgot what he had made Leonato ſay, in the fifth ſcene of the firſt act to Antonio, *How now, brother; where is my couſin your ſon? hath he provided the muſick?* ANONYMOUS.

Give

Give her the right you ſhould have given her couſin,
And ſo dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble ſir,
Your over-kindneſs doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
[9] Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my ſoul, ſhe was not;
Nor knew not what ſhe did, when ſhe ſpoke to me;
But always hath been juſt and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, ſir, (which, indeed, is not under white and black) this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me aſs: I beſeech you, let it be remembered in his puniſhment: And alſo, the watch heard them talk of one deformed: they ſay, he wears a [1] key in his

9 *Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong.*] i. e. combined; an accomplice. So, in lord Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 269. edit. 1740. "If the iſſue ſhall be this, that whatever ſhall be done for him, ſhall be thought to be done by a number of perſons that ſhall be laboured and *packed*——." MALONE.
So, in *King Lear:*
"—ſnuffs and *packings* of the dukes." STEEVENS.

1 *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name;*] There could not be a pleaſanter ridicule on the faſhion, than the conſtable's deſcant on his own blunder. They heard the conſpirators ſatyrize the *faſhion*; whom they took to be a man ſirnamed, *Deformed*. This the conſtable applies with exquiſite humour to the courtiers, in a deſcription of one of the moſt fantaſtical faſhions of that time, the men's wearing rings in their ears, and indulging a favourite lock of hair which was brought before, and tied with ribbons, and called a *love-lock*. Againſt this faſhion William Prynne wrote his treatiſe, called, *The Unlovelyneſs of Love-Locks*. To this fantaſtic mode Fletcher alludes in his *Cupid's Revenge:*—"*This morning I brought him a new perriwig with* a lock at it——*And yonder's a fellow come has* bored a hole in his ear." And again, in his *Woman-Hater:* "—*If I could endure an ear with a* hole *in it, or a platted* lock, &c." WARBURTON.

ear,

ear, and a lock hanging by it; and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath us'd ſo long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's ſake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honeſt pains.

Dogb. Your worſhip ſpeaks like a moſt thankful and reverend youth; and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God ſave the foundation?

Leon. Go, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worſhip; which, I beſeech your worſhip, to correct yourſelf, for the example of others. God keep your worſhip; I wiſh your worſhip well; God reſtore you to health: I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wiſh'd, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour. [*Exeunt.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

Leon. Bring you theſe fellows on; we'll talk with Margaret,
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Benedick, and Margaret, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, ſweet miſtreſs Margaret, deſerve well at my hands, by helping me to the ſpeech of Beatrice.

Marg.

Marg. Will you then write me a ſonnet in praiſe of my beauty?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtyle, Margaret, that no man living ſhall come over it; for, in moſt comely truth, thou deſerveſt it.

Marg. [2] To have no man come over me? why, ſhall I always keep below ſtairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit, Margaret, it will not hurt a woman; and ſo, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers[3].

Marg. Give us the ſwords, we have bucklers of our own.

[2] *To have no man come* over *me? why, ſhall I always keep* below *ſtairs?*] So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

"Alas! when we are once o'th falling hand,
"A man may eaſily *come over* us." COLLINS.

[3] *I give thee the bucklers.*] I ſuppoſe that *to give the bucklers* is, *to yield*, or to *lay by all thoughts of defence*, ſo *clypeum abjicere*. The reſt deſerves no comment. JOHNSON.

Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, uſes the ſame expreſſion:—"At this his maſter laught, and was glad, for further advantage, to *yield the bucklers* to his prentiſe."

Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:
——"into whoſe hands ſhe thruſts the weapons firſt, let him *take up the bucklers.*"

Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix:*

"Charge one of them to *take up the bucklers*
"Againſt that hair-monger Horace."

Again, in Chapman's *May-Day*, 1611:

"And now I lay *the bucklers* at your feet."

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

"—if you lay down *the bucklers*, you loſe the victory."

Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* b. x. ch. 21. "—it goeth againſt his ſtomach (the cock's) to yeeld the gantlet and *give the bucklers.*" STEEVENS.

Bene. If you uſe them, Margaret, you muſt put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs. [*Exit Margaret.*

Bene. And therefore will come. [*Sings.*]

The god of love,
That ſits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deſerve,—

I mean, in ſinging; but in loving,—Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilus the firſt employer of pandars, and a whole book full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe names yet run ſmoothly in the even road of a blank verſe, why, they were never ſo truly turn'd over and over, as my poor ſelf, in love: Marry, I cannot ſhew it in rhime; I have try'd; I can find out no rhime to *lady* but *baby*, an innocent rhime; for *ſcorn*, *horn*, a hard rhime; for *ſchool*, *fool*, a babbling rhime; very ominous endings: No, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in feſtival terms.

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet Beatrice, would'ſt thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea, ſignior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, ſtay but till then!

Beat. Then, is ſpoken; fare you well now:—and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath paſt between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiſs thee.

Beat.

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noiſome; therefore I will depart unkiſs'd.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of its right ſenſe, ſo forcible is thy wit: But, I muſt tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I muſt ſhortly hear from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain'd ſo politick a ſtate of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love; a good epithet! I do ſuffer love, indeed, for I love thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours; for I will never love that, which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wiſe to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confeſſion; there's not one wiſe man among twenty, that will praiſe himſelf.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance, Beatrice, that liv'd [4] in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. [5] Queſtion?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is moſt expedient

[4] *in the time of good neighbours:*] i. e. When men were not envious, but every one gave another his due. The reply is extremely humourous. WARBURTON.

[5] Queſtion? *why, an hour*, &c.] i. e. What a queſtion's there, or what a fooliſh queſtion do you aſk? But the Oxford editor, not

dient for the wife, (if Don Worm, his conſcience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myſelf: So much for praiſing myſelf, (who, I myſelf will bear witneſs is praiſe-worthy) and now tell me, How doth your couſin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Enter Urſula.

Urſ. Madam, you muſt come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero hath been falſely accus'd, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone: Will you come preſently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, ſignior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Church.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with muſic and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is my lord.

not underſtanding this phraſe, contracted into a ſingle word, (of which we have many inſtances in Engliſh) has fairly ſtruck it out. WARBURTON.

The phraſe occurs frequently in Shakſpeare, and means no more than—*you aſk a queſtion*, or *that is the queſtion*. REMARKS.

Claudio.

Claudio reads.

[6] *Done to death by ſlanderous tongues*
Was the Hero, that here lies:
Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies:
So the life, that dy'd with ſhame,
Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
Praiſing her when I am dumb.—
Now muſick ſound, and ſing your ſolemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddeſs of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight[7];

For

[6] *Done to death*——] This obſolete phraſe occurs frequently in our ancient writers.——Thus, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1657:

"His mother's hand ſhall ſtop thy breath,
"Thinking her own ſon is *done to death*." MALONE.

[7] *Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight*;] *Knight*, in its original ſignification, means *follower* or *pupil*, and in this ſenſe may be feminine. Helena, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, uſes *knight* in the ſame ſignification. JOHNSON.

Virgin *knight* is virgin hero. In the times of chivalry, a *virgin knight* was one who had as yet atchieved no adventure. Hero had as yet atchieved no matrimonial one. It may be added, that a *virgin knight* wore no device on his ſhield, having no right to any till he had deſerved it.

So, in the *Hiſt. of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

"Then as thou ſeem'ſt in thy attire *a virgin knight* to be,
"Take thou this *ſhield* likewiſe *of white*, &c."

It appears, however, from ſeveral paſſages in Spenſer's *Faerie Queen*, B. i. c. 7. that an *ideal order* of this name was ſuppoſed, as a compliment to queen Elizabeth's virginity:

"Of doughtie knights whom faery land did raiſe
"That noble order hight of *maidenhead*."

Again, B. ii. c. 2.

"Order of *maidenhead* the moſt renown'd."

For the which, with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, aſſiſt our moan;
Help us to ſigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.
Pedro. Good morrow, maſters; put your torches out:
The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, maſters; each his ſeveral way.
Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;
And then to Leonato's we will go.
Claud. And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeed's[8],
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*

Agian, B. ii. c. 9.

"And numbred be mongſt knights of *maidenhed.*"

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1594, is entered, "—— Pheander the *mayden knight.*" STEEVENS.

[8] *And Hymen now with luckier iſſue* ſpeed's
Than this, for whom we render up this woe!]

Claudio could not know, without being a prophet, that this new propoſed match ſhould have any luckier event than that deſigned with Hero. Certainly, therefore, this ſhould be a wiſh in Claudio; and, to this end, the poet might have wrote, *ſpeed's*; i. e. *ſpeed us*: and ſo it becomes a prayer to Hymen. THIRLBY.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Leonato's Houſe.

Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Urſula, Antonio, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did not I tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in ſome fault for this;
Although againſt her will, as it appears
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Ant. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.
Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all
Withdraw into a chamber by yourſelves;
And, when I ſend for you, come hither maſk'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To viſit me:—You know your office, brother;
You muſt be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio. [*Exeunt Ladies.*
Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Friar, I muſt entreat your pains, I think.
Friar. To do what, ſignior.
Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good ſignior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.
Leon. That eye my daughter lent her; 'Tis moſt true.
Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.
Leon. The ſight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio and the prince; But what's your will?
Bene. Your anſwer, ſir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the eſtate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good friar, I ſhall deſire your help.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair aſſembly.
Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio;
We here attend you; Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?
Claud. I'll hold my mind, were ſhe an Ethiope.
Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready. [*Exit Antonio.*
Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: Why what's the matter,
That you have ſuch a February face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorm, and cloudineſs?
Claud. I think, he thinks upon the ſavage bull:—
Tuſh, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And all Europa ſhall rejoice at thee;
As once Europa did at luſty Jove,
When he would play the noble beaſt in love.
Bene. Bull Jove, ſir, had an amiable low;
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your father's cow,
And got a calf in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have juſt his bleat.

Re-enter Antonio, with Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Urſula, maſk'd.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reck-'nings.
Which is the lady I muſt ſeize upon?
Ant. This ſame is ſhe, and I do giveyou her.

Claud.

Claud. Why, then ſhe's mine; Sweet, let me ſee your face.

Leon. No, that you ſhall not, till you take her hand
Before this friar, and ſwear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your huſband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[*Unmaſking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other huſband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, ſurely as I live, I am a maid.

Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her ſlander liv'd.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder ſeem familiar,
And to the chapel let us preſently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I anſwer to that name; What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no, no more than reaſon.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio
Have been deceived; they ſwore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no, no more than reaſon.

Beat. Why, then my couſin, Margaret, and Urſula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did ſwear you did.

Bene. They ſwore, that you were almoſt ſick for me.

Beat. They ſwore, that you were well nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no ſuch matter:—Then, you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, couſin, I am ſure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be ſworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his own pure brain,
Faſhion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my couſin's hand, ſtolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands againſt our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. [7] I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great perſuaſion; and partly, to ſave your life, for I was told you were in a conſumption.

[8] *Bene.* Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.—

[*Kiſſing her.*

Pedro.

[7] *I would* not *deny you*; &c.] Mr. Theobald ſays, *is not this mock-reaſoning? She would not deny him, but that ſhe yields upon great perſuaſion. In changing the negative, I make no doubt but I have retrieved the poet's humour:* and ſo changes *not* into *yet.* But is not this a *mock-critic?* who could not ſee that the plain obvious ſenſe of the common reading was this, I cannot find in my heart to deny you, but for all that I yield, after having ſtood out great perſuaſions to ſubmiſſion. He had ſaid, *I take thee for pity,* ſhe replies, *I would not deny* thee, i. e. I take thee for pity too: but as I live, I am won to this compliance by importunity of friends. Mr. Theobald, by altering *not* to *yet*, makes it ſuppoſed, that *he* had been importunate, and that *ſhe* had often denied, which was not the caſe. WARBURTON.

[8] Bene. *Peace, I will ſtop your mouth*—[Kiſſing her.] In former copies:

Leon. *Peace, I will ſtop your mouth.*

What can Leonato mean by this? "Nay, pray, peace, niece! "don't keep up this obſtinacy of profeſſions, for I have proofs to "ſtop your mouth." The ingenious Dr. Thirlby agreed with me, that this ought to be given to Benedick, who, upon ſaying it, kiſſes Beatrice;

Pedro. How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Doſt thou think, I care for a ſatire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he ſhall wear nothing handſome about him: In brief, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will think nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have ſaid againſt it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, live unbruis'd and love my couſin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldſt have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of queſtion, thou wilt be, if my couſin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. Firſt, o' my word; therefore, play, muſick.—

Prince, thou art ſad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no ſtaff more reverend than one tipt with horn [9].

Enter

Beatrice; and this being done before the whole company, how natural is the reply which the prince makes upon it?

How doſt thou, Benedick the married man?

Beſides, this mode of ſpeech, preparatory to a ſalute, is familiar to our poet in common with other ſtage-writers. THEOBALD.

9——no ſtaff more reverend than one *tipt with horn.*] This paſſage may admit of ſome explanation that I am unable to furniſh. By accident I loſt ſeveral inſtances I had collected for the purpoſe of throwing light on it. The following, however, may aſſiſt the future commentator.

MS. Sloan, 1691.

"That a fellon may wage battaile, with th' order thereof."

"——by order of the lawe both the parties muſt at theire own

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,
And brought with armed men back to Meſſina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll deviſe thee brave puniſhments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

charge be armed withoute any yron or long armoure, and theire heades bare and bare-headed and bare-footed, every one of them having a baſton *horned* at ech ende of one length, &c."

STEEVENS.

Again, *Britton, Pleas of the Crown*, c. xxii. ſ. 18. "Next let them go to combat armed without iron and without linnen armour, their heads uncovered and their hands naked and on foot, with *two baſtons tipped with horn* of equal length, and each of them a target of four corners, without any other armour, whereby any of them may annoy the other; and if either of them have any other weapon concealed about him, and therewith annoy his adverſary, let it be done as ſhall be mentioned amongſt combats in a plea of land. EDITOR.

This play may be juſtly ſaid to contain two of the moſt ſprightly characters that Shakſpeare ever drew. The wit, the humouriſt, the gentleman, and the ſoldier, are combined in Benedick. It is to be lamented, indeed, that the firſt and moſt ſplendid of theſe diſtinctions, is diſgraced by unneceſſary profaneneſs; for the goodneſs of his heart is hardly ſufficient to atone for the licence of his tongue. The too ſarcaſtic levity, which flaſhes out in the converſation of Beatrice, may be excuſed on account of the ſteadineſs and friendſhip ſo apparent in her behaviour, when ſhe urges her lover to riſque his life by a challenge to Claudio. In the conduct of the fable, however, there is an imperfection ſimilar to that which Dr. Johnſon has pointed out in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*:—the ſecond contrivance is leſs ingenious than the firſt:—or, to ſpeak more plainly, the ſame incident is become ſtale by repetition. I wiſh ſome other method had been found to entrap Beatrice, than that very one which before had been ſucceſsfully practiſed on Benedick.

Much ado about Nothing, (as I underſtand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS.) formerly paſſed under the title of Benedick and Beatrix. Heming the player received, on the 20th of May, 1613, the ſum of forty pounds, and twenty pounds more as his majeſty's gratuity, for exhibiting ſix plays at Hampton-Court, among which was this comedy. STEEVENS.

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST.

A

COMEDY.

Perſons

Perſons Repreſented.

Ferdinand, *King of* Navarre.
Biron,
Longaville,
Dumain, } *three Lords, attending upon the King in his retirement.*
Boyet,
Mercade, } *Lords, attending upon the Princeſs of* France.
Don Adriana de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to Don* Adriano de Armado.
A Forreſter.

Princeſs of France.
Roſaline,
Maria,
Katharine, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*
Jaquenetta, *a Country Wench.*

Officers, and others, attendants upon the King and Princeſs.

SCENE, *the King of* Navarre's *Palace, and the Country near it.*

This enumeration of the perſons was made by Mr. Rowe.
JOHNSON.

LOVE's

LOVE's LABOUR's LOST[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. The Palace.

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſtred upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpight of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here:
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:

[1] I have not hitherto diſcovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the ſtory of it has moſt of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am reſolv'd: 'tis but a three year's faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortify'd;
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy [2].

Biron. I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already ſworn,
That is, To live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As, not to ſee a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there.
And then, to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, nor ſleep [3].

King. Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

Biron. Let me ſay, no, my liege, an if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore, to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.

Long. You ſwore to that, Biron, and to the reſt.

[2] *With all theſe living in philoſophy.*] The ſtyle of the rhyming ſcenes in this play is often entangled and obſcure. I know not certainly to what *all theſe* is to be referred; I ſuppoſe he means, that he finds *love*, *pomp*, and *wealth* in *philoſophy*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*nor* ſleep.] The folio—*not* ſleep. STEEVENS.

Biron.

Biron. By yea and nay, ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.—
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know.

King. Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd (you mean) from common ſenſe?

King. Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompence.

Biron. Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſly am forbid [4];
Or, ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:
Or, having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be thus, and this be ſo,
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, no.

King. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while [5]
Doth falſly blind the eye-ſight of his look:

[4] *When I to* feaſt *expreſly am forbid*;] The copies all have:
When I to faſt *expreſly am forbid*;
But if Biron ſtudied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *faſt*, how was this ſtudying to know what he was forbid to know? Common ſenſe, and the whole tenour of the context require us to read, *feaſt*, or to make a change in the laſt word of the verſe:
When I to faſt *expreſly am* fore-bid;
i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to faſt. THEOBALD.

[5] ——— *while truth the while*
Doth falſly blind ———]
Falſly is here, and in many other places, the ſame as *diſhoneſtly* or *treacherouſly*. The whole ſenſe of this gingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too cloſe ſtudy may read himſelf blind*, which might have been told with leſs obſcurity in fewer words.
JOHNSON.

Light

Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed[6],
And give him light that was it blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep ſearch'd with ſawcy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk and wot not what they are.
[7] Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

King.

[6] *Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,*
And give him light that was it blinded by.]
This is another paſſage unneceſſarily obſcure: the meaning is, that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that* fairer *eye ſhall be his heed*, his *direction* or *lode-ſtar*, (See Midſummer-Night's Dream) *and give him light that was blinded by it.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Too much to know, is to know nought but* fame;
And every godfather can give a name.]
The firſt line in this reading is abſurd and impertinent. There are two ways of ſetting it right. The firſt is to read it thus:
Too much to know, is to know nought but ſhame;
This makes a fine ſenſe, and alludes to Adam's fall, which came from the inordinate paſſion of knowing too much. The other way is to read, and point it thus:
Too much to know, is to know nought: but feign,
i. e. *to feign.* As much as to ſay, the affecting to know too much is the way to know nothing. The ſenſe, in both theſe readings, is equally good: but with this difference; If we read the firſt way, the following line is impertinent; and to ſave the correction, we muſt judge it ſpurious. If we read it the ſecond way, then the following line completes the ſenſe. Conſequently the correction of *feign* is to be preferred. *To know too much* (ſays the ſpeaker) *is to know nothing: it is only* feigning *to know what we do not: giving* names *for things without knowing their* natures; *which is* falſe *knowledge:*

King. How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!
Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding[8]!
Long. He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Biron. The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.
Dum. How follows that?
Biron. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Biron. Something then in rhime.
Long. Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt[9],
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.
Biron. Well, ſay I am? why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth[1]?

At

knowledge: And this was the peculiar defect of the Peripatetic philoſophy then in vogue. Theſe philoſophers, the poet, with the higheſt humour and good ſenſe, calls the *godfathers of nature*, who could only give things a *name*, but had no manner of acquaintance with their eſſences. WARBURTON.

That there are *two ways of ſetting* a paſſage *right*, gives reaſon to ſuſpect that there may be a third way better than either. The firſt of theſe emendations *makes a fine ſenſe*, but will not unite with the next line; the other makes a ſenſe leſs fine, and yet will not rhyme to the correſpondent word. I cannot ſee why the paſſage may not ſtand without diſturbance. *The conſequence*, ſays Biron, *of too much knowledge*, is not any real ſolution of doubts, but mere empty *reputation*. That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewiſe.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.*] To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree*, as *he* proceeded *bachelor in phyſick*. The ſenſe is, *he has taken his degrees on the art of hindering the degrees of others.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——ſneaping *froſt*,] So *ſneaping winds* in the *Winter's Tale*: To *ſneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Why ſhould I joy in an abortive* birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon grows.]

As the greateſt part of this ſcene (both what precedes and follows) is ſtrictly in rhimes, either *ſucceſſive*, *alternate*, or *triple*; I am

At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows;
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.
So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
That were to climb o'er the houſe t'unlock the gate.

King. Well, ſit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have ſworn to ſtay with you:
And, though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!

Biron. Item, *That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court.* [Reading.] Hath this been proclaimed?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's ſee the penalty.—*On pain of loſing her tongue.*—[Reading.] Who devis'd this penalty?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

am perſuaded, that the copyiſts have made a ſlip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three laſt lines quoted, *birth* in the cloſe of the firſt line is quite deſtitute of any rhime to it. Beſides, what a diſpleaſing identity of ſound recurs in the middle and cloſe of this verſe?

Than wiſh a ſnow *in May's new-fangled* ſhows:

Again; *new fangled ſhows* ſeems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profuſion and variety of the flowers, that ſpring on its boſom in May. I have therefore ventured to ſubſtitute *earth*, in the cloſe of the third line, which reſtores the *alternate* meaſure. It was very eaſy for a negligent tranſcriber to be deceived by the rhime immediately preceding; ſo miſtake the concluding word in the ſequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. THEOBALD.

Biron.

Biron. A dangerous law againſt gentility[3]!
Item, [Reading.] *If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.*—
This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The French king's daughter, with yourſelf to ſpeak,—
A maid of grace, and compleat majeſty,—
About ſurrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princeſs hither.
King. What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
Biron. So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.
King. We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree;
She muſt lye[4] here on mere neceſſity.

Biron.

[3] *A dangerous law againſt* gentility!] I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reaſons, that it, by ſome accident or other, ſlipt out of the printed books. In the firſt place, Longaville confeſſes, he had deviſed the penalty: and why he ſhould immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, ſeems to be very inconſiſtent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflexion, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to purſue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not ſignify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French expreſs by, *gentileſſe*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this: Such a law for baniſhing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, *to politeneſs, urbanity*, and the more refined pleaſures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and ſavage, in their natures and behaviour.

THEOBALD.

[4] lye here] means *reſide* here, in the ſame ſenſe as an ambaſſador is ſaid to *lye* leiger. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, act ii. ſc. 2.

Biron. Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might maſter'd but by ſpecial grace[5]:
If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name:
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame:
Suggeſtions[6] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation[7] granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like inchanting harmony;
[8]A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:

This

Or did the cold Muſcovite beget her
That *lay* here *leiger*.

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's Definition: "An ambaſſador is an honeſt man ſent to *lie* (i. e. reſide) abroad for the good of his country." EDITOR.

[5] *Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:*] Biron, amidſt his extravagances, ſpeaks with great juſtneſs againſt the folly of vows. They are made without ſufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by ſome unforeſeen neceſſity. They proceed commonly from a preſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimate of human power. JOHNSON.

[6] *Suggeſtions*——] Temptations. See vol. i. p. 179. JOHNSON.

[7] ——— *quick recreation*———] Lively ſport, ſpritely diverſion. JOHNSON.

[8] *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:]

As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakſpeare's, as appears

This child of fancy[9], that Armado hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,

In

appears by many fine maſter-ſtrokes ſcattered up and down. An exceſſive complaiſance is here admirably painted, in the perſon of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends: and to perſuade the one to recede from the accuſtomed ſtubbornneſs of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her oppoſite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonſon his cotemporary, are confeſſedly the two greateſt writers in the drama that our nation could ever boaſt of, this may be no improper occaſion to take notice of one material difference between Shakſpeare's worſt plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonſon moſt to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we ſpeak of. Which is this, that, in Jonſon's bad pieces, we do not diſcover the leaſt traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemiſt*; but in the wildeſt and moſt extravagant notes of Shakſpeare, you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize their divine compoſer. And the reaſon is this, that Jonſon owing his chief excellence to art, by which he ſometimes ſtrained himſelf to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himſelf, had nothing to ſupport him; but fell below all likeneſs of himſelf: while Shakſpeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his moſt negligent hours, ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and ſplendour. WARBURTON.

This paſſage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely verſed in ceremonial diſtinctions, one who could diſtinguiſh in the moſt delicate queſtions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakſpeare's time, did not ſignify, at leaſt did not only ſignify verbal civility, or phraſes of courteſy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the ſame manner, and on the ſame principles of ſpeech with *accompliſhment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expreſſes it, *the varniſh of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's opinion may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Lingua*, or *The Combat of the Tongue and the five Senſes for Superiority*, 1607:——"after all faſhions and of all colours, with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd *complements*." And again, by the title-page to Richard Brathwaite's *Engliſh Gentlewoman*, "drawne out to the full body, expreſſing what habiliments doe beſt attire her; what ornaments doe beſt adorne her; and what *complements* doe beſt accompliſh her."

In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
[1] From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate[2].
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.

Biron. Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, faſhion's own knight.

Long. Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

Enter Dull and Coſtard, with a Letter.

Dull. Which is the duke's own perſon[3]?

Biron. This, fellow; What would'ſt?

Dull. I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his grace's tharborough[4]: but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Again, in Sir *Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

" ——adorned with the exacteſt *complements* belonging to everlaſting nobleneſs." STEEVENS.

9 This *child of fancy*.] This expreſſion has been adopted by Milton in his *Allegro*:

" Or ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, *Fancy's child*." MALONE.

1 *From tawny Spain*, &c.] i. e. he ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtile. Why he ſays *from tawny Spain* is, becauſe thoſe romances, being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. Why he ſays, *loſt in the world's debate* is, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa. So that we ſee here is meaning in the words. WARBURTON.

2 ——— *in the world's debate*.] The *world* ſeems to be uſed in a monaſtick ſenſe by the king, now devoted for a time to a monaſtic life. *In the world*, *in ſeculo*, in the buſtle of human affairs, from which we are now happily ſequeſtred, *in the world*, to which the votaries of ſolitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

3 *Which is the* king's *own perſon?*] In former editions:

" Dull. *Which is the* duke's *own perſon?*

The king of Navarre is in ſeveral paſſages, through all the copies, called the *duke*: but as this muſt have ſprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors than a forgetfulneſs in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confuſion, reſtored *king* to the text. THEOBALD.

I have followed the old copies. STEEVENS.

4 —*Tharborough*:] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a conſtable. SIR J. HAWKINS.

or rather Aſſiſtant to the Conſtable who acts Biron. in his abſence S.A

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—, Arme—, commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Coſt. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low having [5]: God grant us patience!

Biron. [6] To hear? or forbear hearing?

Long. To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall give us cauſe to climb in the merrineſs.

Coſt. The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner [7].

[5] *A high hope for a low* having;] In old editions:

A high hope for a low heaven;

A *low heaven*, ſure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading; and the meaning is this: "Though you hope for high words, and ſhould have them, it will be but a low acquiſition at beſt." This our poet calls a *low having*: and it is a ſubſtantive which he uſes in ſeveral other paſſages. THEOBALD.

It is ſo uſed in *Macbeth*, act i.:

" ——great prediction
" Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

Heaven, however, may be the true reading, in alluſion to the gradations of happineſs promiſed by *Mohammed* to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

" Oh, how my ſoul is rapt to a *third heaven!*"

STEEVENS.

[6] *To hear? or forbear* hearing?] One of the modern editors, plauſibly enough, reads.

" To hear? or forbear *laughing*." MALONE.

[7] ——*taken* with *the manner.*] So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: " —and, being taken *with* the manner, had nothing to ſay for himſelf." STEEVENS.

Biron. In what manner?

Coſt. In manner and form following ſir; all thoſe three: I was ſeen with her in the manor houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, ſir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman: for the form—in ſome form.

Biron. For the following, ſir?

Coſt. As it ſhall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear the letter with attention?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Coſt. Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

King. [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vice-gerent, and ſole dominator of Navarre, my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſt'ring patron,—*

Coſt. Not a word of Coſtard yet:

King. So it is,—

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo, ſo.

King. Peace.

Coſt.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Coſt.—of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. So it is, beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk. The time, when? About the ſixth hour; when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is ca'led ſupper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walk'd upon: it is ycleped, thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-colour'd ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt,

or ſeeſt: But to the place, where,—It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minnow of thy mirth[8], *(Coſt.* Me.) *that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul, (Coſt.* Me.) *that ſhallow vaſſal, (Coſt.* Still me.) *which, as I remember, hight Coſtard, (Coſt.* O me!) *ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with,—with—O with,—but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith—*

Coſt. With a wench.

King. with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more ſweet underſtanding, a woman. Him, I (as my ever-eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.

Dull. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (ſo is the weaker veſſel called which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain) I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury; and ſhall, at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,

Don Adriano de Armado.

Biron. This is not ſo well as I look'd for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

Coſt. Sir, I confeſs the wench.

[8] *baſe minnow of thy mirth,*] The baſe *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptibly little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakſpeare makes Coriolanus characteriſe the tribunitian inſolence of Sicinius, under the ſame figure:

" ——hear you not
" This Triton of the *minnows!*"

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: " Let him denie that there was another ſhewe made of the little *minnow* his brother", &c. STEEVENS.

That as the minnow is one of the least esteemed of fish so the object of his mirth is one of the most contemptible of men &c.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Coſt. I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it[9].

King. It was proclaim'd a year's impriſonment to be taken with a wench.

Coſt. I was taken with none, ſir; I was taken with a damoſel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

Coſt. This was no damoſel neither, ſir; ſhe was a virgin.

King. It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaim'd, virgin.

Coſt. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.

Coſt. This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

Coſt. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron ſee him delivered o'er.——
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.—
[*Exeunt.*

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.
Sirrah, come on.

Coſt. I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the ſour cup of proſperity! Affliction may one day ſmile again, and 'till then, Sit thee down, ſorrow! [*Exeunt.*

[9] *I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.*] So *Falſtaff*, in the *Second Part of K. Henry* IV:

"——it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not *marking*, that I am troubled withal." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Armado's Houſe.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Arm. Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great ſign, ſir, that he will look ſad.

Arm. Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp [1].

Moth. No, no; O lord, ſir, no.

Arm. How can'ſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenal [2].

Moth. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſignior?

Arm. Why tough ſignior? why tough ſignior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I ſpoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate, tender.

Moth. And I, tough ſignior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough [3].

[1] *dear imp.*] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his laſt letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the* imp *his ſon*. It is now uſed only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our authour's time it was ambiguous, in which ſtate it ſuits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Piſtol ſalutes king Henry V. by the ſame title. STEEVENS.

The word literally means a *graff*, *ſlip*, *ſcion*, or *ſucker*: and by metonymy comes to be uſed for a boy or child. The imp, *his ſon*, is no more than his *infant ſon*. It is now ſet apart to ſignify *young fiends*; as *the devil and his imps*. REMARKS.

[2] —— *my tender* juvenal.] *Juvenal* is *youth*. So, in *The Noble Stranger*, 1640:

"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell*."

STEEVENS.

[3] —*tough.*] *Old and tough, young and tender*, is one of the proverbial phraſes collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

Arm.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, ſir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, becauſe little.

Moth. Little pretty, becauſe little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

Arm. In thy condign praiſe.

Moth. I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers: Thou heat'ſt my blood.

Moth. I am anſwer'd, ſir.

Arm. I love not to be croſs'd.

Moth. He ſpeaks the mere contrary, croſſes love not him[4].

Arm. I have promiſed to ſtudy three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, ſir.

Arm. Impoſſible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a tapſter.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gameſter, ſir.

Arm. I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, ſir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here is three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how

[4] croſſes *love not him.*] By *croſſes* he means money. So, in *As You Like It*, the Clown ſays to Celia, "*if I* ſhould bear you, *I ſhould bear no* croſs." JOHNSON.

eaſy

easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you[2].

Arm.

[2] Moth. *And how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.*] Banks's *horse*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*History of the World, first Part*, p. 178.) says. "If *Banks* had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the inchanters in the world: for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master, or instruct any beast as he did his horse." And sir Kenelm Digby (*a Treatise of Bodies*. ch. xxxviii. p. 393.) observes: "That his horse would restore a glove to the due owner, after the master had whispered the man's name in his ear; would tell the just number of pence in any piece of silver coin, newly shewed him by his master; and even obey presently his command, in discharging himself of his excrements, whensoever he had bade him." Dr. GREY.

Banks's horse is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakspeare; among the rest, by B. Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monster, than ever *Bankes* did with his *horse*."

Again, in *Hall's Satires*, lib. iv. sat. 2:

"More than who vies his pence to view some tricke
"Of strange *Morocco's* dumbe arithmeticke."

Again, in Ben Jonson's 134th *Epigram*:

"Old *Banks* the jugler, our Pythagoras,
"Grave tutor to the *learned horse*," &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly known, and, perhaps, deserves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to those last quoted, it should seem as if they had died abroad.

"————Both which
"Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,
"Their spirits transmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationer's-Hall is the following; Nov. 14, 1595. "A ballad shewing the strange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*."

Among other exploits of this celebrated beast, it is said that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the same circumstance is likewise mentioned in *The Guls Horn-booke*, a satirical pamphlet, by Decker, 1609. "—From hence you may descend to talk about the *horse* that went up, and strive, if you can, to know his *keeper*; take the day of the month, and the number of the steppes, and suffer

Arm. A moſt fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo I am in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner, and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new devis'd court'ſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, maſter.

Arm. Moſt ſweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Sampſon, maſter: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

ſuffer yourſelf to believe verily that it was not a *horſe*, but ſomething elſe in the likeneſs of one."

Again, in *Chreſtoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. 1598, lib. iii. ep. 17:

"*Of Bankes' Horſe.*

"*Bankes* hath a horſe of wondrous qualitie,
"For he can fight, and piſſe, and dance, and lie,
"And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye have:
"But *Bankes*, who taught your horſe to ſmell a knave?"

STEEVENS.

In 1595, was publiſhed a Pamphlet intitled, *Maroccus Extaticus, or Banks's bay Horſe in a Trance. A diſcourſe ſet downe in a merry dialogue between Bankes and his beaſt: anatomizing ſome abuſes and bad trickes of this age.* 4to; prefixed to which, was a print of the horſe ſtanding on his hind legs with a ſtick in his mouth, his maſter with a ſtick in his hand and a pair of dice on the ground. Ben Jonſon hints at the unfortunate cataſtrophe of both man and horſe, which I find happened at Rome, where to the diſgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1660, p. 114. EDITOR.

Arm.

Arm. O well-knit Sampſon! ſtrong-jointed Sampſon! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Sampſon's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, maſter.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the ſea-water green, ſir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, ſir; and the beſt of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampſon had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was ſo, ſir; for ſhe had a green wit.

Arm. My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

Moth. Moſt maculate thoughts, maſter, are maſk'd under ſuch colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

Moth. If ſhe be made of white and red.
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:
Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.
A dangerous rhime, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

Arm.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of [3] the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion [4] by ſome mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Coſtard [5]; ſhe deſerves well.

Moth. To be whipp'd; and yet a better love than my maſter. [*Aſide.*

Arm. Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I ſay, ſing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be paſt.

Enter Dull, Coſtard, and Jaquenetta.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleaſure is, that you keep Coſtard ſafe: and you muſt let him take no delight, nor

[3] *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Collection of old Ballads*, in three vols. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*my* digreſſion] *Digreſſion* on this occaſion ſignifies the act of going out of the right way. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
" *Digreſſion* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our Author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

——" my *digreſſion* is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
" That it will live engraven on my face." MALONE.

[5] *the* rational *hind Coſtard*;] Perhaps, we ſhould read—*the* irrational *hind*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reaſoning brute*, the *animal with ſome ſhare of reaſon*. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind:* if *hind* be taken in it's *beſtial* ſenſe, Armado makes Coſtard a *female*. FARMER.

Shak-

nor no penance; but a' muſt faſt three days a-week: For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park; ſhe is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myſelf with bluſhing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will viſit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is ſituate.

Jaq. Lord, how wiſe you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you ſay.

Arm. And ſo farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta.*

Arm. Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Coſt. Well, ſir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

Arm. Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

Coſt. I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; ſhut him up.

Moth. Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave; away.

Coſt. Let me not be pent up, ſir; I will faſt, being looſe.

Moth. No, ſir; that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Coſt. Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee—

Moth. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Shakſpeare uſes it in its *beſtial* ſenſe in *Julius Cæſar*, act i. ſc. 3. and as of the maſculine gender:

"He were no *lion* were not Romans *hinds*."

Again, in *K. Henry* IV. P. I. ſc. iii. "——you are a ſhallow cowardly *hind*, and you lye." STEEVENS.

Coſt. Nay, nothing, maſter Moth, but what they look upon. [7] It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words; and, therefore, I will ſay nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Coſtard.*

Arm. I do affect [8] the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falſly attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampſon was ſo tempted; and he had an excellent ſtrength: yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's but-ſhaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn [9]; the paſſado he reſpects not, the duello he regards not: his diſgrace is to be call'd boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt rapier! be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal god of rhime, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonneteer [1]. Deviſe wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio. [*Exit.*

[7] *It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words;*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, it is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their *wards*, that is, in *cuſtody*, in the *holds*. JOHNSON.

The firſt quarto, 1598, (the moſt authentic copy of this play) reads—"It is *not* for priſoners to be *too* ſilent in their words;" and ſo without doubt the text ſhould be printed. MALONE.

[8] —*affect*—] i. e. love. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. xii. ch. 74:

"But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might *affect*,
"Than her, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] *The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn;*] See the laſt act of *As You Like It*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

[1] —*ſonneteer.*] The old copies read only—*ſonnet*. STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the King of Navarre's Palace.

Enter the Princeſs of France, Roſaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, Madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits:
Conſider who the king your father ſends;
To whom he ſends; and what's his embaſſy:
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem;
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs Navarre; the plea of no leſs weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
[1] Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues[2]:

[1] *Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,*
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapman's tongues:]
So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:
"That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
"The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where."
MALONE.

[2] ——*Chapman's tongues:*] *Chapman* here ſeems to ſignify the *ſeller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheping* was anciently the *market*, *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that *the eſtimation of beauty depends not on the* uttering or *proclamation of the ſeller, but on the eye of the buyer*. JOHNSON.

I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe
In ſpending thus your wit in praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court:
Therefore to us ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs, we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick diſpatch,
Importunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humble-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go. [*Exit.*

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

Lord. Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Mar. I knew him, madam; at a marriage feaſt,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Faulconbridge ſolemnized,
In Normandy ſaw I this Longaville:
[3] A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd:

Well

[3] *A man of ſovereign* parts *he is eſteem'd*;] The firſt quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

"A man of ſovereign *peerleſſe* he is eſteem'd."

I believe, the author wrote

"A man of,——ſovereign, *peerleſs*, he's eſteem'd.

A man of extraordinary *accompliſhments* the ſpeaker, perhaps, would have ſaid, but ſuddenly checks himſelf; and adds— "ſovereign, peerleſs he's eſteem'd."

So

[4]Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil)
Is a ſharp wit[5], match'd with too blunt a will;
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

Mar. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

Prin. Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

Kath. The young Dumain, a well accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little, of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſs.

Roſa. Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him, as I have heard a truth;
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor)

So, in the *Tempeſt*:

"———but you, O you,
"So perfect, and ſo *peerleſs* are created."

See a note on the words—"Sir, make me not your ſtory;" *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act i. ſc. 5. MALONE.

[4] *Well fitted———*] is *well qualified*. JOHNSON.

[5] *——match'd with——*] is *combined* or *joined* with. JOHNSON.

Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

Prin. God bleſs my ladies are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?

Mar. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance, Lord?

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all addreſs'd [6] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to beſiege his court)
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes Navarre.

Enter the King, Longaville, Dumain, Biron, and Attendants.

King. Fair princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too baſe to be mine.

King. You ſhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have ſworn an oath.

[6] *Were all* addreſs'd] To *addreſs* is to *prepare*. So in *Hamlet*:
"——it lifted up its head, and did *addreſs*
"Itſelf to motion." STEEVENS.

Prin.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will ſhall break it; will, and nothing elſe.
King. Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.
I hear, your grace hath ſworn-out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord,
[7] And ſin to break it:
But pardon me, I am too ſudden bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.
King. Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Roſ. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?
Biron. I know, you did.
Roſ. How needleſs was it then
To aſk the queſtion!
Biron. You muſt not be ſo quick.
Roſ. 'Tis long of you, that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſ. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.
Biron. What time o' day.
Roſ. The hour that fools ſhould aſk.
Biron. Now fair befall your maſk!
Roſ. Fair fall the face it covers!

[7] *And ſin to break it:*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:
Not *ſin to break it.*
I believe erroneouſly. The princeſs ſhews an inconvenience very frequently attending raſh oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

Biron. And ſend you many lovers!

Roſ. Amen; ſo you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more, in ſurety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfy'd,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty.
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands[6],
On payment of a hundred thouſand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal[7],

And

[6] ——— *and not demands,*
On *payment*, &c.]
The former editions read:
——— *and not demands*
One *payment of a hundred thouſand crowns,*
To have his title live in Aquitain.
I have reſtored, I believe, the genuine ſenſe of the paſſage. Aquitain was pledged, it ſeems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of) but demands this moiety back again: inſtead whereof (ſays Navarre) he ſhould rather pay the remaining moiety and *demand* to have Aquitain redelivered up to him. This is plain and eaſy reaſoning upon the fact ſuppos'd; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive the reſidue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for ſecurity of it. THEOBALD.

[7] —— depart *withal*] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently ſynonymous. So, in *K. John:*

" Hath

And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded as it is.
Dear princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding, 'gainſt ſome reaſon, in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

King. I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

Prin. We arreſt your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me ſo.

Boyet. So pleaſe your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound;
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

King. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthineſs:
You may not come, fair princeſs, in my gates;
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deny'd fair harbour in my houſe.
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewel:
To-morrow we ſhall viſit you again.

" Hath willingly *departed* with a part."
Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour:*
" Faith; ſir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money"
STEEVENS.

Prin. Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace!

King. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place! [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

Roſ. I pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to ſee it.

Biron. I would, you heard it groan.

Roſ. Is the fool ſick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Roſ. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Roſ. My phyſick ſays, I.

Biron. Will you prick't with your eye?

Roſ. *Non poynt*, with my knife [8].

Biron. Now, God ſave thy life!

Roſ. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Exit.*

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word; What lady is that ſame [9]?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Roſaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

[8] *Non poynt,*—] So in the *Shoemaker's Holliday*, 1600:

"——tell me where he is.

"*No point.* Shall I betray my brother?" STEEVENS.

[9] *What lady is that ſame?*] It is odd that Shakſpeare ſhould make *Dumain* enquire after *Roſaline*, who was the miſtreſs of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the ſame manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, becauſe the laſt ſpeech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore maſks but the princeſs.

STEEVENS.

They certainly did. See p. 421, where Biron ſays to Roſaline

——"Now fair befall your *maſk!*"

MALONE.

Long.

Long. I beſeech you, a word; What is ſhe in the white?

Boyet. A woman ſometimes, an you ſaw her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I deſire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herſelf; to deſire that, were a ſhame.

Long. Pray you, ſir, whoſe daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. [1] God's bleſſing on your beard!

Boyet. Good ſir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a moſt ſweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, ſir; that may be. [*Exit Long.*

Biron What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is ſhe wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, ſir, or ſo.

Biron. You are welcome, ſir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, ſir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit Biron.*

Marg. That laſt is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jeſt.

Boyet. And every jeſt but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you, to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

Mar. Too hot ſheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips [2].

Mar.

[1] *God's bleſſing on your beard!*] That is, mayſt thou have ſenſe and ſerioufneſs more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which ſuits ill with ſuch idle catches of wit. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*unleſs we feed on your lips.*] Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in his *Venus and Adonis*;

' *Feed*

Mar. You ſheep, and I paſture; Shall that finiſh the jeſt?

Boyet. So you grant paſture for me.

Mar. Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be [3].

Boyet.

" *Feed* where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale,
" *Graze on my lips.*" MALONE.

[3] *My lips are no common, though* ſeveral *they be.*] *Several* is an incloſed field of a private proprietor; ſo Maria ſays, *her lips* are *private property.* Of a lord that was newly married, one obſerved that he grew fat; "Yes," ſaid ſir Walter Raleigh, "any beaſt will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *ſeveral.*" JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

" —— my ſheep have quite diſgreſt
" Their bounds, and leap'd into the *ſeverall.*"

Again, in Green's *Diſputation*, &c. 1592: "rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *ſeverall* to himſelf by force," &c. Again in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600:

" Of late he broke into a *ſeverall*
" That does belong to me."

Again, in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 4to, b. l. 1597.——"he entered *commons* in the place which the olde John thought to be reſerved *ſeverall* to himſelf," p. 64. b. Again, in *Holinſhed's Hiſt. of England*, b. vi. p. 150,—"not to take and pale in the commons to enlarge their *ſeveralles*". STEEVENS.

In Minſhiew's Dictionary, 1617, is the following article. "To *ſever* from others. Hinc nos paſcua et campos ſeorſim ab alïs ſeperatos *Severels* dicimus." In the margin he ſpells the word as Shakſpeare does,—*ſeverals.*

Our author is ſeldom careful that his compariſons ſhould anſwer on both ſides. If *ſeveral* be here conſidered as ſynonymous to *diſtinct*, or *ſeparate*, the ſenſe is clear. But if it be underſtood in its ruſtic acceptation; and it muſt be taken both ways, the adverſative particle ſtands but aukwardly. To ſay, that *though* land is *ſeveral*, it is not *common*, ſeems as unjuſtifiable as to aſſert, that *though* a houſe is a cottage, it is not a palace. Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage appears peculiarly faulty in this reſpect. MALONE.

My lips are no common, though ſeveral *they be.*]
In the note upon this paſſage it is ſaid that SEVERAL *is an incloſed field of a private proprietor.*

Dr. Johnſon has totally miſtaken this word. In the firſt place it ſhould be ſpelled *ſeverell.* This does not ſignify an incloſed field

Boyet. Belonging to whom?
Mar. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:
The civil war of wits were much better uſed
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abuſed.
Boyet. If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lyes)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.
Prin. With what?
Boyet. With that which we lovers intitle, affected.
Prin. Your reaſon?
Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agat, with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed,

field or private property, but is rather the property of every land-holder in the pariſh. In the unincloſed pariſhes in Warwickſhire and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, ſome little graſs land is interſperſed, and there are here and there ſome little patches of green ſwerd. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the graſs land is preſerved for hay; and the year following the proprietors ſow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their diſcretion; and the next year it lies fallow again; ſo that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and ſheep graze, and have herdſmen and ſhepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and graſs. Theſe laſt are called the *ſeverell*, which is not ſeparated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *ſeverell*, is left to the herdſmen and ſhepherds; but the herdſmen have no authority over the town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleaſes in the *ſeverell*. Dr. JAMES.

Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52. ſpell this word like Shakſpeare. Leigh mentions the town bull, and ſays, "all *ſeverals* to him are common." TOLLET.

His

His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee [4],
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be;
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
[5] To feel only looking on faireſt of fair:
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in cryſtal for ſome prince to buy;
Who, tendring their own worth, from whence they were glaſs'd,
Did point out to buy them, along as you paſs'd.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eyes inchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.

Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is diſpos'd—

Boyet. But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath diſclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lye.

Roſ. Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeak'ſt ſkilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

Roſ. Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you ſee?

Roſ. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me [6].

ACT

[4] *His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,*] That is, *his tongue being impatiently deſirous to ſee as well as ſpeak.* JOHNSON.

[5] *To* feel *only looking* ———] Perhaps we may better read:
To feed *only* by *looking*——— JOHNSON.

[6] Boyet. *You are too hard for me.*] Here, in all the books, the 2d act is made to end: but in my opinion very miſtakenly. I have ventured to vary the regulation of the four laſt acts from the printed copies, for theſe reaſons. Hitherto the 2d act has been of the

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Park; near the Palace.

Enter Armado and Moth[7].

Arm. Warble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel——[8] [*Singing.*

Arm.

the extent of ſeven pages; the 3d of but five; and the 5th of no leſs than twenty-nine. And this diſproportion of length has crowded too many incidents into ſome acts, and left the others quite barren. I have now reduced them into a much better equality; and diſtributed the buſineſs likewiſe, (ſuch as it is) into a more uniform caſt. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has reaſon enough to propoſe this alteration, but he ſhould not have made it in his book without better authority or more need. I have therefore preſerved his obſervation, but continued the former diviſion. JOHNSON.

[7] *Enter Armado and Moth.*] In the folios the direction is, *enter Braggart and Moth*, and at the beginning of every ſpeech of Armado ſtands *Brag.* both in this and the foregoing ſcene between him and his boy. The other perſonages of this play are likewiſe noted by their characters as often as by their names. All this confuſion has been well regulated by the later editors. JOHNSON.

[8] *Concolinel*——] Here is apparently a ſong loſt. JOHNSON.

I have obſerved in the old comedies, that the ſongs are frequently omitted. On this occaſion the ſtage direction is generally—*Here they ſing*—or *Cantant.* Probably the performer was left to chuſe his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the diſcretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumſtance in *K. Edward* IV. 2d p. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the ſtage, ſpeaking ſome words, but of no importance."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

"Here they two talk and rail *what they liſt.*"

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"He places all things in order, *ſinging* with the ends of old ballads as he does it."

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1604:

"*Cantat Gallice.*" But no ſong is ſet down.

Again,

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him feſtinately hither[9]; I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Maſter, will you win your love with a French brawl[1]?

Arm. How mean'ſt thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my compleat maſter: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet[2], humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note, and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallow'd love with ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuff'd up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſs'd on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting[3]; and

Again, in the 5th *Act:*

" *Cantat ſaltatque cum Cithara.*"

Not one out of the many ſongs ſuppoſed to be ſung in Marſton's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, are inſerted; but inſtead of them, *cantant.* STEEVENS.

9 ——feſtinately *hither*;] i. e. haſtily. Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *feſtinate*, in another of his plays. STEEVENS.

1 *a French brawl?*] A *brawl* is a kind of dance.

In the *Malcontent* of Marſton, I meet with the following account of it. " The *brawl*, why 'tis but two ſingles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverſe of ſix rounds: do this twice, three ſingles ſide galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three ſingles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."

Again, in B. Jonſon's maſque of *Time Vindicated:*

" The Graces did them footing teach;
" And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,
" They danc'd your mother down." STEEVENS.

So, in Maſſinger's *Picture*, act II. ſc. ii:

" 'Tis a *French brawl*, an apiſh imitation
" Of what you really perform in battle." TOLLET.

2 canary *to it with your feet*,] *Canary* was the name of a ſpritely nimble dance. THEOBALD.

3 *like a man after the old painting*;] It was a common trick among ſome of the moſt indolent of the ancient maſters, to place the

and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: Theſe are complements[4], theſe are humours: [5]theſe betray nice wenches—that would be betray'd without theſe; and make the men of note, (do you note men?) that are moſt affected to theſe.

Arm. How haſt thou purchas'd this experience?

Moth. By my penny of obſervation[6].

Arm. [7]But O,—but O—

Moth. —the hobby-horſe is forgot.

the hands in the boſom or the pockets, or conceal them in ſome other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of repreſenting them, or to diſguiſe their own want of ſkill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

[4] *Theſe arè* complements.] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to '*compliſhments*, for *accompliſhments*, but unneceſſarily. JOHNSON.

[5] *theſe betray*, &c.] The former editors:——*theſe betray* nice wenches, *that would be betray'd without theſe, and make* them *men of note*. But who will ever believe, that the odd attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young *wenches*, ſhould have power to make theſe young wenches, *men of note?* His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls*, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

[6] *By my* pen *of obſervation.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads: "by my *penny* of obſervation;" and this is certainly right. The alluſion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*. FARMER.

[7] Arm. *But O,—but O*————
Moth.—*the* hobby-horſe *is forgot.*]
In the celebration of May-day, beſides the ſports now uſed of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dreſſed up repreſenting Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a hobby horſe, with bells jingling, and painted ſtreamers. After the Reformation took place, and preciſians multiplied, theſe latter rites were looked upon to favour of paganiſm; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor hobby-horſe, were turned out of the games. Some who were not ſo wiſely preciſe, but regretted the diſuſe of the hobby-horſe, no doubt, ſatirized this ſuſpicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculouſly, and cry out *But oh! but oh!*———humorouſly pieces out his exclamation with the ſequel of this epitaph. THEOBALD.

The ſame line is repeated in *Hamlet*. See the note on act iii. ſc. 2. STEEVENS.

Arm. Call'ſt thou my love, hobby-horſe?

Moth. No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt[7], and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almoſt I had.

Moth. Negligent ſtudent! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: By heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all theſe three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the ſwain; he muſt carry me a letter.

Moth. A meſſage well ſympathis'd; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs!

Arm. Ha, ha! what ſayeſt thou?

Moth. Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: But I go.

Arm. The way is but ſhort; away.

Moth. As ſwift as lead, ſir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth. *Minime*, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

Arm. I ſay, lead is ſlow.

Moth. You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo[8]:

Is

[7] *but a* colt.] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or ſometimes an old fellow with youthful deſires. JOHNSON.

[8] *You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo.*] How is he too ſwift for ſaying that lead is ſlow? I fancy we ſhould read, as well to ſupply the rhyme as the ſenſe:

You

Is that lead ſlow, which is fir'd from a gun?

Arm. Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Arm. A moſt acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
[1] By thy favour, ſweet welkin, I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter Moth and Coſtard.

Moth. A wonder, maſter; here's a coſtard [2] broken in a ſhin.

Arm. Some enigma, ſome riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo ſo ſoon:
Is that lead ſlow, ſir, which is fir'd from a gun?
JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is *You do not give yourſelf time to think, if you ſay ſo.*

Swift, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604:

"I have eaten but two ſpoonfuls, and methinks I could diſcourſe both *ſwiftly* and wittily already. STEEVENS.

Swift is here uſed, as in other places, ſynonymouſly with *witty*. I ſuppoſe the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, in *As You Like It*, is her *wit*—the *ſwiftneſs* of her mind. FARMER.

So, in the prologue to *Fletcher's Cuſtom of the Country*:

"———The play
"Is *quick* and witty; ſo the poets ſay." MALONE.

[1] *By thy favour, ſweet*, welkin,———] *Welkin* is the ſky, to which Armado, with the falſe dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for ſighing in its face. JOHNSON.

[2] *here's a* Coſtard *broken*—] i. e. a head. So, in *Hycke Scorner*:

"I wyll rappe you on the *coſtard* with my horne."
STEEVENS.

Coſt. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*[3]; no ſalve in the male, Sir[4]: O Sir, plantain, a plain plantain[†]; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, Sir, but a plantain!

[3] *no* l'envoy;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few concluding verſes to each piece, which either ſerved to convey the moral, or to addreſs the poem to ſome particular perſon. It was frequently adopted by the ancient Engliſh writers.
So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606:
"Well ſaid: now to the *L'Envoy*."—All the *Tragedies* of *John Bochas*, tranſlated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.

[4] *no ſalve, in the male, ſir.*] The old folio reads, *no ſalve in* thee *male, ſir*, which, in another folio, is, *no ſalve, in the male, ſir*. What it can mean is not eaſily diſcovered: if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in uſe, *no ſalve in the mail* may mean, no ſalve in the mountebank's budget. Or ſhall we read, *no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the* vale, *ſir—O, ſir, plantain*. The matter is not great, but one would wiſh for ſome meaning or other. JOHNSON.

Male or *mail* was a word then in uſe. Reynard the fox ſent Kayward's head in a *male*. And, ſo, in *Tamburlane*, or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

"Open the *males*, yet guard the treaſure, ſure."

I believe Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation to be right. STEEVENS.

The word is alſo found in Taylor the Water Poet's Works, (*Character of a Bawa*) 1630:—"the cloathe-bag of the counſel, cap-caſe, fardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration." MALONE.

I can ſcarcely think that Shakſpeare had ſo far forgotten his little ſchool learning, as to ſuppoſe that the Latin verb *ſalve*, and the Engliſh ſubſtantive, *ſalve*, had the ſame pronunciation; and yet without this, the quibble cannot be preſerved. FARMER.

The ſame quibble occurs in *Ariſtippus*, or the *Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630:

"*Salve*, Maſter Simplicius.
"*Salve* me; 'tis but a *Surgeon's compliment*."

STEEVENS.

No ſalve in the male, ſir, may mean, "I will have none of all the ſalves you have in the male:" treating them as a mountebank. MUSGRAVE.

Perhaps we ſhould read——*no ſalve in* them all, *ſir*. TYRWHITT.

[†] Plaintain leaf is esteemed a remedy for a broken Shin or Arm.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O, pardon me, my ſtars! Doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a ſalve?

Moth. Doth the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Arm. No, page; it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it [5]:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*; Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; Would you deſire more?

Coſt. The boy hath ſold him a bargain, [5*] a gooſe, that's flat:—
Sir, your penny-worth is good, an your gooſe be fat.—

[5] *I will example it:*] Theſe words, and ſome others, are neither in the firſt folio, nor in the 4to, 1631, but in that of 1598. I ſtill believe the whole paſſage to want ſome regulation, though it has not ſufficient merit to encourage the editor who ſhould attempt it. STEEVENS.

[5*] to sell a bargain here means to lead a person to say something which being applied to himself makes him appear ridiculous; so Armado is supposed to call himself a Goose Sh.

To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe :
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat gooſe.

Arm. Come hither, come hither : How did this argument begin ?

Moth. By ſaying, that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin. Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Coſt. True, and I for a plantain ; thus came your argument in.
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought;
And he ended the market [6].

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a [7] Coſtard broken in a ſhin ?

Moth. I will tell you ſenſibly.

Coſt. Thou haſt no feeling of it, Moth ; I will ſpeak that *l'envoy* :—
I, Coſtard, running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Coſt. 'Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirrah, Coſtard, I will enfranchiſe thee.

Coſt. O, marry me to one Frances;—I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immur'd, reſtrain'd, captivated, bound.

Coſt. True, true ; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

[6] *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the proverb——*Three women and a gooſe make a market. Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato* Ital. Ray's Proverbs. STEEVENS.

[7] *how was there a* Coſtard *broken in a ſhin?*] *Coſtard* is the name of a ſpecies of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already obſerved that the *head* was anciently called the *coſtard*. So, in *K. Rich.* III. "Take him over the *coſtard* with the hilt of thy ſword." A *coſtard* likewiſe ſignified a *crab-ſtick*. So, in the *Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I hope they'll crown his ſervice."——
"With a *coſtard*." STEEVENS.

+ faſt & looſe alludes to the play of contraries, when Arm. the whole of a party of Children take hold of a handkerchief & when the Commander says hold faſt all are to leave hold & ſo vice verſa. S.A.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance: and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependants. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the ſequel, I[8]. Signior Coſtard, adieu. [*Exit.*

Coſt. My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony Jew[9]!—

Now

[8] *Like the* ſequel, *I.*] *Sequele*, in French, ſignifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a ſingle page was all his train. THEOBALD.

I believe this joke exiſts only in the apprehenſion of the commentator. *Sequelle*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory ſenſe. They uſe it to expreſs the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus Holinſhed, p. 639.—"to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *ſequeale*, all civil warre and inward diviſion might ceaſe, &c. Moth uſes *ſequel* only in the literary acceptation. STEEVENS.

[9]——— *my incony* Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north ſignifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain therefore, we ſhould read:

——— *my incony* jewel. WARBURTON.

I know not whether it be right, however ſpecious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was for whatever reaſon, apparently a word of endearment. So, in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"*Moſt briſky Juvenile, and eke moſt lovely* Jew." JOHNSON.

The word is uſed again in the 4th act of this play:

"———*moſt* incony *vulgar wit.*"

In the old comedy called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602, I meet with it again. A maid is ſpeaking to her miſtreſs about a gown:

"——— *it makes you have a moſt* inconie *body.*"

Cony and *incony* have the ſame meaning. So, Metaphor ſays in Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

"O ſuperdainty canon, vicar *inconey.*"

Again, in the *Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"O I have ſport *inconey* i'faith."

Again, in Marlow's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble."

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:* [1] *No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Coſtard! exceedingly well met.

Coſt. Pray you, Sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marry, Sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings-worth of ſilk.

Coſt. I thank your worſhip: God be with you.

Biron. O, ſtay, ſlave; I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall entreat.

Coſt. When would you have it done, ſir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Coſt. Well, I will do it, ſir: Fare you well.

Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"A cockſcomb *incony*, but that he wants money."

STEEVENS.

There is no ſuch expreſſion in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there uſe, and from which Dr. Warburton's miſtake may have ariſen, bears a variety of ſignifications, none of which is *fine*, *delicate*, or applicable to a thing of value. Dr. Johnſon's quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment. REMARKS.

[1] *No, I'll give you a remuneration: Why? it carries* its *remuneration. Why? it is a fairer name than a French crown.*] Thus this paſſage has hitherto been writ, and pointed, without any regard to common ſenſe, or meaning. The reform, that I have made, ſlight as it is, makes it both intelligible and humorous.

THEOBALD.

Biron.

Biron. O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

Coſt. I ſhall know, ſir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

Coſt. I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

Biron. It muſt be done this afternoon. Hark, ſlave, it is but this;—

The princeſs comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And Roſaline they call her: aſk for her;
And to her ſweet hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*

Coſt. Guerdon,—O ſweet guerdon[2]! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Moſt ſweet

[2] *Guerdon*] i. e. reward. So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"Speak on, I'll *guerdon* thee, whate'er it be."

Guerdon,—O ſweet guerdon! *better than* remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better, &c.] The following parallel paſſage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profeſſion of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1598, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

"There was, ſayth he, a man, (but of what eſtate, degree, or calling, I will not name, leſt thereby I might incurre diſpleaſure of anie) that comming to his friendes houſe, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well uſed, as well of his friende the gentleman as of his ſervants: one of the ſayd ſervantes doing him ſome extraordinarie pleaſure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the ſayd ſervant, and ſayth unto him, Holde thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes; which the ſervant receiving, gave him utterly for it (beſides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes, for the ſame ſmall price, howſoever the market goes. Now an other comming to the ſayd gentleman's houſe, it was the foreſayd ſervant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the ſervant unto him, ſayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deſerts: now the ſervant payde no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon*

ſweet guerdon!—I will do it, ſir, in print[3].—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

Biron. O!—And I, forſooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh;
A critic; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent!
This wimpled[4], whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This ſignior Junio's giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid[5];
Regent

was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *ſhilling*, and the other but a *three-farthings*."

Whether Shakſpeare, or the author of this pamphlet was the borrower, cannot be known, till the time when *Love's Labour's Loſt* was written, and the date of the earlieſt edition of the *Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. ſhall be aſcertained by circumſtances which at preſent are beyond our reach. STEEVENS.

[3] *in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmoſt nicety. It has been propoſed to me to read *in point*, but I think, without neceſſity, the former expreſſion being ſtill in uſe.
So, in *Blurt Maſter, Conſtable*;

"Next, your ruff muſt ſtand *in print.*" See Vol. I. p. 163. STEEVENS.

[4] *This* wimpled———] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakſpeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which repreſents the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much applauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In Iſaiah, ch. iii. v. 22. we find:—"the mantles, and "the *wimples*, and the criſping-pins;" and, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, to *wimple* is uſed as a verb:

"Here, I perceive a little rivalling
"Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,
"Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

[5] *This* ſignior Junio's *giant-dwarf, Dan Capid*;] It was ſome time ago ingeniouſly hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion) that as there was a contraſt of terms in *giant-dwarf*, ſo, probably, there ſhould be in the word immediately preceeding them; and therefore that we ſhould reſtore:

This ſenior-junior, *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a deſcription of Cupid which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an emendation;

That

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans,
Leige of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors [6],—O my little heart!—

And

That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thouſand *years a* boy.

The conjecture is exquiſitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced, unleſs there is reaſon to think, that, in the former reading, there is an alluſion to ſome tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to diſturb the text, becauſe there ſeems to me ſome reaſon to ſuſpect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*. In that tragedy there is a character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to diſtraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining ſlave to this paſſion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as abſolute a tyrant againſt the ſex. Now, with regard to theſe two extremes, Cupid might very probably be ſtyled Junius's giant-dwarf: a *giant* in his eye, while the dotage was upon him; but ſhrunk into a *dwarf*, ſo ſoon as he had got the better of it. WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this paſſage. He reads:

This ſignior Julio's *giant-dwarf*——

Shakſpeare, ſays he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general. JOHNSON.

There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written ſo early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then publiſhed, the ſuppoſed alluſion to the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in ſupport of Upton's conjecture will aſcertain, that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakſpeare, in *K. Rich.* III. act IV. ſc. iv. uſes *ſignory* for *ſeniority*; and Stowe's Chronicle, p. 149. Edit. 1614. ſpeaks of Edward the *ſignior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore ſuppoſe that *ſignor* here means *ſenior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus in the firſt folio at the end of the *Comedy of Errors:*

"*S. Dro.* Not I ſir; you are my elder.
"*E. Dro.* That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?
"*S. Dro.* We'll draw cuts for the *ſignior*. TOLLET.

[6] *Of trotting* paritors:——] An *apparitor* or *paritor*, is an officer of the biſhop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are

And I to be a corporal of his field [7],
And wear his colour's like a tumbler's hoop!
What

are moſt frequently iſſued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

7 *And I to be a corporal of his* file, &c.] In former editions:

And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

A *corporal* of a *field* is quite a new term: neither did the *tumblers* ever adorn their *hoops* with ribbands, that I can learn: for thoſe were not carried in parade about with them, as the fencer carries his ſword: nor, if they were, is the ſimilitude at all pertinent to the caſe in hand. I read:

——— *like a tumbler* ſtoop.

To *ſtoop like a tumbler* agrees not only with that profeſſion, and the ſervile condeſcenſions of a lover, but with what follows in the context. The wiſe tranſcribers, when once the *tumbler* appeared, thought his *hoop* muſt not be far behind. WARBURTON.

The conceit ſeems to be very forced and remote, however it be underſtood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one ſhoulder and falling under the oppoſite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoops* were adorned with their maſter's colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cogniſance*, or to be his ſervant or retainer. So, in *Holinſhed's* Hiſt. of Scotland, p. 301: "The earle of Surrie gave to his ſervants this cogniſance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon, &c." So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274. "All that ware the dukes ſign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their boſome." Again, in Selden's *Duello*, chap. ii: "his eſquires cloathed in his *colours*." *Biron* banters himſelf upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a ſervant of that great general and imperator.

TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: "—diſpatches his lacquey to the chamber early to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpoſe to apply his wear that day accordingly, &c." I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dreſſed out with ribbands, and in the poſition deſcribed by Dr. Johnſon.

STEEVENS.

Corporals of the field are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*; and Raleigh ſpeaks of them twice, vol. i. p. 103. vol. ii. p. 367, edit. 1751. TOLLET.

This

What? what? I love [8]! I ſue! I ſeek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock [9],

Still

This officer is likewiſe mentioned in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*:
" As *corporal of the field*, maeſtro del campo."
Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Diſcipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampſon by this name, " had commandement over the reſt of the land-captaines." Brookeſby tells us, that " Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he ſaid was equal to that of a captain of horſe." FARMER.

It appears from Lord Strafford's *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now, " in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

[8] *What? what? I love!*] The ſecond *what* has been ſupplied by the editors. I ſhould like better to read—What? *I!* I love! TYRWHITT.

9———*like a German clock,*
Still a repairing;———]

The ſame alluſion occurs in *Weſtward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:—" no *German clock*, no mathematical engine whatſoever, requires ſo much reparation, &c."
Again, in *A Mad World my Maſtesr*, 1608:

" ——ſhe conſiſts of a hundred pieces,
" Much like your *German clock*, and near allied:
" Both are ſo nice they cannot go for pride.
" Beſides a greater fault, but too well known,
" They'll ſtrike to ten when they ſhould ſtop at one."

Ben Jonſon has the ſame thought in his *Silent Woman*, and Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.

Again, in Decker's *News from Hell*, &c. 1606,——" their wits (like wheels of *Brunſwick clocks*) being all wound up ſo far as they could ſtretch, were all going but not one going truly."

The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d edit. 1714:—" Clock-making was ſuppoſed to have had its beginning in Germany within leſs than theſe two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches, and ſome other automata, might have had their beginning there; &c." Again, p. 91.——" Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, becauſe the ancient pieces are of German work."

A ſkilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.

To

Still a repairing; ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all;
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard;
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan [9]
[1] Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.

Prin. Was that the king, that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard

To the inartificial conſtruction of theſe firſt pieces of mechaniſm executed in Germany, we may ſuppoſe Shakſpeare alludes. The clock at Hampton-Court, which was ſet up in 1540, (as appears from the inſcription affixed to it) is ſaid to be the firſt ever fabricated in England. STEEVENS.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order to the coq de Straſburg that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. W.

9 ——— *ſue and groan*;] *And* which is not in either of the authentic copies of this play, the quarto 1598, or the folio, 1623, was added, to ſupply the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] *Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan.*] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his ſecond act, not injudiciouſly, but as was before obſerved, without ſufficient authority. JOHNSON.

Againſt

Againſt the ſteep upriſing of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he ſhew'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we ſhall have our diſpatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.

Prin. What, what? firſt praiſe me, then again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
[2] Here, good my glaſs, take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

[2] *Here, good my glaſs,*———] To underſtand how the princeſs has her glaſs ſo ready at hand in a caſual converſation, it muſt be remembered that in thoſe days it was the faſhion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glaſs, as Mr. Bayle coarſely repreſents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a ſmall mirrour ſet in gold hanging at their girdle, by which they occaſionally viewed their faces or adjuſted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon, perhaps, is miſtaken. She had no occaſion to have recourſe to any other *looking-glaſs* than the Foreſter, whom ſhe rewards for having ſhewn her to herſelf as in a mirror.

STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this paſſage, Dr. Johnſon is right in the hiſtorical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, is very indignant at the ladies for it: "They muſt have their *looking glaſſes* carried with them, wherſoever they go; and good reaſon, for how elſe could they ſee the devil in them?" And in Maſſinger's *City Madam*, ſeveral women are introduced with *looking-glaſſes at their girdles*. FARMER.

For.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, ſee my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.
O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part[3],
We bend to that the working of the heart:
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill[4].

Boyet. Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignity[5]
Only for praiſe' ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praiſe: and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues a lord.

Enter Coſtard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonwealth[6].

[3] *When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,*
We bend to that the working of the heart.]
The harmony of the meaſure, the eaſineſs of the expreſſion, and the good ſenſe in the thought, all concur to recommend theſe two lines to the reader's notice. WARBURTON.

[4] ——— that *my heart means no ill.*] We ſhould read:
——— though *my heart* ——— WARBURTON.
That my heart means no ill, is the ſame with *to whom my heart means no ill:* the common phraſe ſuppreſſes the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——— that *ſelf-ſovereignty.*] Not a ſovereignty *over*, but *in*, themſelves. So, *ſelf*-ſufficiency, *ſelf*-conſequence, &c. MALONE.

[6] ——— *a member of the commonwealth.*] Here, I believe, is a kind of jeſt intended: a member of the *common*-wealth is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meaneſt. JOHNSON.

Coſt. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

Coſt. Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

Prin. The thickeſt, and the talleſt.

Coſt. The thickeſt, and the talleſt! it is ſo; truth is truth.

An your waiſt miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit [7],
One of theſe maid's girdles for your waiſt ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

Prin. What's your will, ſir? what's your will?

Coſt. I have a letter from monſieur Biron, to one lady Roſaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aſide, good bearer.—Boyet you can carve;
Break up this capon [8].

Boyet.

[7] *An* your *waiſt, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as* my *wit,*
One of theſe maids' girdles for your *waiſt ſhould be fit.*]
And was not one of her maids' girdles fit for her? It is plain that *my* and *your* have all the way changed places, by ſome accident or other; and that the lines ſhould be read thus:

An my *waſte, miſtreſs, was as ſlender as* your *wit,*
One of theſe maids' girdles for my *waſte ſhould be fit.*

Theſe lines are humorous enough, both as reflecting on his own groſs ſhape, and her ſlender wit. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is ingenious enough, but not well conſidered. It is plain that the ladies' girdles would not fit the princeſs. For when ſhe has referred the clown to *the thickeſt and the talleſt*, he turns immediately to her with the blunt appology, *truth is truth*; and again tells her, *you are the thickeſt here.* If any alteration is to be made, I ſhould propoſe:

An your waiſt, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as your *wit.*

This would point the reply; but perhaps he mentions the ſlenderneſs of his own wit to excuſe his bluntneſs. JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *Boyet, you can carve;*
Break up this capon.]
i. e. open this letter.

Our

Boyet. I am bound to ſerve.—
This lettter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I ſwear:
Break the neck of the wax [9], and every one give ear.

Boyet reads. *By heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itſelf, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair* [1], *beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itſelf, have commiſeration on thy heroical vaſſal! The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate* [2] *king* Cophetua [3] *ſet eye upon the pernicious and indubitate*

Our poet uſes this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which ſignifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet amatoriæ literæ*, ſays Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondre au plus obligeant* poulet *du monde*; to reply to the moſt obliging *letter* in the world. The Italians uſe the ſame manner of expreſſion, when they call a love-epiſtle, *una pollicetta amoroſa*. I owed the hint of this equivocal uſe of the word to my ingenious friend Mr. Biſhop. THEOBALD.

Henry IV. conſulting with Sully about his marriage, ſays, "my niece of Guiſe would pleaſe me beſt, notwithſtanding the malicious reports, that ſhe loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricaſee*."—A meſſage is called *a cold pigeon*, in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Caſtle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phraſe in carving. PERCY.

So, in *Weſtward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: at "the ſkirt of that *ſheet*, in black-work is wrought his name: *break not up the wild-fowl till anon.*"

Again, in Ben Johnſon's Maſque of *Gipſies Metamorphoſed*:

"A London cuckold hot from the ſpit,
"And when the *carver* up had *broke him*, &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *Break the neck of the wax,* ——] Still alluding to the *capon.* JOHNSON.

So, in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

"Lectorius read, and *break theſe letters up.*" STEEVENS.

One of Lord Cheſterfield's *Letters*, 8vo. vol. iii. p. 114, gives us the reaſon why *poulet* meant *amatoria litera*. TOLLET.

[1] *More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer*, &c.] I would read, *fairer that fair*, more *beautiful*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Illuſtrate* for *illuſtrious*. It is often uſed by Chapman in his tranſlation of Homer. STEEVENS.

[3] *king Cophetua.*] The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid*, may be ſeen in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i.

bitate beggar Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly ſay,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O baſe and obſcure vulgar!)* videlicet, *he came, ſaw, and overcame: He came, one;* [2] *ſaw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king; Why did he come? to ſee; Why did he ſee? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What ſaw he? the beggar; Whom overcame he? the beggar: The concluſion is victory; On whoſe ſide? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whoſe ſide? the beggar's: The cataſtrophe is a nuptial; on whoſe ſide? the king's:—no; on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for ſo ſtands the compariſon: thou the beggar; for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſs. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What ſhalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles? titles: For thyſelf? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

Thine, in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

[3] Thus doſt thou hear the Nemean lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou ſtrive, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?

The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this ſong in *Romeo and Juliet, Henry* IV. 2d part, and *Richard* II. STEEVENS.

[2] *ſaw, two;*] The old copy reads—*ſee.* Mr. Rowe corrected it. MALONE.

[3] *Thus doſt thou hear,* &c.] Theſe ſix lines appear to be a quotation from ſome ridiculous poem of that time. WARBURTON.

What vane? what weather-cock? Did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd, but I remember the ſtile.

Prin. Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it [4] ere while [5].

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;

A phantaſm [6], a monarcho [7]; and one that makes ſport

To

[4] *going o'er it:*] A pun upon the word *ſtile.* MUSGRAVE.

[5] ——— *ere while.*] Juſt now; a little while ago. So *Raleigh:*

"*Here lies Hobbinol, our ſhepherd* while e'er." JOHNSON.

[6] A *phantaſm,*] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1608, is entered, "a book called *Phantaſm*, the *Italian Taylor and his Boy*; made by Mr. Armin, ſervant to his majeſty." It probably contains the hiſtory of *Monarcho*, of whom Mr. Farmer ſpeaks in the following note, to which I have ſubjoined an additional inſtance. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *a monarcho;* ———]

The alluſion is to a fantaſtical character of the time.——"Popular applauſe (ſays Meres) dooth nouriſh ſome, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praiſe and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paulis, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." p. 178. FARMER.

In Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the ſame alluſion:——"but now he was an inſulting monarch above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his ſhoes, and quite renounced his natural Engliſh accents and geſtures, and wreſted himſelf wholly to the Italian puntilio's, &c." STEEVENS.

The following extracts will afford ſome further information concerning this fantaſtick being. "I could uſe an inſtance for this, which though it may ſeeme of ſmall weight, yet may it have his miſterie with his act, who, being of baſe condition, placed himſelf (without any perturbation of minde) in the royall ſeat of Alexander, which the Caldeans prognoſticated to portend the death of Alexander.

"The actors were, that Bergamaſco (for his phantaſtick humours) named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spaniſh embaſſadors retinue, who being about *foure and twentie yeares paſt*, in Paules Church in London, contended who was ſoveraigne of the world: the

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word:
Who gave thee this letter?

Coſt. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom ſhouldſt thou give it?

Coſt. From the lord to my lady?

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Coſt. From my lord Biron, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Roſaline.

Prin. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away [8].
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [*Exit Princeſs attended.*

the *Monarcho* maintained himſelf to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain; the other two with great fury denying it. At which myſelf and ſome of good account, now dead, wondred in reſpect of the ſubject they handled, and that want of judgment we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithſtanding the weight of their controverſie they kept in their walke the Spaniſh turne, which is that which goeth at the right hand ſhall at every end of the walke turne in the midſt, the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald (but as they compelled him, though they gave him ſometimes that romthe) in reſpect of his ſuppoſed majeſtie; but I would this were the worſt of their ceremonies; the ſame keeping ſome decorum concerning equaltie." *A briefe Diſcourſe of the Spaniſh State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobaſilis.* 4to, 1590. p. 39.

The reader will pardon one further notice.

"———heere comes a ſouldier, for my life it is captaine Swag: tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his ſcarffe; he looks like a *Monarcho* of a very cholericke complexion, and as teaſty as a gooſe that hath young goſlings, &c." *Riche's Faults and Nothing but Faults*, p. 12. EDITOR.

A local alluſion employed by a poet like Shakſpeare, reſembles the mortal ſteed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But ſhort ſervices could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

[8] ———*Come*, lords, *away*.] Perhaps the Princeſs ſaid rather;
———*Come*, ladies, *away*.
The reſt of the ſcene deſerves no care. JOHNSON.

Boyet. Who is the ſuiter? who is the ſuiter [9]?

Roſ. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay my continent of beauty.

Roſ. Why, ſhe that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.

Finely put on!

Roſ. Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

9 Who is the *ſhooter?*] It ſhould be who is the *ſuitor?* and this occaſions the quibble. "*Finely put on*, &c. ſeem only marginal obſervations FARMER.

It appears that *ſuitor* was anciently pronounced *ſhooter*. So, in *The Puritan Widow*, 1605: the maid informs her miſtreſs that ſome *archers* are come to wait on her. She ſuppoſes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-ſmiths.

Enter the *ſuters*, &c.

"Why do you not ſee them before you? are not theſe *archers*, what do you call them, *ſhooters? Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope." STEEVENS.

So, in *Eſſays and Characters of a Priſon and Priſoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The King's guard are counted the ſtrongeſt *archers*, but here are better *ſuitors*." So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet in the old copy: (owing probably to the tranſcriber's ear having deceived him)

"———*A grief that ſuits*
"My very heart at root."

inſtead of——a grief that *ſhoots*.

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, we find *ſhoot* inſtead of *ſuit*:

"End thy ill aim before thy *ſhoot* be ended."

Here clearly the author meant *ſuit*.

In Ireland, where there is reaſon to believe that much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's time is yet retained, the word *ſuitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *ſhooter*. The word in the text ought, I think, to be written *ſuitor*, as in the inſtance above quoted from *Eſſays*, &c. by G. M.

The miſtake aroſe from the ſimilarity of the ſounds; and this is one of many proofs, that when theſe plays were tranſcribed for the preſs, the copies were made out by the ear. MALONE.

Roſ.

Roſ. If we chuſe by horns, yourſelf; come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe herſelf is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

Roſ. Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when [1] queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſ. *Thou can'ſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [*Singing.*
Thou can'ſt not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can. [*Exeunt Roſ. & Kat.*

Coſt. By my troth, moſt pleaſant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, ſays my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand! I'faith, your hand is out.

Coſt. Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout [2].

[1] *queen Guinever*] This was king Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her huſband. See the ſong of the *Boy and the Mantle* in Dr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Loveleſs addreſſes Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the* clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. STEEVENS.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike, your hand is in.

Coſt. Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin[3].

Mar. Come, come, you talk greaſily, your lips grow foul.

Coſt. She's too hard for you at pricks, Sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing[4]: Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt all but Coſtard.*

Coſt. By my ſoul, a ſwain! a moſt ſimple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts! moſt incony vulgar wit!
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armatho o' the one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man!
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan[5]!
To ſee him kiſs his hand! and how moſt ſweetly a' will ſwear!—
And his page o' t' other ſide, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens it is a moſt pathetical nit!
Sola, ſola! [*Shouting within.*
[*Exit Coſtard.*

[3] *by cleaving the pin.*] Honeſt Coſtard might have befriended Dean Milles, whoſe note on a ſong in the *Pſeudo Rowley's* Ella has expoſed him to ſo much ridicule. See his book, p. 213. Coſtard's application of the word *pin* might have led the Dean to ſuſpect the qualities of the *baſket*. But what has mirth to do with archæology? STEEVENS.

[4] I fear too much *rubbing*:] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling-green. MALONE.

[5] —— *to bear her fan!*] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. ſc. iv. where Nurſe aſks Peter for her *fan*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

' *Enter Dull, Holofernes, and Sir Nathaniel.*

Nath. Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Hol.

' *Enter—Holofernes,*] There is very little perſonal reflexion in Shakſpeare, either the virtue of thoſe times, or the candour of our author, has ſo effected, that his ſatire is, for the moſt part, general, and, as himſelf ſays:

——— *his taxing like a wild-gooſe flies,*
Unclaim'd of any man.——

The place before us ſeems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is deſigned a particular character, a pedant and ſchoolmaſter of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a ſmall dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which in his epiſtle dedicatory he tells us, *is of little leſs value than Stephens's Treaſure of the Greek Tongue*, the moſt complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls thoſe who had criticized his works *ſea-dogs or land-critics*; *monſters of men, if not beaſts rather than men*; *whoſe teeth are canibals, their toongs adders forks, their lips aſpes poiſon, their eyes baſiliſkes, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like ſwordes of Turks, that ſtrive which ſhall dive deepeſt into a* Chriſtian lying bound before them. Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel deſire Holofernes to *abrogate ſcurrility*. His profeſſion too is the reaſon that Holofernes deals ſo much in Italian ſentences. There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, printed 1598, and ſaid to be *preſented before her highneſs this laſt Chriſtmas*, 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the ſtage. *There is another ſort of leering curs, that rather ſnarle than bite, whereof I could inſtance in one, who lighting on* a good ſonnet *of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted ſo, called the author a rymer—Let Ariſtophanes and his comedians make plaies, and ſcowre their mouths on Socrates; thoſe very mouths they make to vilifie, ſhall be the means to amplifie his virtue*, &c. Here Shakſpeare is ſo plainly marked out as not to be miſtaken. As to the *ſonnet* of *the gentleman his friend*, we may be aſſured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very ſonnet beginning with *The praiſeful princeſs*, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes ſay, *He will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility.*

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *ſanguis*, in blood [5]; ripe as a pomewater [6], who now hangeth like a jewel in

facility. And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickneſs of wit, we ſee in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unleſs it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS.* With a great deal more to the ſame purpoſe; concluding his preface in theſe words, *The reſolute John Florio.* From the ferocity of this man's temper it was, that Shakſpeare choſe for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne. WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the ſatire of Shakſpeare is ſo ſeldom perſonal. It is of the nature of perſonal invectives to be ſoon unintelligible: and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, deſtroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and ſacrifices the eſteem of ſucceeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the ſarcaſms, which, perhaps, in the author's time, *ſet the* playhouſe *in a roar*, are now loſt among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I am, notwithſtanding the plauſibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I conſidered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of ſir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of paſtoral entertainment, exhibited to queen Elizabeth, has introdueed a ſchool-maſter ſo called, ſpeaking *a leaſh of languages at once*, and puzzling himſelf and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the preſent play. Sidney himſelf might bring the character from Italy: for, as Peacham obſerves, the ſchoolmaſter has long been one of the ridiculous perſonages in the farces of that country.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his ſuppoſition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the firſt affront. "The plaies, ſays he, that they plaie in England, are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but repreſentations of *hiſtories* without any decorum."—The ſcraps of Latin and Italian are tranſcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted ſo much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewiſe a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the ſonnets to his patrons.

"In Italie your lordſhip well hath ſeene
"Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
"Their language learnt, in ſound, in ſtyle, in ſenſe,

Prooving

in the ear of Cælo[7],—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of Terra,—the ſoil, the land, the earth.

" Prooving by profiting, where you have *beene*.
——" To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We ſee then, the character of the ſchoolmaſter might be written with leſs learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the uſe of the word *thraſonical*, any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakſpeare's time. Stanyhurſt writes, in a tranſlation of one of ſir Tho. More's epigrams:

" Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thraſonical* hufsnuffe."

It can ſcarcely be neceſſary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leiſure from modern plays, will condeſcend to open a few old ones, he will ſoon be ſatisfied, that Shakſpeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the courſe of his profeſſion, ſuch Latin *fragments*, as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis eſt*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every *tritical* eſſay from that of king *James* to that of dean *Swift* incluſive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previouſly looked at the panegyric on *Cartwright*, he could not ſo ſtrangely have miſrepreſented my argument from it: but thus it muſt ever be with the moſt ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me however take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleaſed to uſe on this occaſion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his Life of ſir *Tho. Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the princeſs Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

In ſupport of Dr. Farmer's opinion, the following paſſage from *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594, may be brought:

" ——Knowing him to be a *Thraſonical* mad cap, they have ſent me a *Gnathonical* companion, &c."

Greene, in the dedication to his *Arcadia*, has the ſame word:

" —as of ſome *thraſonical* huffe-ſnuffe,"

Florio's firſt work is regiſtred on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title. " Aug. 1578. *Florio his firſt Frute*, being Dialogues in Italian and Engliſh, with certen Inſtructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tonge." In 1595, he dedicated his Italian and Engliſh dictionary to the earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he publiſhed his tranſlation of *Montaigne*. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but, even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work, "—as if an owle ſhould repreſent an eagle, or ſome tara-rag player ſhould act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce." STEEVENS.

Nath.

Nath. Truly, maſter Holofernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation! yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication; or, rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination—after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, rathereſt, unconfirmed faſhion,—to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dul. I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket [8].

5 ——ſanguis *in blood*:] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read in *ſanguis*, blood. STEEVENS.

6 —— *ripe as a* pomewater,] A ſpecies of apple formerly much eſteemed. *Malus Carbonaria.* See Gerard's Herbal, edit. 1597. p. 1273.
Again, in the old ballad of *Blew Cap for Me*:
" Whoſe cheeks did reſemble two roſting pomewaters.
STEEVENS.

7 in the ear of *Cælo*, ——,] In Florio's dictionary, 1595, *Cielo* is defined, " *heaven*, the *ſkie*, firmament or, *welkin*;" and *terra* is explained thus: " The element called *earth*; anie ground, earth, countrie, *land*, *ſoile*, &c." This adds ſome little ſtrength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, but it is by no means deciſive.
MALONE.

8 *'twas a pricket.*] In a play called *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages:
" *Amoretto.* I cauſed the keeper to ſever the *raſcal deer* from the *bucks of the firſt head.* Now, ſir, a *buck* is the *firſt* year, a *fawn*; the *ſecond* year, a *pricket*; the *third* year, a *ſorrell*; the *fourth* year, a *ſoare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the firſt head*; the *ſixth* year, a *compleat buck.* Likewiſe your *hart* is the *firſt* year, a *calfe*; the *ſecond* year, a *brocket*; the *third* year, a *ſpade*; the *fourth* year, a *ſtag*; the *ſixth* year, a *hart.* A *roe-buck* is the *firſt* year, a *kid*; the *ſecond* year, a *girl*; the *third* year, a *hemuſe*; and theſe are your ſpecial beaſts for chaſe."
Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:—" I am but a *prickt*, a mere ſorell; my head's not harden'd yet." STEEVENS.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look?

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not repleniſhed; he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts;

[9] And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be

Which

[9] *And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,*
Which we taſte, and feeling are *for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.*]

The words have been ridiculouſly, and ſtupidly, tranſpoſed and corrupted. I read, *we thankful ſhould be for thoſe parts* (*which we taſte and feel* ingradare) *that do fructify*, &c. The emendation I have offered, I hope, reſtores the author: at leaſt, it gives him ſenſe and grammar: and anſwers extremely well to his metaphors taken from *planting*. *Ingradare*, with the Italians, ſignifies, to riſe higher and higher; *andare di grado in grado*, to make a progreſſion; and ſo at length come to *fructify*, as the poet expreſſes it. WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer reads thus:

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,
For thoſe parts which we taſte and feel do fructify in us more than he.

And Mr. Edwards, in his animadverſions on Dr. Warburton's notes, applauds the emendation. I think both the editors miſtaken, except that ſir T. Hanmer found the metre, though he miſſed the ſenſe. I read, with a ſlight change:

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,
When *we taſte and feeling are for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.*

That is, *ſuch barren plants* as are exhibited in the creation, to make us *thankful when we have more taſte and feeling than he, of thoſe parts*, or qualities *which* produce fruit *in us*, and preſerve us from being likewiſe *barren plants*. Such is the ſenſe, juſt in itſelf and pious, but a little clouded by the diction of ſir Nathaniel. The length of theſe lines was no novelty on the Engliſh ſtage. The moralities afford ſcenes of the like meaſure. JOHNSON.

This ſtubborn piece of nonſenſe, as ſomebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it ſenſe. I would read:

And

(Which we of taſte and feeling are) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool,
So were there a patch [9] ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool:
But, *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dul. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not [1] to five weeks, when he came to five-ſcore.

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,
(Which we *of* taſte and feeling are) for thoſe parts, that do fructify in us more than he.

Which in this paſſage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not ſtrictly grammatical. What follows is ſtill more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the ſake of his rhime, has put *he* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing proſe, he would have expreſſed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus ——*that do fructify in us more than in him*. TYRWHITT.

I have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading. STEEVENS.

9 *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool; So were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool.*] The meaning is, to be in a ſchool would as ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

1 *And* raught *not*] i. e. *reach'd* not. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" ——the fatal fruit
" *Raught* from the golden tree of Proſerpine."

STEEVENS.

The

The alluſion holds in the exchange [2].

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I ſay the alluſion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I ſay the polluſion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the princeſs kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good maſter Holofernes, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

Hol. I will ſomething affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiſeful princeſs pierc'd and prick'd [3] *a pretty pleaſing pricket;*
Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore, 'till now made ſore with ſhooting:
The dogs did yell; put L to ſore, then ſorel jumps from thicket;
Or pricket, ſore, or elſe ſorel, the people fall a hooting.
If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore makes fifty ſores; O ſore L [4]*!*
Of one ſore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

[2] *The alluſion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good when I uſe the name of Adam, as when you uſe the name of Cain. WARBURTON.

[3] *The praiſeful princeſs*, &c.] The ridicule deſigned in this paſſage may not be unhappily illuſtrated by the alliteration in the following lines of *Ulpian Fullwell*, in his Commemoration of queen Anne Bullayne, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed, 1575:

" Whoſe princely praiſe hath pearſt the pricke,
" And price of endleſs fame, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Make fifty ſores, O ſorel!*] We ſhould read:

——of *ſore L*,

alluding to L being the numeral for 50. WARBURTON.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple; a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſhed in the womb of *pia mater*, and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you; and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. Mehercle, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction: [5] if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them: But, *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

Enter Jacquenetta, and Coſtard.

Jac. God give you good morrow, maſter parſon.

Hol. Maſter parſon;—*quaſi* perſon [6]. And if one ſhould be pierc'd, which is the one?

Coſt. Marry, maſter ſchool-maſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

[5] *if their daughters be capable*, &c.] Of this *double entendre*, deſpicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themſelves, in their unſucceſsful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*quaſi* perſon.] So, in *Holinſhed*, p. 953: "Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garard was *perſon* of Honie-lane." I believe, however, we ſhould write the word—perſone. The ſame play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falſtaff*. STEEVENS.

Perſon, Sir William Blackſtone obſerves in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *Perſona* eccleſiæ. MALONE.

Hol. Of piercing a hogſhead! a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

Jac. Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from Don Armatho: I beſeech you, read it.

Hol. [7] *Fauſte, precor gelida quando pecus omne ſub umbrâ*
Ruminat,—and ſo forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice;

7 Nath. *Fauſte, precor gelida*] Though all the editions concur to give this ſpeech to ſir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniouſly obſerved to me, it is evident it muſt belong to Holofernes. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himſelf; and while he is doing ſo, that the ſtage may not ſtand ſtill, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating ſome verſe by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptiſta Spagnolus (ſirnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flouriſhed towards the latter end of the 15th century. THEOBALD.

Fauſte, precor gelida, &c.] A note of La Monnoye's on theſe very words in *Les Contes des Beriers, Nov.* 42. will explain the humour of the quotation, and ſhew how well Shakſpeare has ſuſtained the character of his pedant.——*Il déſigne le Carme Baptiſte Mantuan, dont au commencement du* 16 *ſiecle on liſoit publiquement à Paris le Poeſies; ſi celebres alors, que, comme dit plaiſamment Farnabe dans ſa preface ſur Martial, les Pedans ne faiſoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le* Arma virumque cano *le* Fauſte precor gelida, *c'eſt-a-dire, à l' Eneide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere deſquelles commence par* Fauſte *precor gelida.* WARBURTON.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmalite were tranſlated before the time of Shakſpeare, and the Latin printed on the oppoſite ſide of the page for the uſe of ſchools. STEEVENS.

From a paſſage in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a ſchool-book in our author's time:

"With the firſt and ſecond leafe he plais very prettilie, and in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdits *Pierce Pennileſſe* for *a grammar-ſchool wit*; ſaies, his margine is as deeplie learned as *Fauſte precor gelida.*" MALONE.

Vinegia,

[s] —*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
Chi non te vide, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, ſol, la, mi, fa.*—Under pardon, ſir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace ſays in his—What, my ſoul, verſes?

Nath. Ay, ſir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, verſe; *Lege, domine.*

Nath. If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

[s] ——*Vinegia, vinegia,*
Chi non te vide, ei non te pregia.]

In old editions: *Venechi, venache a, qui non te vide, i non te piacch.* And thus Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope. But that poets, ſcholars, and linguiſts, could not reſtore this little ſcrap of the true Italian, is to me unaccountable. Our author is applying the praiſes of Mantuanus to a common proverbial ſentence, ſaid of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vidi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never ſeen thee, has thee not in eſteem.

THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this; *He that ſees Venice little, values it much; he that ſees it much, values it little.* But I ſuppoſe Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not ſerve the ſpeaker's purpoſe. JOHNSON.

The proverb ſtands thus in *Howell's Letters*, book i. ſect. 1. l. 36.

Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto te diſpregia.
Venice, Venice, none thee unſeen can prize;
Who thee hath ſeen too much, will thee deſpiſe.

The players in their edition, have thus printed the firſt line. *Venichie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche.* STEEVENS.

Our author without doubt found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to, 1591, where it ſtands thus:

" *Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;*
" *Ma chi ti vede, bengli coſta.*" MALONE.

Thoſe

Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like oſiers bowed.
Study his biaſs leaves, and makes his book thine eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend:
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without wonder;
(Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire.)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet fire.
Celeſtial as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings the heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs the accent: let me ſuperviſe the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratify'd[9]; but, for the elegancy, facility, and

9 Nath. *Here are only numbers ratified*;] Though this ſpeech has all along been placed to ſir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reaſon. The ſpeaker here is impeaching the verſes; but ſir Nathaniel, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: beſides, as Dr. Thirlby obſerves, almoſt every word of this ſpeech fathers itſelf on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little, to the contents.

And why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention imitary *is nothing.*

Sagacity with a vengeance! I ſhould be aſhamed to own myſelf a piece of a ſcholar, to pretend to the taſk of an editor, and to paſs ſuch ſtuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever heard of *invention imitary?* Invention and imitation have ever been accounted two diſtinct things. The ſpeech is by a pedant,

and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret*. [1]Ovidius Naſo was the man: and why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: [2] ſo doth the

who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongſt his Engliſh; and he is here flouriſhing upon the merit of invention, beyond that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes the whole ſo plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries conviction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakſpeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senſes for Superiority*, 1607, takes particular notice of it:

,' I remember about the year 1602, many uſed this ſkew kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, whom Platony, the ſon of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a ſpectacle, half white half black." STEEVENS.

[1] *Ovidius Naſo was the man*:] Our author makes his pedant affect the being converſant with the beſt authors: contrary to the practice of modern wits, who repreſent them as deſpiſers of all ſuch. But thoſe who know the world, know the pedant to be the greateſt affecter of politeneſs. WARBURTON.

[2] *ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the* tired *horſe his rider.*] The pedant here, to run down imitation, ſhews that it is a quality within the capacity of beaſts: that the dog and the ape are taught to copy tricks by their maſter and keeper; and ſo is the *tired* horſe by his rider. This laſt is a wonderful inſtance; but it happens not to be true. The author muſt have wrote—— *the* tryed *horſe his rider:* i. e. one *exerciſed* and broke to the *manege:* for he obeys every ſign, and motion of the rein, or of his rider. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the word is uſed in the ſenſe of trained, exerciſed:

" *And how he cannot be a perfect man,*
" *Not being* try'd *and tutor'd in the world.*" WARBURTON.

The *tired* horſe was the horſe *adorned with ribands*,—The famous *Banks's horſe* ſo often alluded to. Lilly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a *Hackneyman* and Mr. *Halfpenny* at croſs-purpoſes with this word: " Why didſt thou boare the horſe through the eares?" " —It was for *tiring*."

" He would never *tire*," replies the other." FARMER.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, Part ii. 1602:

" Slink to thy chamber then and *tyre* thee."

Again, in *What you Will*, by Marſton, 1606:

" My love hath *tyred* ſome fidler like Albano.

MALONE.

hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tired horſe his rider. But Damoſella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur Biron, one of the ſtrange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the perſon written unto:

Your Ladyſhip's in all deſired employment, BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath fram'd a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarry'd.—Trip and go, my ſweet [3]; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Coſtard, go with me.—Sir, God ſave your life!

Coſt. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Coſt. and Jaq.*

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly; and as a certain father ſaith——

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours [4]. But, to return to the verſes; Did they pleaſe you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

[3] Trip and go, *my ſweet*;] So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, by Naſhe, 1600:

"*Trip and go*, heave and hoe,
"Up and down, to and fro.—"

Perhaps originally the burthen of a ſong. MALONE.

"Theſe words are certainly part of an old popular ſong. There is an ancient muſical medley beginning, *Trip and go hey!* REMARKS.

[4] *colourable colours.*] That is ſpecious, or fair ſeeming appearances. JOHNSON.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if (being repaſt[5]) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforeſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beſeech your ſociety.

Nath. And thank you too: for ſociety, (ſaith the text) is the happineſs of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text moſt infallibly concludes it.—Sir, I do invite you too; [*To Dull.*] you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *pauca verba*. Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Biron with a Paper.

Biron. The king is hunting the deer; I am courſing myſelf: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch[6]; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, ſorrow! for ſo, they ſay, the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well prov'd, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills ſheep; it kills me, I a ſheep: Well prov'd again on my ſide: I will not love: if I do hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught

[5] (*being repaſt*)] *Before* repaſt, is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1598. *Being* repaſt, that of the folio, 1623. MALONE.

[6] *I am toiling in a pitch*;] Alluding to lady Roſaline's complexion, who is through the whole play repreſented as a black beauty. JOHNSON.

me

me to rhime, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhime, and here my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! [*He ſtands aſide.*

Enter the King.

King. Ah me!

Biron. [*Aſide.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, ſweet Cupid; thou haſt thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I' faith ſecrets.—

King. [*Reads.*] *So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not*
To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,
As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright
Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe;
Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will ſhew:
But do not love thyſelf; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.
O queen of queens, how far doſt thou excel!
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

7 *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows:*] This phraſe, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks*. Shakſpeare, in one of his other plays, uſes *night of dew* for *dewy night*, but I cannot at preſent recollect in which. STEEVENS.

Why not *dew of night?* MUSGRAVE.

How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*The king ſteps aſide.*

Enter Longaville.

What, Longaville! and reading! liſten, ear.

Biron. [*Aſide*] Now, in thy likeneſs, one more fool, appear!

Long. Ah me! I am forſworn.

Biron. [*Aſide*] Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers [8].

King. [*Aſide.*] In love, I hope; Sweet fellowſhip in ſhame!

Biron. [*Aſide.*] One drunkard loves another of the name.

Long. [*Aſide.*] Am I the firſt, that have been perjur'd ſo.

Biron. [*Aſide.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

[9] Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's Tyburn that hangs up ſimplicity.

Long. I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet Maria, empreſs of my love!
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

[8] ——*he comes in like a perjure,*——] The puniſhment of perjury is to wear on the breaſt a paper expreſſing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus *Holinſhed*, p. 838, ſpeaking of cardinal Wolſey, "—he ſo puniſhed perjurie with open puniſhment, and *open papers wearing*, that in his time it was leſs uſed."

Again, in *Leiceſter's Commonwealth*,—" the gentlemen were all taken and caſt into priſon, and afterwards were ſent down to Ludlow, there to wear papers of perjury." STEEVENS.

[9] *Thou mak'ſt the* triumviry.] The quarto, 1598, has *triumpherie*. MALONE.

Biron.

Biron. [*Aſide.*] O, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe:
Diſfigure not his ſlop [1].

Long. This ſame ſhall go.——[*He reads the ſonnet.*

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument)
Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?
Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,
Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine;
If by me broke, What fool is not ſo wiſe,
[2] *To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?*

[1] *Oh, rhimes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe:*
Diſfigure not his ſhop.]
All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in ſenſe is there between Cupid's *hoſe* and his *ſhop?* or what relation can thoſe two terms have to one another? or, what, indeed, can be underſtood by Cupid's *ſhop?* It muſt undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text. *Slops* are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in faſhion in our author's days, as we may obſerve from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and ſea-faring men: and we have dealers whoſe ſole buſineſs it is to furniſh the ſailors with ſhirts, jackets, &c. who are called *ſlop-men*, and their ſhops, *ſlop-ſhops*. THEOBALD.

I ſuppoſe this alludes to the uſual taudry dreſs of Cupid, when he appeared on the ſtage. In an old tranſlation of *Caſa*'s *Galateo* is this precept: "Thou muſt wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding:* that men may not ſay, thou haſt *Ganimedes* hoſen, or *Cupides* doublet." FARMER.

[2] *To* loſe *an oath, to win a paradiſe?*] The *Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 1598, in which this ſonnet is alſo found, reads—To *break* an oath—But the oppoſition between *loſe* and *win* is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

Biron. [*Aſide.*] This is the liver vein[3], which makes
fleſh a deity;
A green gooſe, a goddeſs; pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o'the
way.

Enter Dumain.

Long. By whom ſhall I ſend this?——Company!
ſtay. [*Stepping aſide.*

Biron. [*Aſide.*] All hid, all hid[4], an old infant play:
Like a demy-god here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools' ſecrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More ſacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wiſh;
Dumain transform'd, four woodcocks in a diſh!

Dum. O moſt divine Kate!

Biron. O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, ſhe is not corporal; [5] there you
lie. [*Aſide.*

Dum.

[3] ——*the liver vein,*——] The liver was anciently ſuppoſed to be the ſeat of love. JOHNSON.

[4] *all hid, all hid,*] The children's cry at *hide and ſeek.* MUSGRAVE.

[5] *By earth, ſhe is* but *corporal, there you lie.*] Old edition:
By earth, ſhe is not, corporal, *there you lie.*
Dumain, one of the lovers, in ſpite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himſelf alone here, breaks out into ſhort ſoliloquies of admiration on his miſtreſs; and Biron, who ſtands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleaſure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord: he had no ſort of poſt in the army: what wit, or alluſion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal?* I dare warrant, I have reſtored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his miſtreſs divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies theſe hyperbolical praiſes. I ſcarce need hint, that our poet commonly uſes *corporal* as *corporeal.* THEOBALD.

Theobald's emendation is plauſible, but perhaps unneceſſary. The paſſage may be thus explained. Dumain ſwears firſt, *by heaven,* that ſhe is *the wonder of a mortal eye.* Biron ſeems in his reply

Dum. Her amber hair for foul hath amber coted[6].
Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
[*Aſide.*
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*Aſide.*
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*Aſide.*
Dum. O that I had my wiſh!
Long. And I had mine!
King. And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aſide.*

reply to mean, Swear next *by earth*, that ſhe is *not corporeal*; and when you have carried matters ſo far, I ſhall not ſcruple to tell you in yet plainer terms, *that you lie.* STEEVENS.

It ſhould be remembered, that Biron in a former ſcene, when he perceives that he is in love, exclaims:

" And I to be a *corporal* of his field,
" And wear his *colours*——."

Why then may he not in jeſt apply that appellation to another, which he has already given to himſelf? He only means by the title, that Dumain is one of Cupid's *Aid-du-camps*, as well as himſelf. I would therefore point,

By earth ſhe is not, corporal; there you lie.

If *corporal* is to be conſidered as an adjective, Theobald's emendation appears to be neceſſary. MALONE.

[6] —*amber* coted.] To *cote* is to outſtrip, to overpaſs. So, in *Hamlet:*

" ——— certain players
" We *coted* on the way."

Again, in Chapman's *Homer:*

" ——Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,
" Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* far his ſteeds." STEEVENS.

Quoted (for ſo I would read) here, I think, ſignifies *marked, written down.* So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

" He's *quoted* for a moſt perfidious knave."

The word in the old copy is—*coted*; but that (as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved in the laſt ſcene of this play) is only the old ſpelling of *quoted*, owing to the tranſcriber's truſting to his ear, and following the pronounciation. To *cote*, though elſewhere uſed by our author with the ſignification of *over-take*, will, in my opinion, by no means ſuit here. MALONE.

Biron.

Biron. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aſide.*

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever ſhe[7]
Reigns in my blood, and will remembred be.

Biron. A fever in your blood! why, then inciſion
Would let her out in ſawcers; Sweet miſpriſion!
[*Aſide.*

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aſide.*

Dumain reads his ſonnet,

On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whoſe month is ever May,
Spy'd a bloſſom, paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;
That the lover, ſick to death,
Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.
Air, (quoth he) *thy cheeks may blow;*
Air, would I might triumph ſo[8]*!*
But, alack, my hand is ſworn[9]*,*
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;
Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.

7 ——*but a fever ſhe*
Reigns in my blood.] So, in *Hamlet:*
" For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages.
STEEVENS.

8 *Air, would I might triumph ſo!* Perhaps we may better read:
Ah! *would I might triumph ſo!* JOHNSON.

9 ——*my hand* is *ſworn,*] A copy of this ſonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1614, and reads:
" But, alas! my hand *hath* ſworn."
It is likewiſe printed as Shakſpeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection*, 1599.
STEEVENS.

Do

Do not call it ſin in me,
That I am forſworn for thee:
Thou, for whom even Jove would ſwear[1],
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himſelf for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I ſend; and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain[2].
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety: [*Coming forward.*
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'er heard, and taken napping ſo.

King. Come, ſir, you bluſh; as his, your caſe is ſuch; [*Coming forward.*
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria? Longaville
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile?
Nor never lay'd his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart?
I have been cloſely ſhrouded in this buſh.
And mark'd you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhimes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion:
Ah me! ſays one; O Jove! the other cries;
[3] Her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes:

You

[1] —— even *Jove would ſwear*,] The word *even* has been ſupplied; and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*my true love's* faſting *pain.*] *Faſting* is *longing*, *hungry*, *wanting*. JOHNSON.

[3] *Her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes,*] The firſt folio reads: *On* her hairs, &c. The context, I think, clearly ſhews that we ought to read:

One

You would for paradiſe break faith and troth;
[*To Long.*
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To Dumain.*
What will Biron ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infringed, which ſuch zeal did ſwear?
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it [4]?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

Biron. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me.
[*Coming forward.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou, thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving, that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches [5]; in your tears,
There is no certain princeſs that appears?
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh, none but minſtrels like of ſonneting.

One, her hairs were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes.

i. e. *the hairs of* one *of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the* other *as clear as chryſtal.* The king is ſpeaking of the panegyricks pronounced by the two lovers on their miſtreſſes.

One was formerly pronounced *on*. Hence the miſtake. See a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, vol. i. p. 157.

The ſame miſtake has happened in *All's Well that Ends Well*; (firſt folio.)

" A traveller is a good thing after dinner—but *on* that lies two thirds, &c."

The two words are frequently confounded in our ancient dramas.

Since I wrote the above, I have found my conjecture confirmed by the firſt quarto edition of this play, 1598, which reads "*One* her hairs, &c." MALONE.

[4] *How will he triumph*, leap, *and laugh at it?*] To *leap* is to *exult*, to ſkip for joy. JOHNSON.

[5] *Your eyes do make no* coaches;] Alluding to a paſſage in the king's *ſonnet*.

" No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." STEEVENS.

But

But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'er-ſhot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did ſee:
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of foolery I have ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen!
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a king transformed to a knot[6]!

To

[6] *To ſee a king transformed to a knot!*] *Knot* has no ſenſe that can ſuit this place. We may read *ſot*. The rhimes in this play are ſuch, as that *ſat* and *ſot* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king

———*lay'd his wreathed arms athwart*
His loving boſom ſo long,

i. e. remained ſo long in the lover's poſture, that he ſeemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *ſat* is in ſome counties pronounced *ſot*. This may account for the ſeeming want of exact rhime. In the old comedy of *Albumazar*, the ſame thought occurs:

"Why ſhould I twine my arms to *cables?*"

So, in the *Tempeſt*:

"——— fitting,
"His arms in this ſad *knot*."

Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen *knot*:
"Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
"And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief
"With folded arms."

Again, in the *Raging Turk*, 1611:

"——as he walk'd
"Folding his arms up in a penſive *knot*."

The old copy, however, reads a *gnat*, and Mr. Tollet ſeems to think it contains an alluſion to St. *Matthew*, ch. xxiii. v. 24. where the metaphorical term of *a gnat* means a thing of leaſt importance, or what is proverbially ſmall. The ſmallneſs of a *gnat* is likewiſe mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewiſe a Lincolnſhire bird of the ſnipe kind. It is fooliſh even to a proverb, and it is ſaid to be eaſily enſnared. Ray, in his *Ornithology*, obſerves, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it.

The *knot* is enumerated among other delicacies by ſir Epicure Mammon in Ben Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*:

"My

To ſee great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon tuning a jigg.
And Neſtor play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys[4]!
Where lyes thy grief? O tell me, good Dumain!
And, gentle Longaville, where lyes thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breaſt:—
A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like men[5], of ſtrange inconſtancy.

When

" My foot-boy ſhall eat pheaſants, &c.
" *Knotts*, godwits, &c."

Again in the 25th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

" The *knot* that called was Canutus' bird of old,
" Of that great king of Danes his name that ſtill doth hold,
" His appetite to pleaſe that far and near were ſought."

COLLINS

4—critic *Timon*—] *Critic* and *critical* are uſed by our author in the ſame ſenſe as *cynic* and *cynical.* Iago, ſpeaking of the fair ſex as harſhly as is ſometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's obſervation is ſupported by our author's 112th *Sonnet:*

" ———my adder's ſenſe
" To *cryttick* and to *flatterer* ſtopped are." MALONE.

5 *With* men-*like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy*—] This is a ſtrange ſenſeleſs line, and ſhould be read thus:

" *With* vane-*like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.* WARBURTON.

This is well imagined, but perhaps the poet may mean, *with men like* common *men.* JOHNSON.

I believe the emendation is proper. So, in *Much Ado About Nothing:*

" If ſpeaking, why a *vane* blown with all winds.

STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in *King Henry* IV. P. III. Act iii. ſc. 1. adds ſuch ſupport to Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I ſhould not ſcruple to give it a place in the text:

" Look

When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhime?
Or groan for Joan; or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me[6]? When ſhall you hear, that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate, a brow, a breaſt, a waiſt,
A leg, a limb?

King. Soft; Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo?

Biron. I poſt from love; good lover let me go.

Enter Jaquenetta and Coſtard.

Jaq. God bleſs the king!

King. What preſent haſt thou there?

Coſt. Some certain treaſon.

King. What makes treaſon here?

Coſt. Nay, it makes nothing, ſir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon, and you, go in peace away together.

Jac. I beſeech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parſon miſdoubts it; it was treaſon, he ſaid.

King. Biron read it over. [*He reads the letter.*
Where hadſt thou it?

Jaq. Of Coſtard.

" Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
" And as the air blows it to me again,
" Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
" And yielding to another when it blows,
" Commanded always by the greater guſt;
" *Such is the lightneſs of your common men.*"

Strange was firſt added in the ſecond folio, and conſequently any other word as well as that may have been the author's; for all the additions in that copy appear manifeſtly to have been capricious and arbitrary, and are generally very injudicious. MALONE.

[6] *In* pruning *me?*] A bird is ſaid to *prune* himſelf when he picks and ſleeks his feathers. So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part I:

" Which makes him *prune* himſelf, and briſtle up
" The creſt of youth."—— STEEVENS.

King.

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, you were born to do me ſhame.— [*To Coſtard.*

Guilty my lord, guilty; I confeſs, I confeſs.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.
O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True true; we are four:—
Will theſe turtles be gone?

King. Hence, ſirs; away.

Coſt. Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay. [*Exeunt Coſtard and Jaquenetta.*

Biron. Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be:
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven will ſhew his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,
Bows not his vaſſal head; and, ſtrucken blind,

Kiſſes

Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?
King. What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love, her miſtreſs, is a gracious moon;
She, an attending ſtar [8], ſcarce ſeen a light.
Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron:
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues—
Fye, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs;
She paſſes praiſe; then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-ſcore winter's worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things, ſhine!
King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine [9]!
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

[8] *She, (an attending ſtar)* ———] Something like this is a ſtanza of ſir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the inſertion:

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly ſatisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light:
You common people of the ſkies,
What are ye when the ſun ſhall riſe? JOHNSON.

[9] *Is ebony like her? O word divine!*] This is the reading of all the editions that I have ſeen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading, (as I had likewiſe conjectured,)

———O wood *divine!* THEOBALD.

That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look?
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell[1],
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night;
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well[2].

[1] ——— *Black is the badge of hell,*
The hue of dungeons and the ſcowl *of night;*]
In former editions,
——— *the* ſchool *of night.*
Black being the *ſchool* of night, is a piece of myſtery above my comprehenſion. I had gueſſed, it ſhould be:
——— *the* ſtole *of night*:
but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads:
———*the* ſcowl *of night,*
as it comes nearer in pronounciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

[2] *And beauty's* creſt *becomes the heavens well.*] *Creſt* is here properly oppoſed to *badge*. *Black*, ſays the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the creſt of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *creſt* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top*, the *height* of beauty, or the utmoſt degree of fairneſs, becomes the heavens. So the word *creſt* is explained by the poet himſelf in *King John:*

" ———this is the very *top*,
" The *height*, the *creſt*, or *creſt* unto the *creſt*
" Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *creſt* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakſpeare therefore aſſumes the liberty to uſe it in a ſenſe equivalent to *top* or *utmoſt height*, as he has uſed *ſpire* in *Coriolanus:*

" —to the *ſpire* and top of praiſes vouch'd."

So, " the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the *top* of them all, becauſe *cap* was the uppermoſt part of a man's dreſs." See *All's Well that ends Well.* TOLLET.

Ben Jonſon, in *Love's Triumph through Calipolis*, a Maſque, ſays:

" To you that are by excellence a queen,
" The *top of beauty*, &c."

Again, in the *Mirror of Kighthood*, Part I. ch. xiv:

" —in the *top and pitch of all beauty*, ſo that theyr matches are not to bee had." STEEVENS.

Biron. Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brow be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurping hair,
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect;
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now:
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black, to imitate her brow.
Dum. To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.
Long. And, ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.
King. And Ethiops of their ſweet complexion crack.
Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.
Biron. Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.
King. 'Twere good, yours did; for, ſir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.
Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.
King. No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.
Dum. I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.
Long. Look, here's thy love; my foot and her face ſee. [*Shewing his ſhoe.*
Biron. O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were too much dainty for ſuch tread!
Dum. O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.
King. But what of this? are we not all in love?
Biron. Nothing ſo ſure; and thereby all forſworn.
King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there;—ſome flattery for this evil.

Long. O, ſome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil[3].

Dum. Some ſalve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—
Have at you then, affection's men at arms[4]:
Conſider, what you firſt did ſwear unto;—
To faſt,—to ſtudy,—and to ſee no woman;—
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young;
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, lords,
In that each of you hath forſworn his book:
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
[5] From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the book, the academies,
From whence doth ſpring the true Promethean fire.
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries[6];

[3] *Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the devil.*] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every ſeveral allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every diſtinct plea in the defendant's anſwer, began with the words *qu'il eſt*;—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to ſignify a falſe charge or an evaſive anſwer. WARBURTON.

[4] ——*affection's men at arms*:] *A man at arms*, is a ſoldier armed at all points both offenſively and defenſively. It is no more than, *Ye ſoldiers of affection.* JOHNSON.

[5] *From women's eyes*, &c.] This and the two following lines are omitted, I ſuppoſe, by mere overſight in Dr. Warburton's edition. JOHNSON.

[6] *The nimble* ſpirits in the arteries;] In the old ſyſtem of phyſic they gave the ſame office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; it appears from the name, which is derived from ἀερα τηρεῖν. WARBURTON.

As motion, and long-during action, tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye[7]?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then, when ourſelves we ſee in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords:
And in that vow we have forſworn our books[8]:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
[9] In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhew a harveſt of their heavy toil:
But, love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye,

[7] *Teaches ſuch* beauty *as a woman's eye?*] i. e. a lady's eye give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *we have forſworn our books:*] i. e. our true *books*, from which we derive moſt information;—the eyes of women. MALONE.

[9] *In leaden contemplation have found out*
Such fiery numbers ——]

Numbers are, in this paſſage, nothing more than *poetical meaſures. Could you*, ſays Biron, *by ſolitary contemplation, have attained ſuch poetical* fire, *ſuch ſpritely numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?* JOHNSON.

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopp'd [9]:
Love's feeling is more ſoft, and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled ſnails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in taſte:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides [1]?
Subtle as ſphinx; as ſweet, and muſical,
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair [2];

And,

9 ——*the ſuſpicious head of* theft *is ſtopp'd:*] "*The ſuſpicious head of theft* is the *head ſuſpicious* of theft." "He watches like one that fears robbing," ſays Speed, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This tranſpoſition of the adjective is ſometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias:*

"A *heavy* pouch *with golde* makes a light hart."

FARMER.

1 *For* valour, *is not love a Hercules,*
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides?]

The poet is here obſerving how all the ſenſes are refined by love. But what has the poor ſenſe of *ſmelling* done, not to keep its place among its brethren? Then Hercules's *valour* was not in *climbing the trees*, but in attacking the dragon *gardant*. I rather think, that for *valour* we ſhould read *favour*, and the poet meant, that Hercules was allured by the *odour* and *fragrancy* of the golden apples. THEOBALD.

2 *As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair:*] This expreſſion, like that other in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of——

Orpheus' harp was ſtrung with poets' ſinews,

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the ſun, is repreſented with golden hair; ſo that a lute ſtrung with his hair, means no more than ſtrung with gilded wire.

WARBURTON.

——as ſweet and muſical
As bright Apollo's lute *ſtrung with his hair.*

The author of the *Reviſal* ſuppoſes this expreſſion to be allegorical, p. 138. "Apollo's lute ſtrung with ſunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *ſtrung with ſunbeams?* Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal ſenſe: and in the ſtile of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very ſame ſort of conception occurs in Lilly's *Mydas*, a play which moſt probably preceded Shakſpeare's. Act IV. ſc. i. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy

lute

And, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods [3]
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.

Never

lute been of lawrell, and the *ſtrings* of *Daphne's haire*, thy tunes might have been compared to my notes, &c." WARTON.

The ſame thought occurs in *How to chuſe a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1608:

" Hath he not torn thoſe gold wires from thy head,
" Wherewith Apollo would have ſtrung his harp,
" And kept them to play muſic to the gods."

Lylly's *Midas*, quoted by Mr. Warton, was publiſhed in 1592.

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolſey*, a Poem, 1599:

" With whoſe hart-ſtrings Amphion's lute is ſtrung,
And Orpheus harp hangs warbling at his tongue."

STEEVENS.

[3] *And when love ſpeaks the voice of all the gods*
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.]

This nonſenſe we ſhould read and point thus:

And when love ſpeaks the voice of all the gods,
Mark, *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony, that Love was the parent and ſupport of all the gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palæphatus wrote a poem called, Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἔρωτος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος. *The voice and ſpeech of Venus and Love*, which appears to have been a kind of coſmogony, the harmony of which is ſo great, that it calms and allays all kinds of diſorders: alluding again to the antient uſe of muſic, which was to compoſe monarchs, when, by reaſon of the cares of empire, they uſed to paſs whole nights in reſtleſs inquietude. WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is,

Make *heaven* —— JOHNSON.

I cannot find any reaſon for this emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by the critic. The former reading, with the ſlight addition of a ſingle letter, was, perhaps, the true one. *When* LOVE *ſpeaks*, (ſays Biron) *the aſſembled gods reduce the elements of the ſky to a calm, by their harmonious applauſes of this favoured orator.*

Mr. Collins obſerves, that the meaning of the paſſage may be this.—*That the voice of all the gods united, could inſpire only drowſineſs, when compared with the chearful effects of the voice of Love.* That ſenſe is ſufficiently congruous to the reſt of the ſpeech; and much the ſame thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arſileus' reply to Syrenus' Song*, by Bar. Yong; publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

Never durſt poet touch a pen too write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;
O, then

" Unleſs mild *Love* poſſeſs your amorous breaſts,
" If you ſing not of him, your ſongs *do weary*."

Dr. Warburton has raiſed the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not poſſeſſed; but ſhould either of theſe explanations prove the true one, I ſhall offer no apology for having made him ſtoop from the critic's elevation. I would, however, read,

Makes *heaven drowſy with* its *harmony*.

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike uſed to beſpeak or ſummon attention, yet the former of them appears ſo harſh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line ſeveral times over before I perceive its meaning. To *ſpeak* the *voice* of the gods appears to me as defective in the ſame way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's Well that ends Well*, obſerves, that to *ſpeak a ſound* is a *barbariſm*. To *ſpeak a voice* is, I think, no leſs reprehenſible. STEEVENS.

Few paſſages have been more canvaſſed than this. I believe, it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the pointing:

And when love ſpeaks (the voice of all) the gods
Make heaven drowſy with thy harmony.

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is ſaid to *ſpeak with every tongue*; and *the gods* (being drowſy themſelves *with the harmony*) are ſuppoſed to make heaven drowſy. If one could poſſibly ſuſpect Shakſpeare of having read *Pindar*, one ſhould ſay, that the idea of muſic making the hearers drowſy, was borrowed from the firſt Pythian. TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental tranſpoſition. We may read, as I think, ſome one has propoſed before:

" The voice *makes* all the gods
" *Of* heaven drowſy with the harmony." FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowſy, the preſent commentator might infer from the effect it uſually produces on himſelf. In *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an inſtance which ſhould weigh more with the reader:

" Howl forth ſome ditty, that vaſt hell may ring
" With charms all potent, earth *aſleep to bring*."

Again, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" ——muſic call, and ſtrike more dead
" Than common *ſleep*, of all theſe five the ſenſe."
STEEVENS.

So alſo, in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

" ——— ſoftly pray;
" Let there be no noiſe made my gentle friends,
" Unleſs

O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive[4]:
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhew, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were, theſe women to forſwear;
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men[5];

Or

" Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
" Will whiſper *muſick* to my wearied ſpirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

" ——— Moſt *heavenly muſick!*
" It nips me into liſtening, and thick *ſlumber*
" Hangs on mine eyes.—Let me reſt. MALONE.

The voice may ſignify the aſſenting voice; as in *Hamlet:*

" Give every man thy ear, but few thy *voice.*"

By *harmony* I preſume the poet means *uniſon.* MUSGRAVE.

[4] *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:*] In this ſpeech I ſuſpect a more than common inſtance of the inaccuracy of the firſt publiſhers:

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,

and ſeveral other lines, are as unneceſſarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verſes, which Dr. Johnſon has ſince inſerted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his reviſal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *a word,* that loves all men;] We ſhould read:

——— *a word all* women *love.*

The following line:

Or for men's ſake (*the author of* theſe *women*;)

which refers to this reading, puts it out of all queſtion. WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, tranſpoſing the lines:

Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;
For women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women.

The antitheſis of *a word that all men love,* and *a word which loves all men,* though in itſelf worth little, has much of the ſpirit of this play. JOHNSON.

There

Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women;
Or women's ſake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find ourſelves,
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves to keep our oaths:
It is religion, to be thus forſworn:
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, lords;
Pell-mell, down with them! but be firſt advis'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay theſe glozes by:
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of France?

King. And win them too: therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs: in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape;

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to "men's ſakes, the authors of theſe *words*." FARMER.

I think no alteration ſhould be admitted in theſe four lines, that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them, in which, as has been obſerved by the author of the *Reviſal*, the word which terminates every line, is prefixed to the word *ſake* in that immediately following. TOLLET.

——— a word that *loves* all men;] i. e. pleaſing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time, "*it likes me well*, for *it pleaſes me*. Shakſpeare here uſes the word thus licentiouſly, merely for the ſake of the antitheſis. *Men* in the following line are with ſufficient propriety ſaid to be the authors of women, and theſe again of men, the aid of both being neceſſary to the continuation of the human race. There is ſurely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been propoſed to be made in theſe lines. MALONE.

For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair love, ſtrewing her way with flowers.
King. Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. Allons! allons! —Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn [6];
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure [7].
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Steeet.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quod ſufficit [8].
Nath. I praiſe God for you, Sir: your reaſons at dinner have been ſharp and ſententious [9]; pleaſant without

[6] ——— *ſown cockle reap'd no corn*;] This proverbial expreſſion intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falſhood. The following lines lead us to this ſenſe. WARBURTON.

[7] *If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure.*] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third act. JOHNSON.

[8] *Satis quod ſufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feaſt. STEEVENS.

[9] *Your reaſons at dinner have been*, &c.] I know not well what degree of reſpect Shakſpeare intends to obtain for this vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finiſhed repreſentation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to this character of the ſchool-maſter's table talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Caſtiglione will ſcarcely be found to comprehend a rule for converſation ſo juſtly delineated, ſo widely dilated, and ſo nicely limited.

It may be proper juſt to note, that *reaſon* here, and in many other places, ſignifies *diſcourſe*; and that *audacious* is uſed in a good ſenſe for *ſpirited, animated, confident*. *Opinion* is the ſame with *obſtinacy* or *opiniatrete*. JOHNSON.

So,

without ſcurrility, witty without affection [1], audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tanquam te: His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed [2], his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical. [3] He is

So, again, in this play;

" Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak *audaciouſly*." STEEVENS.

——audacious *without impudency*.] *Audacious* was not always uſed by our ancient writers in a bad ſenſe. It means no more here, and in the following inſtance from Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldneſs*:

" ——ſhe that ſhall be my wife, muſt be accompliſhed with courtly and *audacious* ornaments." STEEVENS.

[1] *without* affection, i. e.] without affectation. So, in *Hamlet*: " —No matter that might indite the author of *affection*." So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio is call'd " an *affection'd* aſs." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *his tongue* filed,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spencer, are frequent in their uſe of this phraſe. Ben Jonſon has it likewiſe. STEEVENS.

[3] *He is too* piqued,] To have the beard *piqued* or ſhorn ſo as to end in a point, was, in our authour's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign faſhions: ſo ſays the Baſtard in *K. John*:

" ——— *I catechiſe*

" *My* piqued *man of countries*." JOHNSON.

See a note on *King John*, act I. and another on *King Lear*, where the reader will find the epithet *piqued* differently interpreted.

Piqued may allude to the length of the ſhoes then worn. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, ſays:——" We weare our forked ſhoes almoſt as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote, and not only ſo, but they prove an impediment to reverentiall devotions, for our bootes and ſhooes are ſo long ſnouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's houſe." STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for ſo it ſhould be written) ſignifies *nicely dreſt* in general, without reference to any particular faſhion of dreſs. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dreſs themſelves by *picking out* or *pruning*, their broken or ſuperfluous feathers. So Chaucer uſes the word, in his deſcription of Damian dreſſing himſelf,

is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.

[*Draws out his table-book.*

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanatical phantaſms, ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe[4] companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak, dout, fine, when he ſhould ſay, doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable[5], (which he would call abominable)

himſelf, *Cant. Tales*, ver. 9885: "He kembeth him, he *proineth* him and *piketh*." And Shakſpeare in this very play, uſes the correſponding word *pruning* for *dreſſing*, act IV. ſc. iii:

"———or ſpend a minute's time
"In *pruning* me———"

The ſubſtantive *pickedneſs* is uſed by B. Jonſon for *nicety in dreſs*. Diſcoveries, vol. vii. p. 116: "——too much *pickedneſs* is not manly." TYRWHITT.

4 ——*point-deviſe*——] A French expreſſion for the utmoſt, or finical exactneſs. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio ſays:

"I will be *point device*, the very man." STEEVENS.

5 *This is abhominable*, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the moſt redoubtable pedants of that time. On ſuch ſort of occaſions, Joſeph Scaliger uſed to break out, "*Abominor execror. Aſinitas mera eſt, impietas*, &c. and calls his adverſary, "*Lutum ſtercore maceratum dæmoniacum recrimentum inſcitiæ, ſterquilinium, ſtercus diaboli, ſcarabæum, larvam, pecus poſtremum beſtiarum, infame propudium*, καθαρμα." WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare knew nothing of this language; and the reſemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deſerves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the foppiſh manner of ſpeaking, and affected pronounciation, introduced at court by Lilly and his imitators.

——*abhominable*,] So the word is conſtantly ſpelt in the old moralities and other antiquated books:

"And then I will bryng in
"*Abhominable* lyving." *Luſty Juventus*, 1561.

STEEVENS.

6 it

[6]it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, [7] lunatick.

Nath. Laus deo, bone; intelligo.

Hol. Bone?——*bone*, for *benè: Priscian* a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter

[6] *it insinuateth me of* insanie;] In former editions, *it insinuateth me of* infamy: Ne intelligis, domine? *to make frantick, lunatick?*
Nath. Laus Deo, *bene* intelligo.
to *make* frantick, lunatick.] We should certainly read:
"—— to *be* frantick." STEEVENS.

Hol. Bome, boon *for* boon Prescian; a little scratch, 'twill serve.

This play is certainly none of the best in itself, but the editors have been so very happy in making it worse by their indolence, that they have left me Augeas's stable to cleanse: and a man had need to have the strength of a Hercules to heave out all their rubbish. But to business: Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick?* It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.
The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it.

Bone?——*bone* for *bene*. Priscian *a little scratched: 'twill serve.* Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis* Prisciani *caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

It insinuateth me of infamy. There is no need to make the pedant worse than Shakspeare made him; who, without doubt, wrote *insanity*. WARBURTON.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (nonne *intelligis, domine?*) to *be mad, frantick, lunatick*. JOHNSON.

Insanie appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion from Time to Time*, &c. written in old English verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though from the

Enter Armado, Moth, and Coſtard.

Nath. Videſne quis venit?
Hol. Video, & gaudeo.
Arm. Chirra!
Hol. Quare Chirra, not ſirrah?
Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.
Hol. Moſt military ſir, ſalutation.
Moth. They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtoln the ſcraps. [*To Coſtard aſide.*
Coſt. O, they have liv'd long on the alms-baſket[8] of words! I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as, *honorificabilitudinitatibus*[9]: thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a flap-dragon[1].
Moth. Peace; the peal begins.
Arm. Monſieur, are you not letter'd?
Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book: What is a, b, ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

the concluding ſtanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word uſed:

" In the days of ſixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,
" With a multitude of people; but in the conſequence,
" After a little *inſanie* they fled tag and rag,
" For Alexander Iden he did his diligence." STEEVENS.

I ſhould rather read, " it inſinuateth *men* of inſanie." FARMER.

[8] —— *the* alms-baſket *of words!*] i. e. the refuſe of words. The refuſe meat of great families was formerly ſent to the priſons. So, in the *Inner Temple Maſque*, 1619, by T. Middleton: " his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the *baſket*." Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in It*, 1612: " He muſt feed on beggary's *baſket*." STEEVENS.

[9] *Honorificabilitudinitatibus:*] This word, whenceſoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longeſt word known. JOHNSON.

It occurs likewiſe in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604: " His diſcourſe is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of ſound and no ſenſe." I meet with it likewiſe in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a flap-dragon.*] A *flap-dragon* is a ſmall inflammable ſubſtance, which topers ſwallow in a glaſs of wine. See a note on *K. Henry* IV. part II. act II. ſc. *ult.* STEEVENS.

[8] put into baskets which were hung down from the windows of Prisons St. Hol.

[9] this seems to refer to a custom in the inland counties at the breaking up of schools at holy-days, when a large dish is filled with Brandy & Raisins the Brandy is set on fire and the boys are to catch out the Raisins and eat them, it is called flap dragon or snap dragon St

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn :—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou conſonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I[2].

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The ſheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the ſalt wave of the Mediterraneum, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit[3]: ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou diſputeſt like an infant: go, whip thy gigg.

Moth, Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy [4] *circùm circá*; A gigg of a cucſtold's horn!

[2] Moth. *The third of the five vowels*, &c.] In former editions: *The* laſt *of the five vowels, if you repeat them*; *or the* fifth, *if I*;

Hol. *I will repeat them*, a, e, I———

Moth. *The ſheep: the other two concludes it* out.

Is not the *laſt* and the *fifth* the ſame *vowel?* Though my correction reſtores but a poor conundrum, yet if it reſtores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his loweſt conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the ſheep ſtill, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*a quick* venew *of wit:*] A *venew* is the technical term for *a bout* at the fencing-ſchool. So, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

" ——— in the fencing-ſchool
" To play a *venew*." STEEVENS.

[4] *I will whip about your infamy* unum cita:] Here again all the editions give us jargon inſtead of Latin. But Moth would certainly mean, *circum circa:* i. e. about and about: though it may be deſigned he ſhould miſtake the terms. THEOBALD.

Coſt.

Coſt. An I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt have it to buy ginger-bread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pigeon-egg of diſcretion. O, an the heavens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me? Go to; thou haſt it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

Hol. Oh, I ſmell falſe Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe [5] on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons* the hill.

Arm. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, ſans queſtion.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the poſteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The poſterior of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choſe; ſweet and apt, I do aſſure you, ſir, I do aſſure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do aſſure you, very good friend:—For what is inward between us, let it paſs:—[6] I do beſeech thee, remember thy courteſy; I beſeech thee, apparel thy head:—and among other importunate and moſt ſerious deſigns,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that paſs: for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace (by the world) ſometime to

[5] ——*the* charge-houſe] I ſuppoſe, is the *free-ſchool*. STEEVENS.

[6] *I do beſeech thee*, remember thy courteſy; *I beſeech thee, apparel thy head:*] I believe, a word was omitted at the preſs; and would read—"I beſeech thee, remember *not* thy courteſy; &c." Do *not* ſtand upon ceremony; be covered. MALONE.

lean upon my poor ſhoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement[7], with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to Armado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world: but let that paſs.——The very all of all is,——but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy,——that the king would have me preſent the princeſs, ſweet chuck, with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate, and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breakings out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

Hol. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be render'd by our aſſiſtance,—at the king's command; and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princeſs; I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

Hol. Joſhua, yourſelf; myſelf, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this ſwain, becauſe of his great limb or joint, ſhall paſs Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, ſir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

[7] *dally with my excrement,*] The author has before called the beard *valour's excrement* in the *Merchant of Venice.* JOHNSON.

Moth.

Moth. An excellent device! ſo, if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry; *well done, Hercules! now thou cruſheſt the ſnake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious; though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the reſt of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myſelf.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not [7], an antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. Via [8], goodman Dull! thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor underſtood none neither, ſir.

Hol. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Moſt dull, honeſt Dull, to our ſport, away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before the Princeſs's Pavilion.

Enter Princeſs and Ladies.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Roſ. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

[7] *if this* fadge *not,*] i. e. ſuit not. Several inſtances of the uſe of this word are given in *Twelfth Night.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Via!*] An Italian exclamation, ſignifying, *Courage! come on!* STEEVENS.

Prin. Nothing but this? yea, as much love in rhime,
As would be cramm'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on Cupid's name.

Roſ. That was the way to make his god-head wax [9];
For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

Roſ. You'll ne'er be friends, with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heavy;
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe dy'd:
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

Roſ. What's your dark meaning, mouſe, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Roſ. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in ſnuff[1];
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Roſ. Look, what you do, you do it ſtill i' the dark.

[9] ——— *to make his god-head* wax;] To *wax* anciently ſignified to *grow*. It is yet ſaid of the moon, that ſhe *waxes* and *wanes*.
So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I.
"I view thoſe wanton brooks that *waxing* ſtill do wane."
Again, in Lylly's *Love's Metamorphoſes*, 1601:
"Men's follies will ever *wax*, and then what reaſon can make them wiſe?"
Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song V.
"The ſtem ſhall ſtrongly *wax*, as ſtill the trunk doth wither."
STEEVENS.

[1] *taking it* in ſnuff;] *Snuff* is here uſed equivocally for *anger*, and the *ſnuff of a candle*. See more inſtances of this conceit in *K. Henry* IV. Part I. act i. ſc. 3. STEEVENS.

Kath.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Roſ. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's, you care not for me.

Roſ. Great reaſon; for, Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care[2].

Prin. Well bandied both; a ſet of wit well play'd. But Roſaline, you have a favour too: Who ſent it? and what is it?

Roſ. I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
[3] Nay, I have verſes too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Roſ. Much, in the letters; nothing, in the praiſe.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Roſ. 'Ware pencils[4]! How? let me not die your debtor,

My

[2] ——— *for paſt* cure *is ſtill paſt* care.] So, in our author's 147th Sonnet:

"Paſt *cure* I am, now reaſon is paſt *care*,
"And frantick mad with evermore unreſt."

MALONE.

[3] *Nay, I have verſes too, I thank* Biron:] Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of *Biron* is accented on the ſecond ſyllable. In the firſt quarto, 1598, he is always called *Berowne*, as probably the name was then pronounced.

MALONE.

[4] *'Ware pencils!* ———] The former editions read:

Were *pencils* ———

Sir T. Hanmer here rightly reſtored:

'Ware *pencils* ———

My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not ſo full of O's[5]!

Kath. Pox of that jeſt! and I beſhrew all ſhrows[6].

Prin. But what was ſent to you from fair Dumain?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not ſend you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam, and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover:
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſy.
Vilely compil'd, profound ſimplicity.

Mar. This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no leſs; Doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?

Mar. Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.

Prin. We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers ſo.

Roſ. They are worſe fools, to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame Biron I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week[7]!
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek;
And

Roſaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

The folio reads:

Ware penſals—— STEEVENS.

5 ——— *ſo full of* O's] i. e. pimples. Shakſpeare talks of "——fiery *O's* and eyes of light," in another play. STEEVENS.

6 *Pox of that jeſt! and I beſhrew all ſhrows.*] "*Pox* of that jeſt!" Mr. Theobald is ſcandalized at this language from a princeſs. But there needs no alarm—the *ſmall pox* only is alluded to; with which it ſeems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expreſſed, "her face was full of O's." Daviſon has a canzonet on his lady's ſickneſſe of the *poxe:* and Dr. Donne writes to his ſiſter: "at my return from Kent, I found *Pegge* had the *Poxe*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her." FARMER.

7 ——— *in by the week!*] This I ſuppoſe to be an expreſſion taken from hiring ſervants or artificers; meaning, I wiſh I was as ſure of his ſervice for any time limited, as if I had hired him.

The

And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhimes;
And ſhape his ſervice all to my beheſts;
And make him proud to make me proud that jeſts!
So portent-like would I o'erſway his ſtate [7],
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. [8] None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wiſdom hatch'd,
Hath wiſdom's warrant, and the help of ſchool;
And wits own grace to grace a learned fool.

Roſ. The blood of youth burns not with ſuch exceſs,
As gravity's revolt to wantonneſs.

The expreſſion was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Coromhona*, 1612:

"What, are you *in by the week?* So; I will try now whether thy wit be cloſe priſoner." Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year."

STEEVENS.

7 *So* portent-*like*, &c] In former copies:

So pertaunt-*like*, *would I o'er-ſway his ſtate*,
That he ſhould be my fool, *and I his* fate.

In old farces, to ſhew the inevitable approaches of death and deſtiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*; which very ſtratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakſpeare alludes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"——*merely thou art* Death's Fool;
"*For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun*,
"*And yet run'ſt towards him ſtill*——"

It is plain from all this, that the nonſenſe of *pertaunt-like*, ſhould be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or deſtiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forbode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a perſon deſtined to bring miſchief, *fatale portentum*.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald reads:

So pedant-*like*—— JOHNSON.

8 *None are ſo*, &c.] Theſe are obſervations worthy of a man who has ſurveyed human nature with the cloſeſt attention.

JOHNSON.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not ſo ſtrong a note,
As foolery in the wiſe, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth, in ſimplicity.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.
Boyet. O, I am ſtabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?
Prin. Thy news, Boyet?
Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm!—encounters mounted are
Againſt your peace: Love doth approach diſguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be ſurpris'd:
Muſter your wits; ſtand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.
Prin. Saint Dennis to St. Cupid[9]! What are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.
Boyet. Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe my eyes ſome half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The king and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you ſhall overhear;
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear:
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out;

9 *Saint Dennis, to ſaint Cupid!*] —— The princeſs of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppoſe his power to that of Cupid. JOHNSON.

For, quoth the king, *an angel ſhalt thou ſee;*
Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly:
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the ſhoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cry'd, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous appears [1],
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians: as I gueſs [2],

[1] ——*ſpleen ridiculous*——] is, a ridiculous *fit.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians, as I gueſs*] The ſettling commerce in Ruſſia was, at that time, a matter that much ingroſſed the concern and converſation of the publick. There had been ſeveral embaſſies employed thither on that occaſion; and ſeveral tracts of the manners and ſtate of that nation written: ſo that a maſk of Muſcovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been ſince. WARBURTON.

'A maſk of Muſcovites was no uncommon recreation at court 'long before our author's time. In the firſt year of King Henry 'the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign ambaſſadors in 'the parliament-chamber at Weſtminſter 'came the lorde Henry 'Earle of Wiltſhire and the lorde Fitzwater in twoo long gounes of 'yellowe ſatin travarſed with white ſatin, and in every ben of 'white was a bend of crimoſen ſatin after the faſhion of Ruſſia or 'Ruſlande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of 'them havying a hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes 'turned up.' *Hall Henry* VIII. p. 6. This extract may ſerve to convey an idea of the dreſs uſed upon the preſent occaſion by the king and his lords at the performance of the play."

REMARKS.

Their

Their purpoſe is, to parle, to court and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſeveral, which they did beſtow.
Prin. And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſk'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be maſk'd;
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpight of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.—
Hold, Roſaline, this favour thou ſhalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear:
Hold, take thou this, my ſweet, and give me thine:
So ſhall Biron take me for Roſaline.—
And change your favours too; ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.
Roſ. Come on then; wear the favours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?
Prin. The effect of my intent is, to croſs theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral counſels they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook; and ſo be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk, and greet.
Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?
Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd ſpeech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.
Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.
Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:

So

So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.
[*Sound.*

Boyet. The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come. [*The ladies maſk.*

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, diſguiſed like Muſcovites; Moth with muſick, &c.

Moth. All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!
Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata[3].
Moth. A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,
[*The ladies turn their backs to him.*
That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views.
Biron. Their eyes, villain, *their eyes.*
Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!
Out—
Boyet. True; *out,* indeed.
Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly ſpirits, vouchſafe
Not to behold—
Biron. Once to behold, rogue.
Moth. Once to behold with your ſun-beam'd eyes,
With your ſun-beamed eyes—
Boyet. They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it daughter-beamed eyes.
Moth. They do not mark, me and that brings me out.
Biron. Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

3. *Beauties, no richer than rich taffata.*] i. e. the taffata maſks they wore to conceal themſelves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, ſurely, very abſurdly: for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make ſuch an inference. Boyet is ſneering at the parade of their addreſs, is in the ſecret of the ladies' ſtratagem, and makes himſelf ſport at the abſurdity of their proem, in complimenting their beauty, when they were maſk'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmoſt propriety.
THEOBALD.

Roſ. What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princeſs?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. What would they, ſay they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

Roſ. Why that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

Boyet. She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on this graſs.

Boyet. They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
[4] To tread a meaſure with you on this graſs.

[4] *To tread a meaſure.*] The meaſures were dances ſolemn and ſlow. They were performed at court, and at public entertainments of the ſocieties of law and equity, at their halls on particular occaſions. It was formerly not deemed inconſiſtent with propriety even for the graveſt perſons to join in them, and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court it has not been unuſual for the firſt characters in the law to become performers in *treading the meaſures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orcheſtra*, 1622, deſcribes them in this manner:

" But after theſe as men more civil grew,
" He did more *grave and ſolemn meaſures frame*:
" With ſuch fair order and proportion true,
" And correſpondence ev'ry way the ſame,
" That no fault finding eye did ever blame,
" For ev'ry eye was moved at the ſight,
" With ſober wond'ring and with ſweet delight.
" Not thoſe young ſtudents of the heav'nly book,
" Atlas the great, Prometheus the wiſe,
" Which on the ſtars did all their life time look,
" Could ever find ſuch meaſure in the ſkies,
" So full of change, and rare varieties;
" *Yet all the feet whereon theſe meaſures go,*
" *Are only ſpondees, ſolemn, grave, and ſlow.*"

EDITOR.

Roſ.

Roſ. It is not ſo: Aſk them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.

Boyet. She hears herſelf.

Roſ. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we ſpend for you;
Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we, like ſavages, may worſhip it.

Roſ. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do!
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe [5] thy ſtars, to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd) upon our watery eyne.

Roſ. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moon-ſhine in the water.

King. Then in our meaſure do but vouchſafe one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg; this begging is not ſtrange.

Roſ. Play, muſick, then: Nay, you muſt do it ſoon.
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? how come you thus eſtrang'd.

Roſ. You took the moon at full; but now ſhe's chang'd.

[5] *Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars.*———] When queen Elizabeth aſked an ambaſſador how he liked her ladies, *It is hard,* ſaid he, *to judge of ſtars in the preſence of the ſun.*

JOHNSON.

King.

King. Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.
The muſick plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it.
Roſ. Our ears vouchſafe it.
King. But your legs ſhould do it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.
King. Why take you hands then?
Roſ. Only to part friends:—
Court'ſy, ſweet hearts; and ſo the meaſure ends.
King. More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.
Roſ. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
King. Prize yourſelves then; what buys your company?
Roſ. Your abſence only.
King. That can never be.
Roſ. Then cannot we be bought: And ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In private then.
King. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Biron. White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.
Prin. Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.
Biron. Nay then, two treys, (and if you grow ſo nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmſey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen ſweets.
Prin. Seventh ſweet, adieu!
Since you can cog[5], I'll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in ſecret.
Prin. Let it not be ſweet.
Biron. Thou griev'ſt my gall.
Prin. Gall? bitter.
Biron. Therefore meet.

[5] *Since you can* cog,——] To *cog*, ſignifies *to falſify the dice*, and *to falſify a narrative*, or *to lye*. JOHNSON.

Dum.

Dum. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you ſo? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Pleaſe it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

Kath. What, was your viſor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reaſon, lady, why you aſk.

Kath. O, for your reaſon! quickly, Sir; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs vizor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen;
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe: ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.

Roſ. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff!

King. Farewel, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits. [*Exeunt king, and lords.*

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muſcovites.—
Are theſe the breed of wit ſo wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puff'd out.

Roſ. Well-liking wits [6] they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in vizors, ſhew their faces?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Roſ. O! they were all in lamentable caſes!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.

Mar. Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No, *point*, quoth I; my ſervant ſtrait was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, ſickneſs as thou art!

Roſ. Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps [7].

But

[6] *Well-liking* wits] *Well-liking* is the ſame as *embonpoint*. So, in *Job*, ch. xxxix. v. 4. "———Their young ones are in *good-liking*." STEEVENS.

[7] ———*better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.*] This line is not univerſally underſtood, becauſe every reader does not know that a ſtatute cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Roſaline declares that her expectation was diſappointed by theſe court ly ſtudents, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

Roſ. *Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.*] *Woollen caps* were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of queen Elizabeth. "Beſides the bills paſſed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiſs to be taken notice of—it concerned the queen's care for employment for her poor

ſort

But will you hear? the king is my love ſworn.
Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.
Kath. And Longaville was for my ſervice born.
Mar. Dumain is mine, as ſure as bark on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes, give ear:
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.
Prin. Will they return?
Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer air.
Prin. How, blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.
Boyet. [8] Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud; Diſ-

ſort of ſubjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing wollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of ſix years, (except the nobility and ſome others) ſhould on *ſabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and dreſt in England, upon penalty of ten groats." GREY.

This act may account for the diſtinguiſhing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. I have obſerved that mention is made of this ſign by ſome of our ancient pamphleteers and playwriters, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Grey. *If that your cap be wool*—became a proverbial ſaying. So, in *Hans Beer-pot*, a comedy, 1618:

"You ſhall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,
"You ſhall along." STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this paſſage is right. JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for ſallies of imagination. In Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub ſays,—"though my huſband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Again, in the *Family of Love*, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *ſtatute-caps*." Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606: "——in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *ſhop-keeper*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud;*
Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhewn,

Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhewn,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roſes blown.

Are angels veiling *clouds, or roſes blown.*]
This ſtrange nonſenſe, made worſe by the jumbling together and tranſpoſing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:

Fair ladies maſked are roſes in their bud:
Or angels veil'd in *clouds: are roſes blown,*
Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhewn.

But he, willing to ſhew how well he could improve a thought, would print it:

Or angel-veiling *clouds*———

i. e. clouds which veil angels: and by this means gave us, as the old proverb ſays, *a cloud for a Juno.* It was Shakſpeare's *purpoſe* to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr. Theobald's *chance* to compare her to a *cloud:* and perhaps the ill-bred reader will ſay a lucky one. However, I ſuppoſed the poet could never be ſo nonſenſical as to compare *a maſked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *maſk* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticiſm, is a great deal more ſubtile and refined, and ſays it ſhould not be

———*angels* veil'd in *clouds,*

but

———*angels* vailing *clouds,*

i. e. *capping* the ſun as they go by him, juſt as a man vails his bonnet. WARBURTON.

I know not why ſir T. Hanmer's explanation ſhould be treated with ſo much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* ſhould be *capping the ſun. Ladies unmaſk'd,* ſays Boyet, *are* like *angels vailing clouds,* or letting thoſe clouds which obſcured their brightneſs, ſink from before them. What is there in this abſurd or contemptible? JOHNSON.

Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland,* p. 91. ſays: "The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged." i. e. they began to deſcend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakſpeare uſes the word *vailing* in this ſenſe, the meaning is—Angels deſcending from clouds which concealed their beauties; but Dr. Johnſon's expoſition may be better.

TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the ſtream. So, in the French *Romant de la Roſe,* 1415:

"Leaue aloit *aval* enfaiſant
"Son melodieux et plaiſant."

Again, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth-Caſtle,* 1575: "——as on a ſea-ſhore when the water is *avail'd.*" STEEVENS.

Prin.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What ſhall we do,
If they return in their own ſhapes to woo?
Roſ. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
Let's mock them ſtill, as well known, as diſguis'd:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Diſguis'd like Muſcovites, in ſhapeleſs gear [9];
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our tent to us.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.
Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run o'er the land.
[*Exeunt ladies* [1].

Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumain, in their own habits.

King. Fair Sir, God ſave you! Where's the princeſs?
Boyet. Gone to her tent: Pleaſe it your majeſty,
Command me any ſervice to her?
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and ſo will ſhe, I know, my lord.
[*Exit.*
Biron. This fellow picks up wit, as pigeons peas [2];
And utters it again, when Jove doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedlar; and retails his wares
At wakes, and waſſels [3], meetings, markets, fairs;

9 ——— ſhapeleſs *gear*;] *Shapeleſs*, for uncouth, or what Shakſpeare elſewhere calls *diffuſed*. WARBURTON.

1 *Exeunt Ladies.*] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth act here. JOHNSON.

2 ——— *as pigeons peas*;] This expreſſion is proverbial:
" Children pick up words *as pigeons peas*,
" And utter them again as God ſhall pleaſe."
See *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

3 —— waſſels,] *Waſſels* were meetings of ruſtic mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" ——— Antony,
" Leave thy laſcivious *waſſels*" ——— STEEVENS.

And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and liſp: Why, this is he,
That kiſs'd away his hand in courteſy;
This is the ape of form, monſieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms; nay, he can ſing
A mean moſt meanly [4]; and, in uſhering,
Mend him who can: the ladies call him, ſweet;
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, kiſs his feet:
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one [5],
To ſhew his teeth as white as whales bone:—
And

[4] *A* mean *moſt meanly*; &c.] The *mean*, in muſic, is the tenor. So, Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air ſo ſharp, as it returneth too ſwift to make the ſound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the ſweeteſt."
Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"Thus ſing we deſcant on one plain-ſong, kill,
"Four parts in one; the *mean* excluded quite."

Again, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*. Cant. iii.

"The baſe and treble married to the *mean*."

STEEVENS.

[5] *This is the* flower *that* ſmiles *on every one*,] The broken diſjointed metaphor is a fault in writing. But in order to paſs a true judgment on this fault, it is ſtill to be obſerved, that when a metaphor is grown ſo common as to deſert, as it were, the figurative, and to be received into the common ſtyle, then what may be affirmed of the thing repreſented, or the *ſubſtance*, may be affirmed of the thing repreſenting, or the *image*. To illuſtrate this by the inſtance before us, a very complaiſant, finical, over-gracious perſon, was ſo commonly called the *flower*, or, as he elſewhere expreſſes it, the *pink of courteſy*, that in common talk, or in the loweſt ſtyle, this metaphor might be uſed without keeping up the image, but any thing affirmed of it as an *agnomen*: hence it might be ſaid, without offence, to *ſmile*, to *flatter*, &c. And the reaſon is this; in the more ſolemn, leſs-uſed metaphors, our mind is ſo turned upon the image which the metaphor conveys, that it expects this image ſhould be, for ſome little time, continued by terms proper to keep it in view. And if, for want of theſe terms, the

And conſciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

the image be no ſooner preſented than diſmiſſed, the mind ſuffers a kind of violence by being drawn off abruptly and unexpectedly from its contemplation. Hence it is, that the broken, disjointed, and mixed metaphor ſo much ſhocks us. But when it is once become worn and hacknied by common uſe, then even the very firſt mention of it is not apt to excite in us the repreſentative image; but brings immediately before us the idea of the thing repreſented. And then to endeavour to keep up and continue the borrowed ideas, by right adapted terms, would have as ill an effect on the other hand: becauſe the mind is already gone off from the image to the ſubſtance. Grammarians would do well to conſider what has been here ſaid, when they ſet upon amending Greek and Roman writings. For the much-uſed hacknied metaphors being now very imperfectly known, great care is required not to act in this caſe temeariouſly. WARBURTON.

This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as whales bone.]

As white as whale's bone is a proverbial compariſon in the old poets. In the *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. i. ſt. 15:

" Whoſe face did ſeem as clear as cryſtal ſtone,
" And eke, through feare, *as white as whales bone.*"

And in *L. Surrey*, fol. 14. edit. 1567:

" I might perceive a wolf, *as white as whales bone,*
" A fairer beaſt of freſher hue, beheld I never none."

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brighteſt precious ſtones, in deſcribing the poſition of Pallas:

" A hundred ſteppes mounting to the halle,
" One of jaſper, another of *whales bone*;
" Of diamantes, pointed by the rokky walle."
Crowne of Lawrell, p. 24. edit. 1736. WARTON.

It ſhould be remember'd that ſome of our ancient writers ſuppoſed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale.* The ſame ſimile occurs in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date:

" The erle had no chylde but one,
" A mayden *as white as whales bone.*"

And in many other paſſages. STEEVENS.

Enter the Princeſs, Roſaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, and attendants.

Biron. See, where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou[6],
'Till this mad man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, ſweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better if you may.

Prin. Then wiſh me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to viſit you; and purpoſe now
To lead you to our court: vouchſafe it then.

Prin. This field ſhall hold me; and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye muſt break my oath[7].

[6] ——— *Behaviour, what wert thou,*
'Till this man ſhew'd thee? and what art thou now?
Theſe are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners*, and value themſelves ſo much upon teaching, as a thing no where elſe to be learnt, is a modeſt ſilent accompliſhment under the direction of nature and common ſenſe, which does its office in promoting ſocial life without being taken notice of. But that when it degenerates into ſhew and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not compriſed in the quotation. JOHNSON.

[7] *The virtue of your eye* muſt *break my oath.*] Common ſenſe requires us to read;
——— made *break my oath.*
i. e. made me. And then the reply is pertinent.——It was the force of your beauty that made me break my oath, therefore you ought not to upbraid me with a crime which you yourſelf was the cauſe of. WARBURTON.

I believe the author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodneſs* and *power* are both compriſed, *muſt diſſolve* the obligation of the oath. The princeſs, in her anſwer, takes the moſt invidious part of the ambiguity. JOHNSON.

Prin.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you ſhould have ſpoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſully'd lily, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.
Prin. Not ſo, my lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game;
A meſs of Ruſſians left us but of late.
King. How, madam? Ruſſians?
Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.
Roſ. Madam, ſpeak true:—It is not ſo my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of theſe days)
In courteſy, gives undeſerving praiſe.
We four, indeed, confronted were with four
In Ruſſian habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.
Biron. This jeſt is dry to me.—Fair, gentle, ſweet,
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh: when we greet[8]
With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light; Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but poor.
Roſ. This proves you wiſe and rich; for in my eye,—
Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

[8] ——— *when we greet*, &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. JOHNSON.

Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.
Roſ. All the fool mine?
Biron. I cannot give you leſs.
Roſ. Which of the vizors was it, that you wore?
Biron. Where? when? what vizor? why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizor; that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
King. We are deſcry'd; they'll mock us now down right.
Dum. Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highneſs ſad?
Roſ. Help, hold his brows! he'll ſwoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from Muſcovy.
Biron. Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?—
Here ſtand I, lady; dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout;
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in vizor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhime, like a blind harper's ſong:
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles[9], ſpruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; theſe ſummer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do

[9] Three-pil'd *hyperboles,*] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in the *Winter's Tale*, Autolycus ſays:
"I have worn *three-pile.*" STEEVENS.

Three

I do forſwear them: and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſs'd
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſey noes:
And to begin, wench, – ſo God help me, la!—
My love to thee is ſound, ſans crack or flaw.
Roſ. Sans SANS, I pray you[1].
Biron. Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am ſick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us ſee;—
Write[2], *Lord have mercy on us*, on thoſe three;
They

Three-pil'd hyperboles, ſpruce affectation,] The old copies read *affection*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection* for *affectation*;—" witty without *affection*." The word was uſed by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadriſyllable. MALONE.

[1] Sans, ſans, *I pray you.*] It is ſcarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obſcured by the punctuation. It ſhould be written *Sans* SANS, i. e. *without* SANS; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the laſt line of his ſpeech, though juſt before he had *forſworn* all *affectation* in phraſes, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Write*, &c.] This was the inſcription put upon the door of the houſes infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himſelf and his companions; and purſuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewiſe on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the firſt ſpots or diſcolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hiſtromaſtix*, 1610:

" It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a *printed bill* on a plague door.

Again, in the *Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

" Have *tokens* ſtamp'd on them to make them known,
" More dreadful than the *bills* that preach the plague."

Again, in *More Fools Yet*, a collection of Epigrams by R. S. 1610:

" To declare the *infection* for his ſin,
" A *croſſe* is ſet without, there's none within."

Again, ibid.

" But by the way he ſaw and much reſpected
" A doore belonging to a houſe infected,
" Whereon

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe lords are viſited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I ſee.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave theſe tokens to us.

Biron. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.

Roſ. It is not ſo; For how can this be true[3],
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, ſweet madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.

Prin. The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well adviſ'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did reſpect her.

Prin. When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

" Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the cuſtome ſtill)
" *The Lord have mercy on us:* this ſad bill
" The ſot perus'd ——." STEEVENS.

So, in *Sir Tho. Overbury's Characters*, 1632:

" *Lord have mercy on us* may well ſtand over their doors, for debt is a moſt dangerous city *peſtilence*." MALONE.

[3] ——— *how can this be true,*
That you ſhould forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?]

That is, how can thoſe be liable to forfeiture that begin the proceſs. The jeſt lies in the ambiguity of *ſue*, which ſignifies *to proſecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. JOHNSON.

Prin.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath broke once, you force not to forſwear[4].
King. Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it:—Roſaline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.
King. What mean you madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.
Roſ. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, ſir, again.
King. My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.
Prin. Pardon me, ſir, this jewel did ſhe wear;
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear;
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
I ſee the trick on't;—Here was a conſent[5],
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany[6],

[4] ——*you force not to forſwear.*] *You force not* is the ſame with *you make no difficulty*. This is a very juſt obſervation. The crime which has been once commited, is commited again with leſs reluctance. JOHNSON.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. x. ch. 59:

"— he *forced* not to hide how he did err." STEEVENS.

[5] —*a* conſent,] i. e. *a conſpiracy*. So, in *K. Henry* VI. Part I:

" ——the ſtars
" That have *conſented* to king Henry's death." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*zany*,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a groſs mimic. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602;

" Laughs them to ſcorn, as man doth buſy apes,
" When they will *zany* men." STEEVENS.

Some

Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight, ſome Dick,—
That ſmiles his cheek in years [7]; and knows the trick
To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error [8].
Much

[7] ——*ſmiles his cheek in* years;——] Mr. Theobald ſays, he *cannot for his heart, comprehend the meaning of this phraſe.* It was not his heart but his head that ſtood in his way. *In years*, ſignifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" *With mirth and* laughter *let old* wrinckles *come.*"

See the note on that line——But the Oxford editor was in the ſame caſe, and ſo alters it to *fleers.* WARBURTON.

Webſter, in his *Dutcheſſe of Malfy*, makes Caſtruchio declare of his lady: " She cannot endure merry company, for ſhe ſays much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinckle.*" FARMER.

Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:

" That light and quick, with *wrinkled laughter* painted."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*: "—he doth *ſmile his cheek* into more lines than is in the new map, &c." STEEVENS.

——ſome *Dick*,——
Who ſmiles his cheek in *years*;]

Smiling his cheek is ſufficiently ſupported by the inſtances produced; but the phraſe of " ſmiling his cheek in *years*," (even after Dr. Warburton's interpretation) is ſo harſh, that I ſuſpect, our author wrote—in *jeers* (formerly written *jeeres.*) The old copy has *yeeres*; ſo that there is but the change of one letter, for another nearly reſembling it.

Out-roaring *Dick* (as I learn from Mr. Warton's *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*) was a celebrated ſinger, who, with W. Wimbars, is ſaid by Henry Chettle, in his *Kind Hart's Dreame*, to have got twenty ſhillings a day by ſinging at Braintree fair, in Eſſex.—— Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumſtance adds ſome ſupport to the emendation now propoſed. MALONE.

[8] ——*in will, and error.*
Much upon this it is:——*And might not you*]

I believe this paſſage ſhould be read thus:

——*in*

Much upon this it is:—And might not you,
[*To Boyet.*
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot [9] by the ſquier,
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd [1];
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.
Boyet. Full merrily
Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.
Biron. Lo, he is tilting ſtraight! Peace; I have done.

Enter Coſtard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parteſt a fair fray.
Coſt. O Lord, ſir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in or no.
Biron. What, are there but three?
Coſt. No, ſir; but it is very fine,
For every one purſents three.
Biron. And three times thrice is nine.
Coſt. Not ſo, ſir; under correction, ſir; I hope, it is not ſo:

———*in will and error.*
Boyet. *Much upon this it is.*
Biron. *And might not you,* &c. JOHNSON.
In will and error. i. e. firſt in will, and afterwards in error. MUSGRAVE.

9 ———*by the ſquier,*] *Eſquierre,* French, a *rule,* or *ſquare.* The ſenſe is nearly the ſame as that of the proverbial expreſſion in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her ſo long that he can perſuade her to what he pleaſes. REVISAL.

1 ——*Go, you are allow'd*;] i. e. you may ſay what you will; you are a licenſed fool, a common jeſter. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"*There is no ſlander in an* allow'd *fool.*" WARBURTON.

You cannot beg us [2], ſir, I can aſſure you, ſir; we know what we know:
I hope, ſir, three times thrice, ſir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Coſt. Under correction, ſir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Coſt. O lord, ſir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, ſir.

Biron. How much is it?

Coſt. O Lord, ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors, ſir, will ſhew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to parfect one man in one poor man [3]; Pompion the great, ſir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies.

Coſt. It pleaſed them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him [4].

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Coſt. We will turn it finely off, ſir; we will take ſome care.

King. Biron, they will ſhame us let them not approach. [*Exit Coſtard.*

Biron. We are ſhame-proof, my lord: and 'tis ſome policy

[2] *You cannot beg us,*——] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannnot *beg* the wardſhip of our perſons and fortunes. One of the legal teſts of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. JOHNSON.

[3] *I am, as they ſay, but to parfect one man* in *one poor man*; *Pompion the great, Sir.*] We ſhould certainly read—*e'en* one poor man.

This miſtake has happened in ſeveral places in our author's plays. See my note on *All's Well that ends Well*, Act i. ſc. 3.—"You are ſhallow, Madam, *in* great friends." MALONE.

[4] *I know not the degree of the worthy*, &c.] This is a ſtroke of ſatire which, to this hour, has loſt nothing of its force. Few performers are ſolicitous about the hiſtory of the character they are to repreſent. STEEVENS.

To have one ſhow worſe than the king's and his company.

King. I ſay they ſhall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how[5]:
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents,
There form confounded makes moſt form in mirth;
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.

Biron. A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

Enter Armado[6].

Arm. Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[*Converſes apart with the King.*

Prin. Doth this man ſerve God?

Biron. Why aſk you?

Prin. He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey monarch: for, I proteſt, the ſchool-maſter is exceed-

[5] *That ſport beſt pleaſes, which doth leaſt know how:*
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Dies in the zeal of that which it preſents,
There form, &c.

The third line may be read better thus:

——— *the contents*
Die in the zeal of him *which* them *preſents.*

This ſentiment of the Princeſs is very natural, but leſs generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who ſays, on a like occaſion, in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"*I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,*
"*Nor duty in his ſervice periſhing.*" JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1598, reads

That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth *beſt* know how.

But the context ſhows that the ſecond *beſt* was inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor. MALONE.

[6] *Enter* Armado.] The old copies read—*Enter* Braggart. STEEVENS.

ing

ing fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal couplement [7]!

King. Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: He preſents Hector of Troy; the ſwain, Pompey the great; the pariſh curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Macchabæus.

And if theſe four worthies [8] in their firſt ſhow thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

Biron. There is five in the firſt ſhow.

King. You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy:—

A bare throw at novum [9]; and the whole world again,
Cannot prick [1] out five ſuch, take each one in his vein.

King.

[7] *I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal* couplement!] This ſingular word is again uſed by our author in his 21ſt Sonnet:

"Making a *complement* of proud compare—."

MALONE.

[8] *And if theſe four worthies*, &c.] Theſe two lines might have been deſigned as a ridicule on the concluſion of *Selimus*, a tragedy, 1594:

"If this firſt part, gentles, do like you well,
"The ſecond part ſhall greater murders tell."

STEEVENS.

[9] *A bare throw at* novum,—] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following paſſage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been ſome game at dice: "The principal uſe of them (the dice) is at *novum*, &c." Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: "The principal uſe of langrets is at *novum*; for ſo long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, ſo long can you caſt neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come." Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*: "What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; ſort them yourſelves, either paſſage, *novum*, or mum-chance."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Cannot* prick *out*, &c.] Dr. Grey propoſes to read, *pick* out. So, in *K. Hen.* IV. Part I: "Could the world *pick* thee out three

King. The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

[*Pageant of the Nine Worthies*[1].

Enter Coſtard for Pompey.

Coſt. I Pompey am,——
Boyet. You lye, you are not he.
Coſt. I Pompey am,——
Boyet. With libbard's head on knee[2].

Biron.

three ſuch enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out*, is a phraſe ſtill in uſe among gardeners. To *prick* may likewiſe have reference to *vein*. STEEVENS.

The old copy is certainly right. To *prick out*, is to nominate by a puncture or mark. So, in our author's 20th Sonnet:

" But ſince ſhe *prick'd* thee out for woman's pleaſure."—
MALONE.

[1] *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31. is " The order of a ſhowe intended to be made Aug. 1. 1621."

" Firſt, 2 woodmen, &c.

" St. George fighting with the dragon.

" The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his eſquires to beare before him his ſhield and penon of armes, dreſſed according as theſe lords were accuſtomed to be: 3 Aſſaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Chriſtians.

" After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may ſuppoſe it was the deſign of Shakſpeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

" This ſort of proceſſion was the uſual recreation of our anceſtors at Chriſtmas and other feſtive ſeaſons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and compoſed by ignorant people, were ſeldom committed to writing, at leaſt with the view of preſervation, and are of courſe rarely diſcovered in the reſearches of even the moſt induſtrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the ſpeeches in this ſcene, which were intended to burleſque them) ever appeared in print." This obſervation belongs to the author of THE REMARKS who has printed a genuine ſpecimen of the poetry, and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an original manuſcript of Edward the Fourth's time. (*Tanner's MSS.* 407.) EDITOR.

[2] *With* libbard's *head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and ſhoulders had uſually, by way of ornament, the reſemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.
WARBURTON.

Biron. Well ſaid, old mocker; I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Coſt. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnamed the Big,—

Dum. The great.

Coſt. It is great, ſir;—*Pompey ſurnam'd the great;*
That oft in field, with targe and ſhield, did make my foe to ſweat:
And, travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;
And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.
If your ladyſhip would ſay *Thanks, Pompey,* I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Coſt. 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

Biron. My hat to a half-penny, Pompey proves the beſt worthy.

Enter Nathaniel for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;
By eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:
My 'ſcutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.

The *libbard,* as ſome of the old Engliſh gloſſaries inform us, is the *male* of the *panther.*

This ornament is mentioned in *Sir Giles Gooſecap,* 1606:

" —poſſet cuppes carv'd with *libbard's* faces, and lyon's heads with ſpouts in their mouths, to let out the poſſet-ale moſt artificially."

Again, in the metrical chronicle of *Robert de Brunne:*

" Upon his ſhoulders a ſhelde of ſtele,
" With the 4 *libbards* painted wele." STEEVENS.

See *Maſquine* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary:* " The repreſentation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of ſome old faſhioned garments." TOLLET.

Boyet.

Boyet. Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right [1].

Biron. Your noſe ſmells, no, in this, moſt tender-ſmelling night.

Prin. The conqueror is diſmay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander:*

Boyet. Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo Aliſander.

Biron. Pompey the great,——

Coſt. Your ſervant, and Coſtard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Aliſander.

Coſt. O, ſir, you have o'erthrown Aliſander the conqueror! [*To Nath.*] You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax [2] ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool, will be given to A-jax [3]; he

[1] ——*it ſtands* too right.] It ſhould be remembered, to reliſh this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his ſhoulders. STEEVENS.

[2]—*lion, that holds his poll-ax, ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool,*] This alludes to the arms given in the old hiſtory of the *Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, *ſeiante in a chayer*, holding a battel-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23. TOLLET.

[3] *A-jax*;] This conceit, paltry as it is, was uſed by Ben Jonſon, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has theſe two lines:

"And I could wiſh, for their eternis'd ſakes,
"My muſe had plough'd with his that ſung *A-jax*."

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, ſays, "Enquire, if you underſtand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or ſuch as are well read in *A-jax*."

Again, in *The Maſtive*, &c. a collection of epigrams and ſatires: no date:

"To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,
"That wilt, from *A-jax* with thy force defend it."

See alſo ſir John Harrington's *New Diſcourſe of a ſtale Subject, called, The Metamorphoſes of Ajax*, 1596. His *Anatomie of the Metamorphoſed Ajax*: no date. And *Ulyſſes upon Ajax*, 1596.

he will then be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, Aliſander. [*Exit Nath.*] There, an't ſhall pleaſe you! a fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis;—a little o'er-parted:—But there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

Biron. Stand aſide, good Pompey.

Enter Holofernes for Judas, and Moth for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is preſented by this imp,
Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And, when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,
Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his manus:
Quoniam, *he ſeemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.*—
[*To Moth.*] Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh.
Hol. Judas, I am,— [*Exit Moth.*
Dum. A Judas!
Hol. Not Iſcariot, ſir.—
Judas I am, ycleped Macchabæus.
Dum. Judas Macchabæus clipt, is plain Judas.
Biron. A kiſſing traitor: How art thou prov'd Judas?
Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more ſhame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, ſir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himſelf.

All theſe performances are founded on the ſame conceit of *Aſax* and *A-jakes*. To the firſt of them a licenſe was refuſed, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. His own copy of it, with MSS. notes and illſtrations, and a MS. dedication to Thomas Markham, Eſq. is now before me. STEEVENS.

See alſo Dodſley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. ix. p. 133. edition 1780. EDITOR.

Hol.

Hol. Begin, ſir; you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Hol. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern head[4].

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, ſcarce ſeen.

Boyet. The pummel of Cæſar's faulchion.

Dum. The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk[5].

Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. Falſe; we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is, an aſs, let him go. And ſo adieu, ſweet Jude! nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

[4] *A* cittern head.] So, in *Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, 1638: "—A cittern-headed gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "Fiddling on a *cittern* with a man's broken *head* at it." Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece—" "Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers ſhall wear thee on their *citterns*, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] *on a flaſk.*] i. e. a ſoldier's powder-horn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"———like powder in a ſkilleſs ſoldier's *flaſk*,
"Is ſet on fire."

Again, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607

"Keep a light match in cock; wear *flaſk* and touch-box."
STEEVENS.

Biron. For the aſs to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for monſieur Judas; it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Macchabæus, how he hath been baited!

Enter Armado, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan[6] in reſpect of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector?

Dum. I think, Hector was not ſo clean timber'd.

Long. His leg is too big for Hector.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is beſt indu'd in the ſmall.

Biron. This can't be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves[7].

Dum. No, cloven.

[6] *Hector was but a* Trojan—] A *Trojan*, I believe, was in the time of Shakſpeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *K. Henry* IV. Part I: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of, &c." Again, in this ſcene, "—unleſs you play the *honeſt* Trojan, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange *ſtuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *Chriſtmas Maſque*:—"he has an *orange* and roſemary, but not a *clove* to ſtick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the ſame piece, and on the ſame occaſion. STEEVENS.

Arm. Peace! *The armipotent Mars, of*[8] *lances the almighty,*
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
A man ſo breath'd, that, certain, he would fight, yea[9]*,*
From morn till night, out of his pavilion.
I am that flower,—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

Long. I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten; ſweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device; [*To the Princeſs*] ſweet royalty, beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy ſweet grace's ſlipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Arm. This Hector far ſurmounted Hannibal,—

Coſt. The party is gone, fellow Hector, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

Arm. What mean'ſt thou?

Coſt. Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt Trojan, the poor wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

Arm. Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? thou ſhalt die.

Coſt. Then ſhall Hector be whip'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

[8] —of *lances*] i. e. lance men. STEEVENS.

[9] —*he would fight*, yea,] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plauſibly reads—he would *fight ye*; a common vulgariſm. STEEVENS.

Dum. Moſt rare Pompey!

Boyet. Renowned Pompey!

Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates[1]; ſtir them on! ſtir them on!

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Coſt. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man[2]; I'll flaſh; I'll do't by the ſword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms[3] again.

Dum. Room for the incenſed worthies.

Coſt. I'll do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute Pompey!

Moth. Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not ſee, Pompey is uncaſing for the combat? What mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reaſon have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

[1] —*more* Ates;] That is, more inſtigation. Ate was the miſchievous goddeſs that incited bloodſhed. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. John:*

"An *Até*, ſtirring him to war and ſtrife." STEEVENS.

[2] —like a northern man] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer. FARMER.

[3] ——*my arms*——] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. JOHNSON.

Boyet.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen [4]: ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he wore none,

[4] *it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen*, &c.] This may poſſibly allude to a ſtory well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his beſt ſervices. The dying man told him he had but one requeſt to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their paſt friendſhip, punctually to comply with it, which was not to ſuffer him to be ſtript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promiſed, the Spaniard cloſed his eyes, and expired with great compoſure and reſignation. But his friend's curioſity prevailing over his good faith, he had him ſtript, and found, to his great ſurpriſe, that he was without a ſhirt.

WARBURTON.

Boyet. *True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen*, &c.] This is a plain reference to the following ſtory in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. (in the time of Edward the Confeſſor.) "Next after this (king Edward's firſt cure of the king's evil) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Vifunius Spileorne, the ſon of Ulmore of Nutgarſhall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to ſleep after his ſore labour, the blood and humours of his head ſo congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the ſpace of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his ſleep) he *went woolward* and bare-footed to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindneſs." Dr. GREY.

The ſame cuſtom is alluded to in an old collection of *Satyres, Epigrams*, &c.

"And when his ſhirt's a waſhing, then he muſt
"Go *woolward* for the time; he ſcorns it, he,
"That worth two ſhirts his laundreſs ſhould him ſee."

Again, in a *Mery Geſte of Robyn Hoode*, bl. l. no date:

"Barefoot, *woolward* have I hight,
"Thether for to go."

Again, in *Powell's Hiſt. of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons ſlew 1000 prieſts and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay-brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and *woolward* to crave mercy, &c. STEEVENS.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *ſwaſhbuckler*: "His common courſe is to go always untruſt; except when his *ſhirt is a waſhing*, and then he goes *woolward*."

FARMER.

Woolward] I have no ſhirt: "I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whoſe accurate knowledge of our old hiſtorians

none, but a diſh-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Mercade.

Mer. God ſave you, madam!

Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'ſt our merriment.

Mer. I am ſorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life.

Mer. Even ſo: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the ſcene begins to cloud.

hiſtorians has often thrown much light on Shakſpeare, ſuppoſes that this paſſage is a *plain reference* to a ſtory in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or reſemblance between this monkiſh tale and the paſſage before us? There is nothing in the ſtory, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the ſingular expreſſion *go woolward*; which, at the ſame time is not explained by the annotator, nor illuſtrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phraſe appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this ſenſe it ſeems to be uſed in *Pierce Plowman's Viſions*, Paſſ. xviii. fol. 96. b. edit. 1550:

" *Woolward* and wetſhod *went* I forth after
" An a reechleſs reuke, that of no wo retcheth,
" An yedeforth like a lorell, &c."

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon wol, *plague*, ſecondarily *any great diſtreſs*, and weard, *toward*. Thus, ſays he, it ſignifies, " *in magno diſcrimine & expectatione magni mali conſtitutus.*" I rather think it ſhould be written *woolward*, and that it means *cloathed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakſpeare's context, but more particularly from an hiſtorian who relates the legend before cited, and whoſe words Stowe has evidently tranſlated. This is Ailred abbot of Rievaulx, who ſays, that our blind man was admoniſhed, " Eccleſias numero octoginta *nudis pedibus* et *abſque linteis* circumire." *Dec. Scriptor.* 392. 50. The ſame ſtory is told by William of Malmſbury, *Geſt. Reg. Angl.* lib. ii. p. 91. edit. 1601. And in *Caxton's Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307. edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Vifunius Spileorne, ſon of Ulmore of Nutgarſhall, ought to be Wulwin, ſurnamed de Spillicote, ſon of Wulmar de Lutegarſhelle, now Ludgerſhall: and the wood of Brutheullena is the foreſt of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamſhire. WARTON.

Arm.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have ſeen the days of wrong through the little hole of diſcretion [5], and I will right myſelf like a ſoldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

King. How fares your majeſty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

Prin. Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom, to excuſe, or hide,
The [6] liberal oppoſition of our ſpirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath [7], your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue [8]:

Excuſe

5 *I have ſeen the days of* wrong *through the little hole of diſcretion,*] This has no meaning. We ſhould read, *the day of* right, i. e. I have ſeen that a day will come when I ſhall have juſtice done me, and therefore I prudently reſerve myſelf for that time. WARBURTON.

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of diſcretion,* (i. e. not been too forward to reſent them) *and will inſiſt on ſuch ſatisfaction as will not diſgrace my character, which is that of a ſoldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner propoſed by his antagoniſt, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a ſoldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"*One may ſee day at a little hole,*" is a proverb in Ray's Collection: "Day light will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's. STEEVENS.

6 —*liberal*—] *Free to exceſs.* See vol. i. p. 198. STEEVENS.

7 *In the converſe of breath,*———] Perhaps *converſe* may, in this line, mean *interchange.* JOHNSON.

8 *An heavy heart bears not an* humble *tongue:*] Thus all the editions; but, ſurely, without either ſenſe or truth. None are more *humble* in ſpeech, than they who labour under any oppreſſion. The princeſs is deſiring her grief may apologize for her not expreſſing her obligations at large; and my correction is conform-

able

Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe [9], decides
That which long proceſs could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince [1];
Yet, ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd; ſince, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I underſtand you not, [2] my griefs are double,

able to that ſentiment. Beſides, there is an antitheſis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble*, there is none. THEOBALD.

The following paſſage in *K. John*, inclines me to diſpute the propriety of Theobald's emendation:

" ——*grief* is proud, and makes his owner *ſtout*."

By *humble*, the princeſs ſeems to mean *obſequiouſly thankful*. STEEVENS.

[9] *And often*, at his very looſe, *decides*, &c.] *At his very looſe*, may mean, *at the moment of his parting*, i. e. of his *getting looſe*, or away from us.

So in ſome ancient poem, of which I forgot to preſerve either the date or title:

" Envy diſcharging all her pois'nous darts,
" The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,
" At her fierce *looſe* that weakly never parts,
" But in deſpight doth force her to retire." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*which fain it would convince*;] We muſt read:

——*which fain* would it *convince*;

that is, the entreaties of love which would fain *over-power* grief. So Lady Macbeth declares, " *That ſhe will* convince *the chamberlains with wine.*" JOHNSON.

[2] *I underſtand you not*; *my griefs are* double.] I ſuppoſe, ſhe means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not underſtanding the king's meaning.——A modern editor, inſtead of *double*, reads *deaf*; but the former is not at all likely to have been miſtaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. MALONE.

Biron,

Biron. [3] Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief;—
And by theſe badges underſtand the king.
For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents:
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,
As love is full of unbefitted ſtrains;
All wanton as a child, ſkipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
[4] Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
[5] Suggeſted us to make: Therefore, ladies,

[3] *Honeſt plain words*, &c.] As it ſeems not very proper for Biron to court the princeſs for the king in the king's preſence at this critical moment, I believe the ſpeech is given to a wrong perſon. I read thus:

Prin. *I underſtand you not, my griefs are double:*
Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief.
King. *And by theſe badges*, &c. JOHNSON.

Too many authors ſacrifice propriety to the conſequence of their principal character, into whoſe mouth they are willing to put more than juſtly belongs to him, or at leaſt the beſt things they have to ſay. The original actor of Biron, however, like *Bottom* in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, might have taken this ſpeech out of the mouth of an inferior performer. STEEVENS.

[4] *full of ſtraying ſhapes,*] A late editor reads *ſtrange* ſhapes. EDITOR.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

" In him a plentitude of ſubtle matter,
" Applied to cautels, all *ſtrange forms* receives."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*

" ——— the *impreſſion* of *ſtrange* kinds
" Is *form'd* in them by force, by fraud, or ſkill."
MALONE.

[5] *Suggeſted us*——] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours: we to ourſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both, fair ladies, you;
And even that falſehood, in itſelf a ſin,
Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,
As bombaſt, and as lining to the time [6]:
But more devout than this, in our reſpects [7],

Have

[6] *As bombaſt and as lining to the time*:] This line is obſcure. *Bombaſt* was a kind of looſe texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, uſed to give the dreſſes of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increaſe of weight; whence the ſame name is given to a tumour of words unſupported by ſolid ſentiment. The princeſs, therefore, ſays, that they conſidered this courtſhip as but *bombaſt*, as ſomething to fill out life, which not being cloſely united with it, might be thrown away at pleaſure.

JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falſtaff, "— my ſweet creature of *bombaſt*."

STEEVENS.

[7] *But more devout than* theſe are *our reſpects*
Have we not been; ———]

This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus:

But more devout than this, (ſave *our reſpects*)
Have we not been: ———

i. e. ſave the reſpect we owe to your majeſty's quality, your courtſhip we have laugh'd at, and made a jeſt of. WARBURTON.

We have receiv'd your letters full of love;
Your favours the ambaſſadors of love;
And in our maiden council rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,
As bombaſt and as lining to the time;
But more devout than theſe in our *reſpects*,
Have we not been, *and therefore met your loves*
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

The ſixth verſe being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton propoſes to read:

But more devout than this (ſave *our reſpects*)
Have we not been; ———

Dr. Johnſon prefers the conjecture of ſir Thomas Hanmer:

But more devout than this, in *our reſpects*.

I would

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, ſhew'd much more than jeſt.

Long. So did our looks.

Roſ. We did not quote them ſo[8].

King. Now, at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too ſhort
[9] To make a world-without-end bargain in:
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and, therefore, this,—
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me:

I would read, with leſs violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words:

But more devout than theſe are your *reſpects*
Have we not ſeen, ——— TYRWHITT.

I read with ſir T. Hanmer:

But more devout than this, in *our reſpects*, JOHNSON.

The difficulty I believe ariſes only from Shakſpeare's remarkable poſition of his words, which may be thus conſtrued.—*But we have not been more devout*, or made a more ſerious matter of your letters and favours than theſe *our reſpects*, or conſiderations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have juſt before ſaid, *we rated them in our maiden council at courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy*. TOLLET.

The quarto, 1598, reads,

But more devout than *this* our reſpects.

There can be no doubt therefore that ſir T. Hanmer's conjecture is right. The word *in*, which the compoſitor inadvertently omitted, completes both the ſenſe and metre. MALONE.

[8] *We did not* coat *them ſo.*] We ſhould read, *quote*, eſteem, reckon, though our old writers ſpelling by the ear, probably wrote *cote*, as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

We did not *quote* 'em ſo, is, *we did not regard them as ſuch*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"I'm ſorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him.", See act. ii. ſc. 1. STEEVENS

[9] *To make a* world-without-end *bargain in*:] This ſingular phraſe, which Shakſpeare borrowed probably from our liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sonnet:

"Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour."
MALONE.

Your

Your oath I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this auſture inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
[1] Come challenge, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine: and, till that inſtant, ſhut
My woeful ſelf up in a mourning houſe;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;
[2] Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt[3],

[1] *Come challenge, challenge me by theſe deſerts,*] The old copies read:
Come challenge *me*, challenge me by theſe deſerts.—
I ſee no occaſion for departing from them. We have many verſes in this play equally irregular. MALONE.

[2] *Neither* intitled *in the other's heart.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—Neither *intiled*—; which may be right: neither of us having a *dwelling* in the heart of the other.

Our author has the ſame kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

" Shall *love* in *building* grow ſo ruinate?"

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint*:

" *Love* lack'd a *dwelling*, and made him her place."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" O thou, that doſt *inhabit in my breaſt*,
" Leave not the *manſion* ſo long tenantleſs,
" Leſt growing ruinous the *building* fall." MALONE.

[3] *To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,*] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *ſooth* is, in my opinion, more appoſite to the king's purpoſe than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read:

To flatter on *theſe* hours of time *with reſt*;

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage, to make the year of delay paſs in quiet. JOHNSON.

The

The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breaſt.
Biron. [6]And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank[7];
You are attaint with fault and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelve-month ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.
Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
Kath. A wife!—a beard, fair health and honeſty;
With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.
Dum. O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?
Kath. Not ſo, my lord;—a twelve-month and a day
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay;
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.
Dum. I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſwear not, leſt you be forſworn again.
Long. What ſays Maria?
Mar. At the twelve-month's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Long. I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.
Mar. The liker you; few taller are ſo young.
Biron. Studies my lady? miſtreſs, look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,

[6] Biron. *And what to me, my love? and what to me?*
Roſ. *You muſt be purged too: your ſins are rank:*
You are attaint with fault and perjury:
Therefore if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.]
Theſe ſix verſes both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think ſhould be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's firſt draught, which he afterwards rejected; and executed the ſame thought a little lower with much more ſpirit and elegance. Shakſpeare is not to anſwer for the preſent abſurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Roſaline's ſpeech too long in the ſecond plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted; but, in publiſhing the play, ſtupidly printed both the original ſpeech of Shakſpeare, and their own abridgment of it.
THEOBALD.

[7] ——*are* rank.] The folio and 4to, 1631, read—are *rack'd.*
STEEVENS.

What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.

Roſ. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I ſaw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons, and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won)
You ſhall this twelve-month term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit[8],
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

Roſ. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own[9] dear groans,
Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

[8] ——fierce *endeavour.*—] *Fierce* is *vehement, rapid.* So, in *K. John:*

" ——*fierce* extremes of ſickneſs." STEEVENS.

[9] —*dear groans,*] *Dear* ſhould here, as in many other places, be *dere*, ſad, odious. JOHNSON.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, conſequential.* So, already in this ſcene:

—— full of *dear* guiltineſs. STEEVENS.

Biron.

Biron. A twelve-month? well, befal what will befal, I'll jeſt a twelve-month in an hoſpital[1].

Prin. Ay, ſweet my lord; and ſo I take my leave. [*To the King.*

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play; Jack hath not Jill: theſe ladies' courteſy Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

King. Come, ſir, it wants a twelve-month and a day, And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majeſty, vouchſafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. That worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vow'd to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her ſweet love three year. But, moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckow? it ſhould have follow'd in the end of our ſhow.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter all, for the ſong.

This ſide is Hiems; winter.
This Ver, the ſpring; the one maintain'd by the owl,
The other by the cuckow.
Ver, begin.

[1] The characters of *Biron* and *Roſaline*, ſuffer much by compariſon with thoſe of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*. We know that *Love's Labour's Loſt* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have ſeen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumſtance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.

SONG.

SPRING.

When daizies pied, and violets blue[2],
And lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white,
And cuckow-buds[3] *of yellow hue,*
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks marry'd men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow;
Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a married ear!

When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,
The cuckow then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow;
Cuckow, cuckow,—O word of fear,
Unpleaſing to a marry'd ear!

[2] *When*, &c.] The firſt lines of this ſong that were tranſpoſed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

[3] *Cuckow-buds*] Gerard in his *Herbal*, 1597, ſays, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in Engliſh *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheſhire *ladie-ſmocks*." Shakſpeare, however, might not have been ſufficiently ſkilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has obſerved that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowſlips* are in French, of ſome called *coquu*, prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. This he thinks will ſufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he ſuppoſes *cowſlip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

Cuckow-buds muſt be wrong. I believe *cowſlip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonſon's Works, many years ago propoſed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckow flower, he obſerved, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himſelf no mean botaniſt, has diſtinguiſhed it:

Albaque cardamine &c. MALONE.

Crocus *buds* is a phraſe unknown to naturaliſts and gardiners. STEEVENS.

WINTER.

WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail,*
And Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan [5] *doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw [6],
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marian's *noſe looks red and raw,*

5 —— *doth* keel *the pot.*] This word is yet uſed in Ireland, and ſignifies to *ſcum the pot.* GOLDSMITH.

So, in Marſton's *What you Will*, 1607:—" Faith, Doricus, " thy brain boils, *keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat's in the fire."
STEEVENS.

To *keel the pot* is certainly to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to ſtir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over.* FARMER.

To *keel* ſignifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to the kitchen. So, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 121. b.

" The cote he found, and eke he feleth
" The mace, and than his herte *keleth*
" That there durſt he not abide."

Again, fol. 131. b.

" With water on his finger ende
" Thyne hote tonge to *kele.*"

Mr. Lambe obſerves in his notes on the ancient metrical Hiſtory of the *Battle of Floddon*, that it is a common thing in the North " for a maid ſervant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a ſmall quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen.* In this manner greaſy Joan keeled the pot."

" Gie me beer, and gie me grots,
" And lumps of beef to ſwum abeen;
" And ilka time that I ſtir the pot,
" He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen.*" STEEVENS.

6 *the parſon's* ſaw.] *Saw* ſeems anciently to have meant, not as at preſent, a proverb, a ſentence, but the whole tenor of any inſtructive diſcourſe. So, in the fourth chapter of the firſt book of the *Tragedies of John Bochas*, tranſlated by Lidgate:

" Theſe old poetes in their *ſawes* ſwete
" Full covertly in their verſes do fayne, &c." STEEVENS.

When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl[7],
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
To-who;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greaſy Joan *doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

Exeunt omnes[8].

[7] *When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,*] So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" And ſometimes lurk I *in a goſſip's bowl,*
" In very likeneſs of a *roaſted crab.*"

Again, in *Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

" Now *a crab* in the fire were worth a good groat:
" That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toſs-pot."

Again, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

" Sitting in a corner turning *crabs,*
" Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale." STEEVENS.

[8] In this play, which all the editors have concurred to cenſure, and ſome have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it muſt be confeſſed that there are many paſſages mean, childiſh, and vulgar; and ſome which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are ſcattered through the whole many ſparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 403.

THIS child of fancy, *that Armado hight*, &c.] This, as I have ſhewn in the note in its place, relates to the ſtories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and eſpecially as monſieur Huet, the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the Origin of Romances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe in that ſuperficial work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon thoſe compoſed by the barbarous weſtern writers, which have now the name of Romances almoſt appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and inſtead of giving us an account of theſe books of chivalry, one of the moſt curious and intereſting parts of the ſubject he promiſed to treat of, he contents himſelf with a long account of the poems of the provincial writers, called likewiſe romances, and ſo, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper ſubject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The

The Spaniards were of all others the fondeſt of theſe fables, as ſuiting beſt their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew ſo exceſſive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable ſatire to bring them back to their ſenſes. The French ſuffered an eaſier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough diſcredited the books of chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the Spaniards of their *romantic bravery*. A *bravery* our Shakſpeare makes their characteriſtic, in this deſcription of a Spaniſh gentleman:

A man of compliments, *whom* right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire *of their mutiny*:
This child of fancy, *that Armado hight*,
For interim to our ſtudies, *ſhall relate*,
In high-born words, *the worth of many a knight*,
From tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.

The ſenſe of which is to this effect: *This gentleman*, ſays the ſpeaker, *ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances*, *and in their very ſtyle*. Why he ſays, *from tawny Spain*, is becauſe theſe romances, being of the Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. He ſays, *loſt in the world's debate*, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Chriſtians againſt the Pagans were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians; the one, who, under the name of Turpin, archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers; to whom, inſtead of his father, they aſſigned the taſk of driving the Saracens out of France and the ſouth parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of thoſe peers, whom the old romances have rendered moſt famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakſpeare makes Alencon, in the firſt part of Henry VI. ſay; "Froyſſard, a coun-"tryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands "bred, during the time Edward the third did reign." In the Spaniſh romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Roncesvalles*, the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan el encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin del Oliva* *, or ſimply *Oliva*, thoſe of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the ſame in Spaniſh as *Olivier* is in

* Dr. Warburton is quite miſtaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spaniſh language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spaniſh, "Hiſtorias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Caſtilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 150[illegible], in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus, "Hiſtoire d'Olivier de Caſtille, & Artus d'Algarbe ſon loyal compagnon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. tranſlatée du Latin par Phil. Camus, in fol. Gothique." It has alſo appeared in Engliſh. See Ames's Typograph. p. 94, 47. PERCY.

French. The account of their exploits is in the higheſt degree monſtrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment paſſed upon them by the prieſt in Don Quixote, when he delivers the knight's library to the ſecular arm of the houſe-keeper, " Ecce-" tuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro " llmado Roncesvalles; que eſtos en llegando a mis manos, an de " eſtar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego ſin remiſſion al-" guna *." And of Oliver he ſays, " eſſa Oliva ſe haga luego " raxas, y ſe queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas †." The reaſonableneſs of this ſentence may be partly ſeen from one ſtory in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be ſeen in the ſummit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a ſingle back-ſtroke of that hero's broad-ſword. Hence came the proverbial expreſſion of *our* plain and ſenſible anceſtors, who were much cooler readers of theſe extravagancies than the Spaniards, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is, of matching one impoſſible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, *to ſwagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquiſitor prieſt ſays: " ſegun he oydo dezir, eſte libro " fué el primero de Cavallerias qui ſe imprimiò en Eſpana, y todos " los demás an tomado principio y origen deſte ‡;" and for which he humorouſly condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatazador de una ſecta tan mala*. When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts: by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *ſecond* race or claſs. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in theſe romances, as Roncesvalles is in the other. It may be worth obſerving, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Arioſto and Taſſo, have borrowed, from each of theſe claſſes of old romances, the ſcenes and ſubjects of their ſeveral ſtories: Arioſto chooſing the firſt, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Taſſo, the latter, *the Cruſade againſt them in Aſia:* Arioſto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland:* for as the Spaniards, by one way of tranſpoſing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, ſo the Italians, by another, make it *Orland*.

The main ſubject of theſe fooleries, as we have ſaid, had its original in Turpin's famous Hiſtory of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers. Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imagina-

* B. i. c. 6. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

tions

tions of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of ſir J. Maundevile, whoſe exceſſive ſuperſtition and credulity, together with an impudent monkiſh addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worſe of than it deſerved. This voyager, ſpeaking of the iſle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following ſtory of an enchanted dragon. "And alſo a "zonge man, that wiſte not of the dragoun, went out of a ſchipp, "and went thorghe the iſle, till that he cam to the caſtelle, and "cam into the cave; and went ſo longe till that he fond a "chambre, and there he ſaughe a damyſelle that kembed hire "hede, and lokede in a myrour: and ſche hadde moche treſoure "abouten hire: and he trowed that ſche hadde been a comoun "woman, that dwelled there to reiceyve men to folye. And he "abode, till the damyſelle ſaughe the ſchadowe of him in the myrour. And ſche turned hire toward him, and aſked him what "he wolde. And he ſeyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And ſche aſked him, if that he were a knyghte. And "he ſayde, nay. And then ſche ſayde, that he myght not ben "hire limman. But ſche bad him gon azen unto his felowes, "and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and "ſche ſcholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come "and kyſſe hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I ſchalle "do the no manner harm, alle be it that thou ſee me in lykeneſs of "a dragoun. For thoughe thou ſee me hideouſe and horrible to "loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou ſeeſt "now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf "thou kyſſe me, thou ſhalt have all this treſoure, and be my "lord, and lord alſo of all that iſle. And he departed, &c." p. 29, 30. edit. 1725. Here we ſee the very ſpirit of a romance adventure. This honeſt traveller believed it all, and ſo, it ſeems, did the people of the iſle. "And ſome men ſeyne (ſays he) that "in the iſle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and "lykeneſſe of a great dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in "lengthe, as men ſeyn: for I have not ſeen hire. And thei of "the iſles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, theſe kind of ſtories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have leſs credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times therefore may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkiſh hiſtorian, who ſupplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe *children of fancy* (as Shakſpeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, inſinuating that *fancy* hath its *infancy* as well as *manhood*) ſhould ſtop in the midſt of ſo extraordinary a career, or confine themſelves within the liſts of the *terra firma*. From *him* therefore the Spaniſh romancers took the ſtory of the Britiſh Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Guenivер, and his conjurer Merlin. But ſtill it was the ſame ſubject, (eſſential to books of chivalry) the wars of Chriſtians againſt Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or deſign, they changed the

the Saxons into Saracens, I ſuſpect by deſign; for chivalry without a Saracen was ſo very lame and imperfect a thing, that even that wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and ſerved the knights to try their ſwords, and break their lances upon, was called, by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; ſo cloſely were theſe two ideas connected.

In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The firſt romance of Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the Hiſtory of Saint Greaal. This ſaint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a veſſel by Joſeph of Arimathea. So another is called Kyrie Eleiſon of Montauban. For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men. And as they made ſaints of their knights-errant, ſo they made knights-errant of their tutelary ſaints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in thoſe times being either a ſaint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and diſcipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himſelf. "Là con-
" feſſion (ſays the preacher) ne vaut rien ſi le cœur n'eſt repentant;
" et ſi tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de noſtre Seigneur, tu no
" peus eſtre recordé ſi non par trois choſes: premierement par la
" confeſſion de bouche; ſecondement par une contrition de cœur,
" tiercement par peine de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité.
" Telle eſt la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & ſi te confeſſe en
" cette maniere & recois la diſcipline des mains de tes confeſſeurs,
" car c'eſt le ſigne de merite.—Or mande le roy ſes eveſques, dont
" grande partie avoit en l'oſt, & vinrent tous en ſa chapelle. Le roy
" devant eux tout nud en pleurant & tenant ſon plein point de vint
" menuës verges, ſi les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en ſoupirant,
" qu'ils priſſent de luy vengeance, car je ſuis le plus vil pecheur,
" &c.—Apres prinſt diſcipline & d'eux & moult doucement la re-
" ceut." Hence we find the divinity-lectures of Don Quixote and the penance of his 'ſquire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Laſtly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himſelf, and diſturbance to the world, frequently ended his courſe, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monaſtery; or turned hermit, and became a ſaint in good earneſt. And this again will let us into the ſpirit of thoſe dialogues between Sancho and his maſter, where it is gravely debated whether he ſhould not turn ſaint or archbiſhop.

There were ſeveral cauſes of this ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion. As firſt, the nature of the ſubject, which was a religious war or cruſade; ſecondly, the quality of the firſt writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpoſe. We learn that Clement V. interdicted juſts and tournaments, becauſe he underſtood they had much hindered the cruſade decreed in the council of Vienna. " Torneamenta ipſa & haſtiludia ſive juxtas in regnis
" Franciæ

" Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in " quibus ea conſuevere frequentiùs exerceri, ſpecialiter interdix- " it." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed.* I. Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the deſign of the cruſades by turning the fondneſs for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we ſee the books of knight-errantry ſo full of ſolemn juſts and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c Which wiſe project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight propoſe it as the beſt means of ſubduing the Turk, to aſſemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation*. WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, as leaſt, very much miſplaced. There is not a ſingle paſſage in the character of *Armado*, that has the leaſt relation to *any ſtory in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety therefore a diſſertation *upon the origin and nature of thoſe romances* is here introduced, I cannot ſee; and I ſhould humbly adviſe the next editor of Shakſpeare to omit it. That he may have the leſs ſcruple upon that head, I ſhall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be ſufficient to ſhew, that the learned writer's hypotheſis was formed upon a very haſty and imperfect view of the ſubject.

At ſetting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly—" *that Monſieur Huet, the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal Treatiſe of the Origin of Romances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe* [books of chivalry] *in that ſuperficial work.*" The fact is true, that *Monſieur Huet* has ſaid very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of " *putting the change upon his reader,*" and " *dropping his proper ſubject*" for another " *that had no relation to it more than in the name,*" is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory addreſs to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give ſome account of thoſe romances which were then popular in France, ſuch as *Aſtrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be " *fictions des avantures amoureuſes*;" and he excludes epic poems from the number, becauſe—" *Enfin les poemes ont pour ſujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occaſion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour ſujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plûpart des vieux Romans Francois, Italiens, et Eſpagnols ſont bien moins amoureux que militaires.*" After this declaration, ſurely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to ſtigmatiſe his work as ſuperficial, upon account of that omiſſion. I ſhall have occaſion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *ſuperficial work*, (as he is pleaſed to call it,) ſeems to have ſhut his eyes againſt every ray of good

* See Part ii. l. 5. c. 1.

ſenſe and juſt obſervation, has condeſcended to borrow from it a very groſs miſtake.

Dr. W's own poſitions, to the ſupport of which his ſubſequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country.* 2. *That the ſubject of theſe Romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.* The firſt poſition, being complicated, ſhould be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spaniſh original.* 2. *That the heroes and the ſcene of them were generally of that country.*

Here are therefore three poſitions, to which I ſhall ſay a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premiſe a ſort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the ſame, he muſt have ſeen the hazard of ſyſtematizing in a ſubject of ſuch extent, upon a curſory peruſal of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the diſcuſſion of a queſtion of antiquity.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verſe or proſe, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themſelves, in their ſeveral ſituations and adventures, agreeably to the inſtitutions and cuſtoms of chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether hiſtorical or fictitious; and in whatever country, or age, the ſcene of the action may be laid, if the actors are repreſented as knights, I ſhould call ſuch a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehenſive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever ſo much; let any other be ſubſtituted in its room; Dr. W's *firſt* poſition, *that romances of chivalry were of Spaniſh original*, cannot be maintained. *Monſieur Huet* would have taught him better. He ſays very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spaniſh romances, "*ſont poſterieurs à nos* Triſtans *et à nos* Lancelots, *de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indiſputable. *Cervantes*, in a paſſage quoted by Dr. W. ſpeaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the firſt four books) as the *firſt book of chivalry printed in Spain.* Though he ſays only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written.* And indeed there is no good reaſon to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unneceſſary to enlarge upon a ſyſtem, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W's *ſecond* poſition, *that the heroes and the ſcene of theſe romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the ſecond volume of *Du Freſnoy's Bibliotheque des Romans*, and look over his liſts of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will ſee that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With reſpect to the general ſcene of ſuch irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were uſed, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am ſenſible of the impropriety of aſſerting

aſſerting any thing poſitively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to aſſert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the ſcene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in thoſe few romances which treat expreſsly of the affair at Ronceſvalles.

His *laſt* poſition, *that the ſubject of theſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians, againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa*, might be admitted with a ſmall amendment. If it ſtood thus; *the ſubject of* ſome, *or* a few, *of theſe romances were the cruſades*, &c. the poſition would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to ſupport a ſyſtem.

After this ſtate of Dr. W's hypotheſis, one muſt be curious to ſee what he himſelf has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two firſt* poſitions he ſays not one word: I ſuppoſe he intended that they ſhould be received as axioms. He begins his illuſtration of his *third* poſition, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reaſon which will appear.) "*Indeed the* wars *of the Chriſtians againſt* the Pagans *were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians, the one, who, under the name of* Turpin, *archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote* the Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers;—*the other, our* Geoffry *of Monmouth.*" Here we ſee the reaſon for changing the terms of *cruſades* and *Saracens* into *wars and Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pſeudo-Turpin, might be called a cruſade againſt the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a cruſade, nor a ſingle Saracen in his whole hiſtory; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I muſt obſerve too, that the ſpeaking of Turpin's hiſtory under the title of "*the Hiſtory of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unſcholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that hiſtory.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect ſome account of the firſt builders and their edifices; but inſtead of that, we have a digreſſion upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to ſay ſomething of thoſe two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakſpeare, and Don Quixote, and ſome modern Spaniſh romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carliſle, has taken notice of the ſtrange miſtake of Dr. W. in ſuppoſing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*; a miſtake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the firſt page of the book. And I very much ſuſpect that there is a miſtake, though of leſs magnitude, in the aſſertion, that "*in the Spaniſh romance of* Bernardo del Carpio; *and in that of* Ronceſvalles, *the feats of* Roland *are recorded uuder the name of* Roldan el Encantador." Dr. W's authority for this aſſertion was, I apprehend, the following paſſage of *Cervantes*, in the firſt chapter of Don

Quixote. " *Mejor eſtava con* Bernardo del Carpio *porque en Ronceſvalles avia muerto à* Roldan el Encantado, *valiendoſe de la induſtria de Hercules, quando ahogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços.*" Where it it is obſervable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to ſpeak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and not *el encantador:* and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be underſtood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle expreſſing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment.*

But this is a ſmall matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the preſs for *encantado.* From this digreſſion Dr. W. returns to the ſubject of the old romances in the following manner. " *This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of conſtruction, I think the latter ſentence muſt be underſtood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was *one of the elder romances*, and that the ſubject of it was *the driving of the Saracens out of France or Spain*; whereas, for the reaſons already given, *Amadis*, in compariſon with many other romances, muſt be conſidered as *a very modern one*; and the ſubject of it has not the leaſt connexion with *any driving of the Saracens whatſoever.*—But what follows is ſtill more extraordinary. " *When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts: by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the ſecond race or claſs. And as* Amadis de Gaula *was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject,* Amadis de Græcia *was at the head of the latter.*"—It is impoſſible, I apprehend, to refer *this ſubject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph laſt quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain.* So that, according to one part of the hypotheſis here laid down, the ſubject *of the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhauſted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Cruſades*; the firſt of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the Cruſades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a ſpace of twenty, thirty, or at moſt fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Freſnoy.* What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his *ſecond race or claſs* of romances, I cannot gueſs. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in *ſupporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy ſepulchre*, than *Amadis de Gaula* in *driving the Saracens out of France and Spain.* And a ſtill more pleaſant circumſtance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his hiſtory, is himſelf a declared Pagan.

And

And here ends Dr. W's account of the old romances of chivalry, which he ſuppoſes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* hiſtory. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Geoffry*, he interpoſes a curious ſolution of a puzzling queſtion concerning the origin of lying in romances.—"*Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments*, &c. *the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundeville.*" He then gives us a ſtory of an enchanted dragon in the iſle of Cos, from Sir *J. Maundeville*, who wrote his Travels in 1356: by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the Eaſt! The proof is certainly not concluſive. On the other hand, I believe it would be eaſy to ſhew, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very ſufficient ſtock of lies of her own growth, to furniſh materials for every variety of *monſtrous embelliſhment*. At moſt times, I conceive, and in moſt countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than neceſſity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he diſpatches very ſhortly, becauſe, as has been obſerved before, it is impoſſible to find any thing in him to the purpoſe of *cruſades* or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spaniſh romances, it muſt be quite unneceſſary to ſay much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the Britiſh Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of ſo late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*whether it was by blunder or deſign that they changed the Saxons into Saracens*," I ſhould wiſh to poſtpone the conſideration of it, till we have ſome Spaniſh romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war againſt *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the ſeveral facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in ſupport of his *third* poſition. In ſupport of his *two firſt* poſitions, as I have obſerved already, he has ſaid nothing; and indeed nothing can be ſaid. The remainder of his note contains another hypotheſis concerning *the ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion in the old romances*, which I ſhall not examine. The reader, I preſume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W's information upon this ſubject is to be received with caution. I ſhall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he ſets out.—"*In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles.* The firſt romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the* Hiſtory of Saint Graal.—*So is another called* Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban. *For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men.*"—I believe no one who has ever looked even into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be

be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the *firſt* romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other ſuppoſed to be called *Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban*, there is no reaſon to believe that any romance with that title ever exiſted. This is the miſtake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from *Huet*. The reader will judge. *Huet* is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber ſaved from the flames. — "*Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d' etre gardez ſont* les quatre livres d' Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d' Angleterre,— Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie éleiſon de Montauban (*car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie eleiſon et Paralipomenon etoient les noms de quelques ſaints*) où les ſubtilitez *de la Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie*, et les tromperies *de la Veuve repoſée*, ſont fort louées."—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he ſays of *Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban*, as well as the witticiſm in his laſt ſentence, from this paſſage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *ſaint Deuternomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is ſtill more evident (from the paſſage of *Cervantes*, which is quoted below *) that *Huet* was miſtaken in ſuppoſing *Kyrie eleiſon de Montauban* to be the name of a ſeparate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve repoſée* the names of ſeparate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.— And ſo much for Dr. W's account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakſpeare will, I believe, readily conſent to omit the diſſertation here referred to. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious obſervations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and I think I may venture to foretel, that this futile performance, like the piſmire which Martial tells us was accidentally incruſted with amber, will be ever preſerved, for the ſake of the admirable comment in which it is now inlaid:

" ——quæ fuerat vita contempta manente,
" Funeribus facta eſt nunc pretioſa ſuis." MALONE.

* Don Quix. lib. i. c. 6. " Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui eſté *Tirante el Blanco!* Dadmele aca, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en él un teſoro de contento, y una mina de paſſatiempos. *Aqui eſtá Don Quirieleyſon de Montalvan*, valeroſo Cavallero, y ſu hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonſeca, con la batalla que el valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, *y las agudezas de la Donzella Plazer de mi vida, con los amores y embuſtes de la viuda Repoſada*, y la Senora Emperatriz, enamorada de Hipolito ſu eſcudero."

Aqui eſtâ Don Quirieleyſon, &c. HERE, i.e. *in the romance of Tirante el Blanco, is Don Quirieleyſon*, &c.

MUSEUM BRITANNICUM

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.